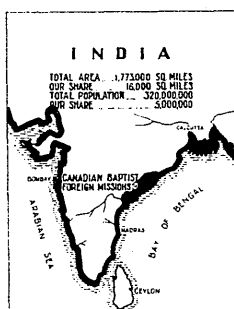


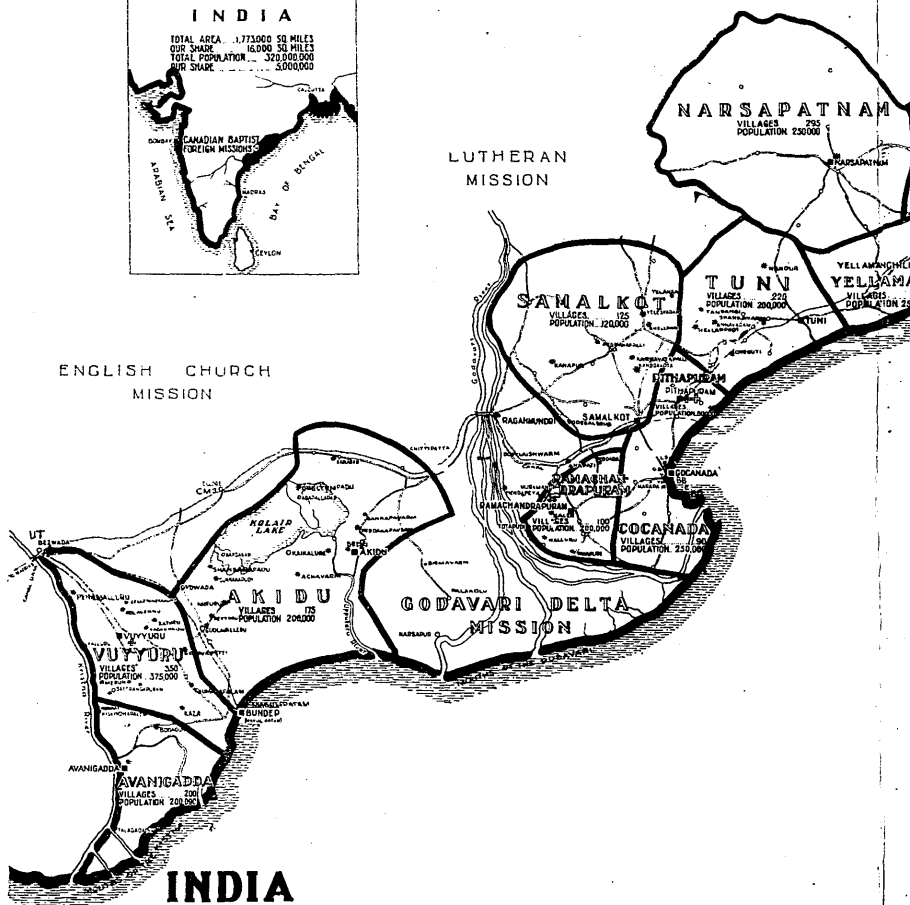
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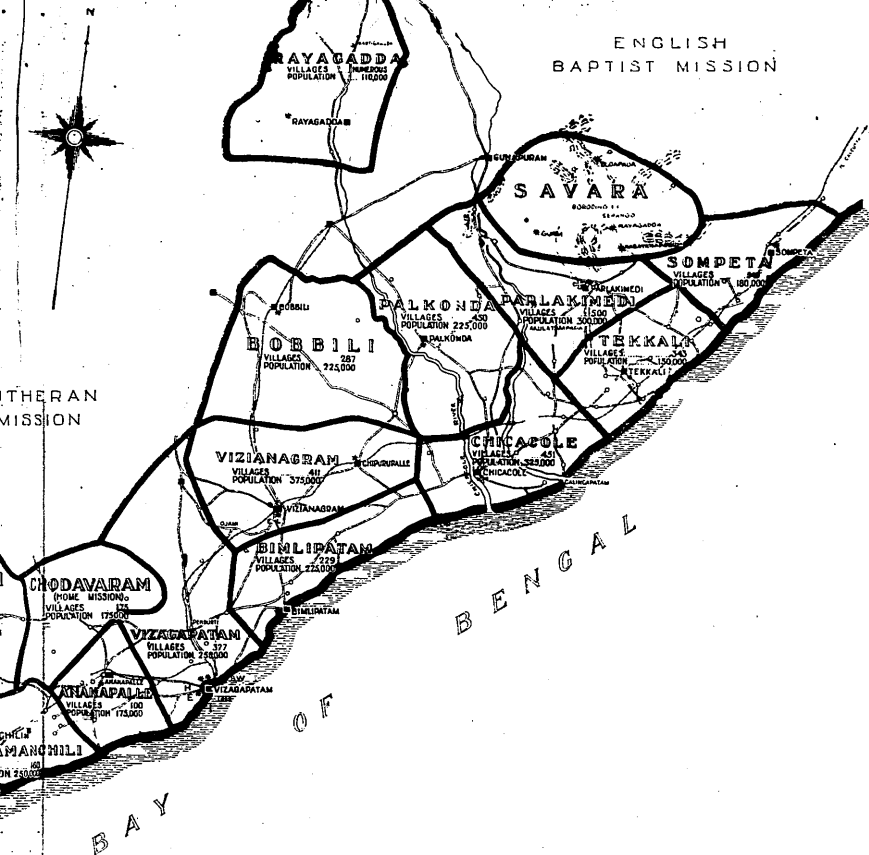
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THE ENTERPRISE

THE JUBILEE STORY OF THE CANADIAN
BAPTIST MISSION IN INDIA

1874—1924

BY

REV. M. L. ORCHARD, M.A., B.D.

AND

MISS K. S. McLAURIN

PUBLISHED BY
THE CANADIAN BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION BOARD
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To
THE MEMORY
OF NOBLE MEN AND WOMEN, "MADE PERFECT,"
WHO LAID THE FOUNDATIONS,
AND
TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, THE BUILDERS OF THE FUTURE,
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.

AUTHORS' PREFACE

Six centuries before the Christian era, India was praying this prayer: "Lead me from the unreal to the real; from darkness to light; from death to immortality." For fifty years "The Enterprise" of Canadian Baptists has been bringing God's answer to our share of India.

A Jubilee with nothing to be jubilant over would be tragic indeed; but when we consider the growth of our enterprise we dare not be silent—lest the very stones cry out. Fifty years ago there were two missionaries—Rev. and Mrs. John McLaurin; now there are one hundred. Then we had one worker, with a "handful" of Christians; now we have over one thousand trained Telugu workers and seventeen thousand Christians. Then we had no hospital; now we have one of the best medically equipped missions in India. Fifty years ago we had no schools; now we have four hundred village schools, nineteen caste girls' schools, two high schools, an industrial school, a normal school, a women's Bible training school, and a theological seminary.

The story of this growth has been written by request, and is as much a story-book as a text-book. An attempt has been made to include only the outstanding facts, and to interpret them rather than to enumerate them. In keeping with its Jubilee character, we have given our main attention to the pioneers. Space has forbidden the mention of many who have built heroically and well upon the foundations the pioneers laid.

Though wholly inadequate as an expression of gratitude, it is a pleasure to acknowledge the invaluable aid received from many friends. Miss McLaurin acknowl-

AUTHORS' PREFACE

edges her indebtedness to Mr. T. S. Shenstone's "Telugu Scrapbook," and to Mr. John Craig's "Forty Years Among the Telugus," both of which have supplied valuable data. Thanks are due to Prof. W. Findlay and Miss MacGregor, Librarian of McMaster University, for their generous co-operation in placing the contents of the Library at her disposal.

She also wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness to Dr. J. G. Brown, of McMaster University, whose encouragement, interest and hearty co-operation can hardly be over-estimated, and whose intimate knowledge of the ground covered made him an ideal "guide, philosopher and friend."

Mr. Orchard wishes to acknowledge his constant dependence upon the friends of the missionaries, on their annual reports and on the material gathered by Miss Blackadar for *Beacon Lights*. Hardly less constant has been his debt to the President of Acadia College and to the Librarian, in placing at his disposal the valuable records of "The Canadiana."

All the laborious work connected with printing and publication has been discharged by the Rev. H. E. Stillwell, the General Secretary, and Mr. R. D. Warren, the General Treasurer. That burden, in this respect, has been heavier than most of us realize. To be allowed to write of India in this greatest day of her history is a rare privilege and a great delight.

May He who called us to the task, through the pages of this book call many others to the service of India, that they, through Christ, may pass from the unreal to the real, from darkness to light, from death to immortality.

M. L. ORCHARD.

K. S. McLAURIN.

INTRODUCTION

"The Enterprise" is the Jubilee story of the mission endeavor among the Telugus of two Canadian Baptist Societies, first functioning separately, but side by side for thirty-eight years, and latterly unitedly for twelve years. It, therefore, naturally resolves itself into the three parts which compose this volume.

A wonderful tale is this story of half-a-century (1874-1924) of the unstinted outpouring of life and love in distant India. It carries us vividly back to days long gone; it transports us to scenes remote and strange; it causes to live in our imaginations stirring experiences of true missionary heroism; it enables us to think after them the thoughts and ideas that surged in consecrated missionary minds, while it stirs within us, as we peruse its pages, the varying emotions of those who participated in the events it records. It is destined not only to enkindle missionary zeal, but to provide the fuel with which to keep missionary fire alight for years to come. Those who studiously read it cannot fail to be greatly enriched in mind and heart.

The Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board, under whose auspices the book is published, has been fortunate in the authors secured to write it. Rev. M. L. Orchard, who has written Parts I and III, and who was for a term of years a missionary in India, has brought to his congenial task a realistic imagination, fine power of word imagery, a homiletic instinct for appropriate and arresting chapter-headings and divisions, and a dominating faith in foreign missions as the greatest work in all the

INTRODUCTION

world. Miss K. S. McLaurin, who has written Part II, and who is the worthy missionary-daughter of the Board's pioneers at Cocanada, has made the Ontario and Quebec section, as a separate mission until 1912, live in vivid pages that hold the reader enthralled to the end of the wondrous story that only a woman with fine literary gifts and aflame with missionary vision and zeal could write. This splendid result of their labor of love and talent has placed the Board under an indebtedness which it gratefully acknowledges, and which it seeks partly to discharge by issuing an edition of 4,000 copies, fitly bound and illustrated by an unusually large number of photogravures of the highest interest and value. It is hoped that heads of households will, for their own and their children's sakes, not fail to possess themselves of a copy.

In grateful recognition of the unmistakable leading of God throughout these fruitful fifty years, the Board sends the volume forth in His name and in the spirit of the great ascription:

"Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things;

"And blessed be His glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory.

"Amen and Amen."

H, E. STILLWELL, *General Secretary.*

Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board.

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PART ONE
THE MARITIME PROVINCES
1874—1912

CHAPTER I

THE BIBLE GEOGRAPHY AND MISSIONS

The proof that Christ is the universal Saviour is found not only in the Word of God, but in the many transformed lives throughout the world. One of my greatest discoveries in travelling through the five continents is that people, although of different customs and creeds, races and languages, are all fully satisfied in Christ if they surrender to Him. Human need is the same the world over, and the only One Who can satisfy is universal and unchanging, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever."

—THE SADHU SUNDAR SINGH

CHAPTER I.

THE BIBLE GEOGRAPHY AND MISSIONS

I. "A MISERABLE ENTHUSIAST."

ON THE road between Northampton and Kettering is the village of Moulton. The little Baptist congregation there, one hundred and forty years ago, was poor and disorganized. When William Carey settled with them on Lady Day, 1785, they could only offer him fifty dollars a year, which was supplemented by twenty-five dollars from a London fund. The young pastor read Cook's "Voyages Round the World," and, to increase his income, did some teaching.

"There, and chiefly in the school hours as he tried to teach the children" the Bible and geography from a leather globe of his own make, the missionary idea arose in his mind. Going, with his pupils, "into all the world," by means of his leather globe and Cook's voyages, he gradually realized how much of it was without a Saviour, and became convinced that the Gospel must be carried to the heathen. Dr. George Smith gives us the result:

"All his past knowledge of nature and of books, all his favorite reading of voyages and of travels which had led his schoolfellows to dub him 'Columbus,' all his painful study of the Word, his experiences of the love of Christ and expoundings of the meaning of His message to men for six years, were gathered up, were intensified, and

were directed with a concentrated power to the thought that Christ died, as for him, so for these millions of dark savages whom Cook was revealing to Christendom, and who had never heard the glad tidings of great joy."

It happened in 1786, when a company of his fellow-ministers were meeting in Northampton. The chairman, John Ryland, invited the younger men to propose a subject for discussion. Carey suggested the question: "Whether the command to the Apostles to teach all nations was not obligatory on all succeeding ministers to the end of the world, seeing that the accompanying promise was of equal extent?" The suggestion seemed absurd and heterodox to men still under the yoke of hypercalvinism, and the chairman replied: "You are a miserable enthusiast for asking such a question. Certainly nothing can be done before another Pentecost." Silenced by the rebuke he wrote his "Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to Use Means for the Conversion of the Heathen." This famous "Enquiry" may be regarded as "the first overt act towards the formation of the Baptist Missionary Society," and as the beginning of the modern missionary movement.

In May, 1792, he preached at Nottingham his sermon with the deathless divisions, "Expect great things—attempt great things." The next day he made his pathetic appeal to Fuller, "Is nothing again to be done?" Upon Fuller's urging it was agreed that a plan should be prepared for establishing a missionary society at their October meeting in Kettering. At the close of the Kettering meeting fourteen men gathered in widow Wallis' back parlor. They were "nobodies from nowhere," as the world would reckon, and the best paid preacher among them received £80 a year. A student had to borrow the half guinea which he contributed, and Carey offered all the profits of his "Enquiry," for he could not give even a guinea. In the outcome he gave himself, all



REV. M. L. ORCHARD, M.A., B.D.
Author of Parts One and Three.

that he had, all that he was. Thus began the "The Particular Baptist Society for Propagating the Gospel Among the Heathen," and what is unquestionably the greatest movement for the salvation of the world since the days of Jesus upon the earth. On the 20th of March Carey was dedicated to the great adventure by his church at Harvey Lane, Leicester. On the 7th of November he began the greatest of all missionary careers by preaching in the bazaar at Balasore, before passing on to Calcutta.

II. THE HAYSTACK PRAYER MEETING.

Two years before Carey went to India Dr. Jedediah Morse—the father of American Geography—published his first edition in two volumes. The maps were printed in colours, so as to visualize the various stages of civilization upon the globe. Byram Green, whose name appears upon the Haystack Monument, says it was through studying these maps in their sophomore year at Williams College that Samuel J. Mills, Gordon Hall, James Richards, Luther Rice and other kindred spirits became conscious that great masses were in heathendom, and awoke to their missionary responsibility. These young men had formed a sort of missionary society. Twice a week during the summer of 1806 they were accustomed to meet together for prayer in God's out-of-doors and beneath the trees, His first temples.

One Saturday afternoon in August the meeting place was in a maple grove between the college and the Hoosac River. The weather was hot and menacing, and only five men were present. A thunderstorm burst upon them and they sought shelter beneath the overhanging sides of a haystack which stood in "Sloane's Meadow." Beneath the haystack they continued their prayers. As the lightning cleft the skies it seemed to be God's answer

to the prayer of Mills, that God would strike down any arm which opposed the heralds of the Cross.

As they went forth from their improvised temple it was to go into "all the world" with the Gospel. The rainbow in the heavens above them spoke of the faithfulness of the God of Missions who would not leave them alone in the undertaking. Once more a study of geography and the Bible has brought forth missions and the great adventure is born in the heart of American youth. The place of its birth amid the Berkshire hills is marked by the famous haystack monument of marble. Upon its top is a globe three feet in diameter. Upon the globe the continents are traced in map lines, a fitting reminder of the Great Commission and of Dr. Morse's geography lessons.

III. THE FAMOUS FIVE.

These men passed on from College to Andover Seminary, where they met Judson and others, prepared by "like influences and like circumstances" to become pioneers in the great human story. On Tuesday, June 26th, 1810, they met in Professor Stuart's study, and talked about presenting their case to the General Association of Massachusetts, which was then in session in Bradford. A memorial was advised and Judson was designated to write it. On Thursday morning a small group of young men walked into Bradford with their momentous memorial, to which was attached the names of Judson, Mills, Hall and Newell. At first the names of Rice and Richards were also attached, but were later stricken off lest the Association might be discouraged by the prospect of supporting six men on the foreign field.

It was not mere enthusiasm, and it was not just a love of adventure which sent forth these youthful pioneers of American Foreign Missions. Of the six names at first attached to the Memorial, five went to India. As

in Old England, so in New England; as with Carey, so with these young men: their souls, through the study of geography and of the Bible, became fired with the missionary idea and they went to seek the counsel and the prayer of their fathers.

The appearance of these volunteers "before the Association produced an indescribable sensation." While they were making their statement and answering questions, the tears were flowing fast down the cheeks of the listeners. "Grey hairs were all weeping." Their errand accomplished, "the young men took their leave and returned to Andover, ten miles on foot, as they came." They very well knew that the consideration of their Memorial was far enough removed from the other matters which the Association had met to consider; so they walked along, "anxious and solemn in their aspect and spirit," wholly uncertain and perfectly unable to conjecture what action with regard to the Memorial and themselves the Association would feel authorized to take.

There were many who doubted the wisdom of sending four missionaries abroad, and only one member of the Prudential Committee was "decidedly in the affirmative." The day to favor Zion, however, had come. Her glad morning was dawning. God had found his men. On Friday, June twenty-ninth, it was voted: "That there be instituted by the General Association of Massachusetts, the American Board of Foreign Missions, for the purpose of devising ways and means and adopting and prosecuting measures for promoting the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands." Thus we hail the glad morning of the missionary movement on American soil. The Bible, geography and missions have called out the Anglo-Saxon race to be God's chosen people. The whole earth shall be filled with His glory. "I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth."

In the old Tabernacle church at Salem and on Thursday, the sixth of February, 1812, in the presence of a "great assembly" and amid a "stillness like the stillness of God when he ariseth to bless the world," Adoniram Judson, Gordon Hall, Samuel Newell, Samuel Nott, and Luther Rice were set apart as the first missionaries from America "to the heathen in Asia."

IV. BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.

Just twelve days after the ordination, Judson and Newell, with their wives, Ann Hasseltine Judson and Harriet Newell—women scarcely less famous, and certainly not less heroic, than their husbands—went on board the *Caravan*. The next morning, Wednesday, the nineteenth of February, 1812, in midwinter and in a time of war, they sailed out of Salem Harbor, to spend seventeen weeks in their passage to India.

On the very day that Salem's emissaries of peace went on board the *Caravan*, Philadelphians, with true brotherly love, were bidding farewell to Gordon Hall, Luther Rice and Samuel Nott. The first and the only missionaries that had ever left American shores are now upon the seas—outward bound with potent principles which were to revolutionize nations, transform empires, become mighty in international affairs and a source of eternal blessings to millions yet unnumbered.

As these sturdy little ships sailed towards India, one man upon each—Judson in the *Caravan* and Rice in the *Harmony*—by their independent Bible study were converted to Baptist views. When they reached Calcutta Adoniram Judson and his wife, Anna Hasseltine Judson, were baptized in the open baptistery of the Lall Bazaar Baptist Chapel, on September the sixth, 1812. The original chapel is still standing, and, although it has suffered



WILLIAM CAREY
Founder of Modern Missions



ADONIRAM JUDSON.
A Founder of American Missions.

considerable change, its open baptistery still remains as it was in that early day.

Having changed his denominational relationship, Judson found himself, soon after his arrival in India, down in the mine but with no one to hold the ropes, for at home there was as yet no Baptist Missionary Society and no missionary policy. Through a letter to Dr. Lucius Bowles, the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Salem, he appealed to the denomination for support, and thus was born the American Baptist Missionary Union.

The *Caravan* sailed from Salem, the homestead of Congregationalism, and the *Harmony* from Philadelphia, the hearthstone of Presbyterianism. Thus three great denominations were launched upon the greatest adventure of American Protestantism and three great foreign missionary enterprises were established in Burma, Bombay and Ceylon.

V. NEW SCOTIA BY THE SEA.

The Maritime Provinces, both in the number and in the character of the men whom they have sent forth, supply a strong argument for the effect of environment and the relation of geography and missions. Their mighty forests of "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," which resisted the progress of the pioneers, and their rock-bound coasts which confront their fisher folk, have given to the people, who are largely of Scotch and United Empire Loyalist stock, a character which is at once independent, resourceful and large-hearted. The illimitable sea, which is all about them, widens their horizon and broadens their vision. "For their area, population and period of existence, they have produced and sent forth into almost every department of the world's great workshop man for man with the most forward people of

civilized lands. Their sturdy seamen sail their own ships in every sea. Their teachers and public educators fill positions of eminence and influence in many lands, and their missionaries have carried the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ to their destitute fellows in almost every idol-cursed country of the globe."

As in Old England and in New England, so, too, in New Scotland, geography continued to be the handmaid of the Bible and missions. The news of Judson's missionary venture and the thrilling story of his struggle and suffering among the Burmese—not forgetting the splendid part played by his heroic wife, "Ann of Ava"—early stirred the hearts of the Baptists of these provinces. "Burma for Christ" became articulate upon thousands of lips and in scores of churches. It was more than a mere watchword, however. It was the sure sound of the missionary character of their religion, based upon the judgment expressed in the soul of Christ on the Cross, intensified by the story of Judson's life and labors, accelerated by the geography of their country and directed with a high-souled passion to the conviction that as Christ died for them, so too for the burdened millions in Buddhist Burma, who had never heard the glad tidings of great joy.

VI. LAYING FOUNDATIONS AT CHESTER.

One hundred and ten years ago delegates from the churches gathered at the Association in Chester, Nova Scotia. Part of the business done is at once vivid and vital to this day, because they discussed and formulated plans for the first Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission enterprise. Nothing very definite was accomplished; but it was a spiritual adventure in a new direction and of what was done nothing was lost. The soil in which the little seed was planted was well

prepared and rich in faith, hope and love. Later Associations watered it and to-day God is giving the increase.

When Christ comes most mightily he comes gently. He did not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the streets of Chester; but He did "come again" through that Association to the Baptist churches of the Maritime Provinces for world conquest. As He burned in the hearts of those humble delegates they set their hands to a mighty matter. They could not dream of the thing that would come of it; but the missionary fire which was kindled that day in the heart of the denomination has never been quenched. Their substance was small enough, and of course there was no such thing as a Baptist Budget; so the first recorded "contribution amounting to £8:13 was made for the poor heathen to be sent to the Treasurer of the Auxiliary Bible Society, Halifax."

The assimilative power of godly character soon gathers to itself the spirit of a great cause, and just two years after Judson sailed, the Maritime Baptists have embarked upon a sympathetic venture. As yet their missionary interest is a tiny rivulet. "Where currents of living water are to flow the channels need to be hewn by careful labour on well directed lines." This little rivulet is therefore destined to grow slowly, but from our Jubilee Pisgah we can see it gradually increase to a strong current of religious life among the churches and broaden into a majestic river of missionary devotion.

The great Godavari River flows through the southern section of our Telugu field, bringing the secret of life and fertility to millions of people and thousands of acres on either bank. Dr. J. Murray Mitchell tells how he once sought the source of this noble river. High up in the hills he traced it to a spot where the drops that trickled from the rocks were so few that he could hold them for some seconds in the hollow of his hands. From such a

tiny rill did it spring that with his very hands he could dig a new channel for one of India's noblest rivers. The vast streams of missionary zeal which run "in dry places like a river," to save human souls, to salvage human bodies, to transform homes, to reconstruct society and to purify national and international life, start like the great Godavari in tiny rivulets, and the same good God guides each upon its ever-increasing errand of mercy. If you trace these missionary streams to their source you come, in old England, to the little cottage where Carey lived in Moulton; in New England, to the tabernacle in Salem, and, among Maritime Baptists, to the church in Chester where is the cradle of their Evangel to "them that are afar off."

CHAPTER II

EIGHT KNIGHTS OF THE NEW CRUSADE

Now there were at Antioch in the church that was there prophets and teachers And as they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. Then when they had fasted and prayed and laid their hands on them, they sent them away.

—THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES

Fair is our lot oh, goodly is our heritage
(Humble ye my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)
For the Lord our God Most High,
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the earth.

—RUDYARD KIPLING

CHAPTER II.

EIGHT KNIGHTS OF THE NEW CRUSADE

1. BACK OF THE BEGINNINGS.

WHAT is true of the nation is true of the denomination—"Where there is no vision the people perish." Soon after he saw the vision on the road to Damascus, Paul wrote the great centres of population, where Christ had not yet preached, upon his prayer list, and decided to visit them. While still in Asia, his horizon included the shores of Europe, whence he heard the cry, "Come over," and decided to help.

When the Association first met in Chester, in 1814, there were but twenty-five churches in all that territory from Maine to Labrador and their total membership was just less than fifteen hundred. Few in number, poor in material possessions and weak in influence, they still had a vision of an open door, through which they beheld vast unoccupied fields where Christ was not yet preached. While yet in their infancy their horizon included the shores of Burma, whence they heard the cry, "Come over," and decided to help.

In the following meetings of the Association the Church reports indicate a genuine and general interest. In one church, "a number of the sisters have united themselves to raise funds for the Baptist Mission in Burma, and the sum of £33 has already been donated." In Horton Academy, "a Foreign Mission Society has been established among the brethren in aid of the Bur-

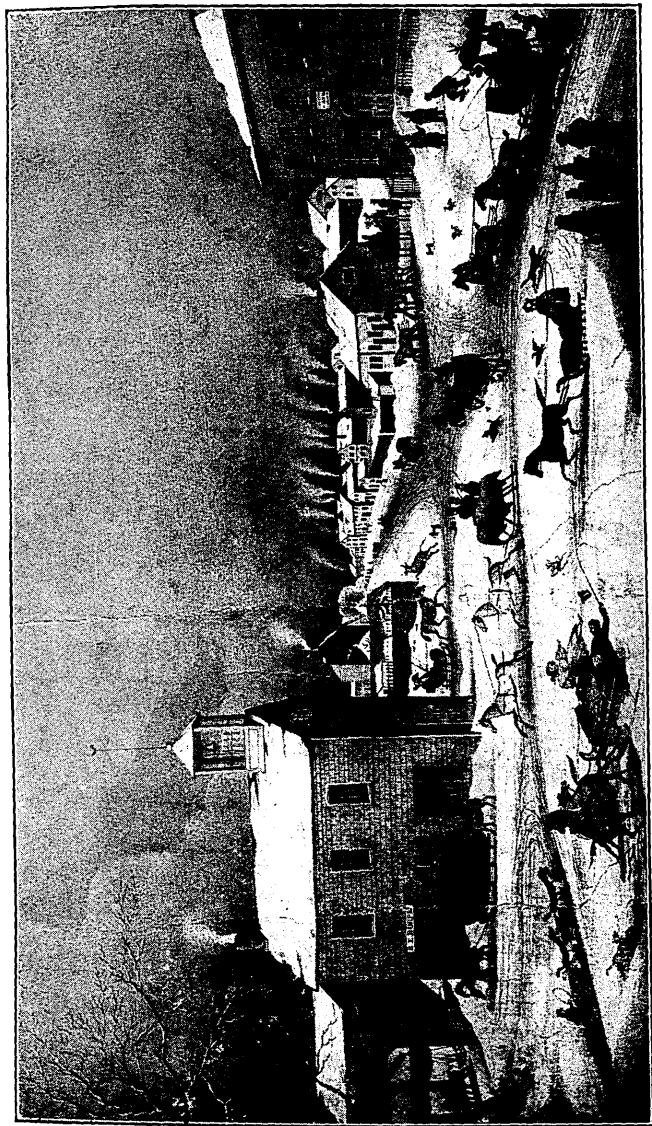
man Mission." In yet another church, "the missionary flame has been enkindled in the hearts of the members and their ardent prayer is that it may never be extinguished."

As early as 1800 the "Boston Female Society for Missionary Purposes" was in operation. It included both Baptist and Congregationalists and was early interested in the support of Baptist work in India. In 1811 the entire contributions for the year, two hundred dollars, were voted "to the translation of the Scriptures by the missionaries of Serampore in Bengal." In Nova Scotia, "Mite Societies" were thus early formed among the women, in many churches, and helped materially to increase the missionary offerings.

In 1832 the "Nova Scotia Baptist Association" was constituted, "a society for the promotion of both Home and Foreign Missions." The Society was to meet annually, together with the Nova Scotia Baptist Association. "The monies appropriated to the Burman or other Foreign Missions to be forwarded by this Society to the American Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, with a request that such monies may be employed by them according to the wishes of the donors or this Society, and, if no specific appropriations be made, then at their own option."

In 1839 the Association again met at the Mecca of their foreign Missionary enterprise. In the twenty-four years which have intervened the churches have grown in proportion as they have realized their obligation to Jesus Christ and His redeeming purpose in the world. In Nova Scotia their number has more than doubled, while their membership has increased to fifty-six hundred and eight, or nearly fourfold. In addition, New Brunswick now constitutes a separate Association.

When the Foreign Missionary Society which sent out Judson and Rice applied to the Legislature of Massa-



FREDERICTON, N.B., IN 1834

Rev. R. E. Burpee's store was in the building to the left where his name is over the door

chusetts for an act of incorporation, there was opposition on the ground that: "it was designed as a means for exporting religion, whereas there was none too much at home." Others replied that "religion is a commodity of which the more we export the more we have." Upon the latter grounds the Association at Chester "is assured that a missionary proceeding from the bosom of the churches in these Provinces would tend greatly to increase Christian sympathy and effort, as well as to revive any other benevolent undertakings in which the churches are engaged."

There was plenty to do at home, forsooth. Through the circular letter for 1837 we learn that "numerous revivals of religion in various parts of the province, by which our denomination has been especially distinguished" were establishing Baptist churches "in almost every section of this growing Colony," so that new channels of home missionary enterprise and benevolence are opening all about them. Foreign missions, however, do not rest upon considerations of expediency and compassion, but of duty and loyalty. The obligations cannot be escaped; because they are included in the very idea of Christianity, and are the genius of the church.

For such good reasons as these, a committee was appointed to form "with their sister Association in New Brunswick a United Society for the maintenance of Foreign Missions . . . pledging themselves and the churches to the adequate education and maintenance of some one suitable person as a missionary in some foreign field, as soon as one possessed of suitable character shall be found."

"He that seeketh findeth" and at the very next annual meeting, held in Wilmot, the attention of the Association is called to the consideration of the resolution formed in 1838 . . . "inasmuch as a young brother has presented himself as a candidate for carrying the Gospel . . . to foreign lands."

In 1841 a joint committee of the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Associations was appointed "to make immediate arrangements relative to the establishment of a mission in some heathen land, . . . to select another missionary to accompany Bro. R. E. Burpee and to obtain funds for their support." A second missionary not volunteering, Rev. R. E. and Mrs. Burpee sailed from Boston in 1845, and the first foreign missionaries ever sent from Canada, by any Board, are upon the seas. They settled at Mergui, Burma, and worked successfully among the Karens for four years. Then, on account of failing health, they removed to Akyab.

With God nothing is incidental. He has no half-providences. With Him all things work together. Notice, then, what has been happening. The same year in which that first offering was made "for the poor heathen" was the year in which the first effort was made for "Domestic Missions." In 1832 the Foreign Missionary Society was formed and a great revival followed. The work was also extended to Prince Edward Island and two missionaries were sent east of Halifax. In 1839 Mr. Burpee was accepted to be educated for Foreign Missions and "our college was opened in form with twenty-one students under the designation of Queen's College." In 1843 the college building "was reared without money," and the year the first missionaries sailed a theological chair was established.

Little wonder, then, that the Association, in 1849, "is fully assured that the reflex influence of missions on the churches in awakening their sympathies, exercising their faith and stimulating their prayers, is a blessing which deserves to be regarded as an amply equivalent return, apart from the conversion of the heathen, which is their direct object." Missions are the soul of the Christian churches.

Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity, and each of these elements was present, in large measure, in

the life of the Foreign Mission Board during these next few years. Mr. Burpee's health continued to fail and he returned with his family in 1850. After a short visit to the south in the spring of 1851 his health seemed "much improved." During the summer he was able to attend some Associations and brought new inspiration to his great cause. As far as his health allowed he continued through the year to "excite an enlarged interest in the mission, both by writing and by visits."

In June, 1852, Arthur R. Crawley, at the age of twenty-one, having previously graduated from Acadia College, finished his theological studies at Newton and presented himself to the Board as a future missionary. At the Convention in Sackville that year he was accepted. After Judson went to Burma, New England boys, "holding their little prayer-meetings on the rye-scaffolds in their fathers' barns, named themselves 'Burma,' 'Bombay,' and 'Ceylon.' Young Crawley caught this spirit and was most anxious to get away to the land where Judson lived and laboured. But their experience at Mergui had convinced the Board that in any future efforts of the Convention in the Foreign Missionary field, it ought to be an inviolable principle never to send any missionary or missionary family alone."

In October, Mr. Burpee was compelled to go south again. He died at Jacksonville, Florida, February 26th, 1853. "They shall never fail who die in a great cause," and to him belongs the high honour, among Canadian Baptists, of laying his life first on the altar in the "great cause" of foreign missions. As we look back over these fifty years, who will say how largely their success rests upon the lives of these pioneers whose last resting places are at Jacksonville, Cocanada and Bobbili?

The Board was again left with but a single missionary, and there was little prospect of a second being appointed. Mr. Crawley was sent to Boston to consult with the officers of the American Baptist Missionary Union, as to

"whether a union could be formed with them and upon what terms." The substance of their reply was, "that they would gladly accept of our missionaries, receive whatever funds we could remit and relieve this Board from all responsibility in the support of missionaries." This offer gave us so much that it left us too little, for it meant giving up the identity of our organization, except so far as it was useful in the collection of funds. Adhering to their principle not to send one man alone, the Board was forced to relinquish the engagement with Mr. Crawley as their accepted missionary. He soon after received an appointment with the American Baptist Missionary Union, and sailed to Burma in 1853, where he continued in labors abundant for some twenty-three years.

The Board continued to raise funds, and, from the first, contributed six hundred dollars annually to Mr. Crawley's support. In 1857 an additional appropriation was made to enable him to employ "several Burmese and Karen converts, adapted to the work and now ready to preach the gospel to their idolatrous countrymen." This was continued until the establishment of an independent mission in 1871. At one time as many as thirty preachers, five bible-women and two girls' schools were thus supported. In addition to this it may be mentioned that the Board was careful to make regular remittances to Mrs. Burpee until her death.

II. THE WOMEN THAT PUBLISH THE TIDINGS ARE A GREAT HOST.

The Maritime Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, though it may not yet claim a field which is its own, may claim honours which are distinctively its own. In 1845 it quietly sent to Burma the first foreign missionaries receiving appointment from any Canadian Board—Rev. and Mrs. Richard E. Burpee. As early as 1834 some

women in the East sent a message to the women in the West: "Are there no female men who can come to teach us?" This Board was destined to answer first.

The English Baptist women organized work for women in India as early as 1867, but they did not send out their first single lady worker—Miss Fryer—until 1871. In New England a brand new Methodist Women's Missionary Society was organized in 1869, and sent out "Miss Isabella Thoburn as our missionary to India."

Miss Minnie B. De Wolfe, with a good lead on both of these, in August, 1867, "offered her services to the Board to labour in Burma for the spiritual good of the females, to superintend and instruct the Bible-women, and, in all suitable ways, by personal efforts to win souls to Christ." She was accepted, and sailed from Boston December seventeenth, 1867. It was in keeping with such an occasion that the ship on which this historic lady sailed should be named the *John Bunyan*.

After nearly five months they cast anchor in Rangoon Harbor, on the eleventh of May. Under the direction of the God of missions, Miss De Wolfe became the first single lady missionary that ever sailed from Canada and the first to be sent out by any Baptist Board in any land. She laboured with eminent success among the Karens, first at Bassein and then in Henzada. She was not only first in time, but the heroic forerunner and inspirer of that long line of Canadian Baptist lady missionaries which has since graced this ennobling enterprise. On account of failing health she returned to her native land in 1882, and later married Rev. T. T. Eaton. Until her death in 1905 she zealously served at home the cause which she so bravely pioneered.

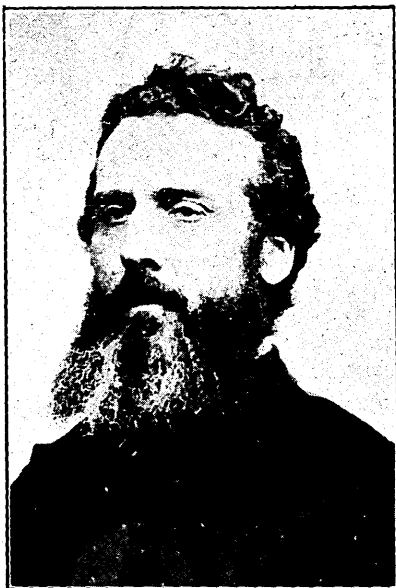
Referring to her work in a Convention address at Fredericton, Dr. Murdock, secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, said: "We have not adopted Miss De Wolfe. We have not been disposed to take

one jewel from your crown, or one gem from your choice treasures. No restrictions will be placed by us upon her movements. She can go where she will or where you may send her. We wish you had fifty such ladies to put into the field. We will adopt her whenever you ask us. Our hospitality is extended to you as long as you will accept it. When you go forth from us you shall receive our sympathy and our prayers, and we will give you the blessing of God."

We may add here that this is only a fair indication of all the relations which existed between the American and the Maritime Baptists during the entire period of their co-operative missionary enterprise in Burma.

III. THE STILL SMALL VOICE AND A WOMAN'S WAY.

"By faith you can move mountains, but the important thing is, not to move the mountains, but to have the faith." Miss Hannah Mariah Norris, of Canso, Nova Scotia, not only had the faith, but she also moved the mountains. A young woman of fine Christian culture and a teacher in Acadia Seminary, she had for some time been "deeply impressed with an ardent desire to devote her life to the instruction and spiritual welfare of heathen women and children." During the year 1869, while engaged at the Seminary, Miss Norris says: "The thought came to me that I was needed in Burma. It was a still small voice that made itself heard when I prayed alone, and that rose up to disquiet me amid present activities. Not that I wanted a change. I dearly loved the work I had, but I was ready to go wherever the Master pleased. I thought it was merely a fancy at first, but I could not shake it off." She went for advice to Mrs. A. R. R. Crawley, who was spending a furlough in Wolfville. Mrs. Crawley encouraged her and she decided to go to Burma.



REV. A. R. CRAWLEY



SEAL OF FORMER MARITIME
PROVINCES BOARD

In 1870 she met the Board and expressed to its members "her fervent wish to be so employed." The work already established was exhausting "the funds received in the ordinary ways." Moreover, they had in view two young men, William F. Armstrong and Rufus Sanford, who had, just previous to this, offered themselves to serve as missionaries as soon as their preparation was completed. The Board, therefore, gratefully resolved "that we receive her and send her out as our missionary, subject to the concurrence of the Convention, as soon as the necessary funds shall be furnished."

Miss Norris made her application in February. With the closing of school she resigned and was "up, out and away" for Burma at once. Regarding such a minor matter as money, she was told, by Dr. Tupper, the Board's Secretary, that as yet "there was absolutely nothing for any new enterprise." She had the faith, and now she would move mountains; so she decided to start for Burma by way of Boston, where she would consult with the American Baptist Missionary Union. She actually engaged her passage and went on board the steamer at Halifax. Just before the sailing a group of interested friends visited the ship to advise with her. One of the delegation, Dr. E. M. Saunders, said: "Appeal to the women of our church for support." Why not? The women have always been generous givers. Already there were "Female Mite Societies," why not Women's Missionary Aid Societies? Money was scarce, and perhaps the women did not control what there was to any great extent, but there was the egg money, and the knitting money and the butter money! They could squander some of that on missions if they chose, and Miss Norris believed they would choose. Some such thoughts as these came quickly to her, for she cancelled her passage and promptly arranged to approach the mountain from another position. The very next day a company met

with her in Mrs. Seldon's parlor in Dartmouth, and the United Baptist Women's Missionary Union of the Maritime Provinces began to become. This was the beginning of the end—the first end of an entirely new and noble society—"the U.B.W.M.U."

Writing of this organization in "Western Women in Eastern Lands," Mrs. Montgomery says: "The organization of an independent society, the first of its kind among Baptist women in the world, was due to the faith and courage of one young woman, Miss H. M. Norris."

As early as June twenty-third, 1870, the first "Woman's Missionary Aid Society for Heathen Lands" was organized at Canso, where was Miss Norris' home. The next was at Amherst, in July. The first two presidents of these first two societies were mother and daughter. In the next two months Miss Norris filled forty-one appointments and organized thirty-two societies. The mountain was moving. By Convention time she had secured enough money for her passage and first year's support.

"Great things through greatest hazards are achieved, and then they shine." Miss Norris sailed for Burma, September twenty-first, 1870. Without a future appointment she resigned from the staff of Acadia Seminary. Without a Board to support her, without a field to call her own and without enough money to reach the country, she determined to go to Burma, and purchased a ticket to Boston. Without a precedent to guide her she initiated the U.B.W.M.U., and within two months organized enough Missionary Aid Societies to pay her passage as well as a first year's support. Since then the truly great venture which she hazarded has been shining through the increasing generosity and usefulness of the U.B.W.M.U., which to-day supports nineteen lady missionaries.

IV. AN INDEPENDENT MISSION, "IMMORTALES PETIMUS."

While this strikingly original and basic work for women was being established, substantial progress was being made in other directions also. In 1869 Rev. William and Mrs. George were sent out, to be supported by the churches, but directed by the American Board. They established the work at Zeegong and, with one fur-lough, laboured there until 1886. Mr. George was very ill that year, and died at Calcutta on a homeward voyage.

In 1865 a Foreign Mission Board was incorporated. It consisted of fifteen members, appointed by the Convention, five of whom were to retire each year, but were eligible for re-election. The seal of this Board bears upon its centre ground a flaming torch with the inscription, "Immortales Petimus." In 1870 the secretary transmitted to the Missionary Union in Boston sufficient funds for the support of twenty-three Burmese workers, the salary of Miss De Wolfe as well as the salary and outfit of Mr. and Mrs. George—a total of \$4,347.08.

Now needs abound the world around and there is work enough for all, so the Convention this same year appointed a committee "to enquire into the feasibility of establishing an independent foreign mission and to consider the propriety of transferring the Board to some more central location." This committee reported the next year, at Yarmouth, that such an undertaking was both feasible and practicable. Some of the recommendations follow:

1. Missionaries should receive the best culture, general and theological, which can be furnished.
2. The most cordial relationship and good fellowship are to be maintained with the American Baptist Missionary Union and its missionaries.

3. At least one member of the missionary corps to be thoroughly indoctrinated in sound modern science and practically versed in scientific manipulation.
4. Systematic arrangements must be made for the development of the resources of the denomination and the regular diffusion of missionary intelligence.

Dating from 1832 this Board has sent forth eight knights of the new crusade. True pioneers they were, for among them we count the first family ever sent from Canadian shores to carry overseas the imperishable Word of God's redemption. The first lady missionary, too, ever sent from Canada, as well as the first Baptist lady missionary who ever crossed the sea to preach the gospel of Great David's Greater Son, was sent forth by this Board. In 1870 "the organization of an independent society among the women, the first of its kind among Baptist women in the world," was due to the faith and courage of one of its appointees.

In all probability, not many citizens of Canada knew of this at the time. Not many citizens of Antioch knew that their city would live in history, because from it the Christians sent forth certain men with their saving word. So from the Maritime Provinces of those early years there went forth a power which is not spent, but grows from year to year.

This is more than enough to place the Maritime Baptist Board of Foreign Missions and its pioneer knights far up in the long and noble list of such institutions which have done, and continue to do, so much to extend the Kingdom of God in the world. "*Immortales Petimus.*" In service for their Master they sought and found it.

CHAPTER III
THE SERVING SEVEN

To live is to love, to love is to serve,
To serve is to suffer, and to suffer is to save.

—M.L.O.

The vine from every living limb bleeds wine;
Is it the poorer for that spirit shed?
The drunkard and the wanton drink thereof;
Are they the richer for that gift's behest?
Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And he who suffers most has most to give.

—MRS. CHARLES

CHAPTER III

THE SERVING SEVEN

1. ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

THE NEW Board faced the future with an apparently favorable ledger. It had on the one side two heavy liabilities—a new field of operations to be chosen and a working organization to be set up in a foreign land. On the other side it had two strong assets—there were the missionaries on the field with their valuable experiences and two missionaries-elect, Messrs. W. F. Armstrong and Rufus Sanford, who were students at Newton, Mass. Then, too, there was the home organization supported by a steadily growing missionary morale throughout the denomination, and with \$10,000 in the treasury.

It is a fine thing to start. It is a finer thing to start first. To be the finder of a new idea, the founder of a new movement, is to stand first in Lord Bacon's scale of sovereign honours. The first man who enlisted in his town was more than one recruit, he was the originator of the idea, the incarnation of an ideal which many followed. So it happened with this new Board and their missionaries-elect. Two students have volunteered for the service of God in the gospel of His Son among the heathen, and they must be the precursors of many who are to follow them. Just at this time Mr. George Churchill, of Yarmouth, was a student at Newton. He had already

been accepted by the American Baptist Missionary Union and allocated to the work at Tavoy. Hearing of this new Board, however, he intimated, through Mr. Sanford, that he would be glad to join the Maritime Baptist Mission. A correspondence vote was taken, and, at a meeting held April twenty-ninth, 1873, "it was unanimously and heartily resolved that we accept Mr. George Churchill as a missionary of this Board, if he makes application to us." At the May meeting his application was received and he was appointed, "subject to the decision of the Convention."

The spirit of these three young men may be known in part by the following extract of a letter which appeared in the *Christian Messenger* soon after their appointment:

"The time is come. The hour for action is upon us. We have waited long, hoping and praying, and now our God is giving us the desire of our hearts. Through His gracious favour we are brought to a period in our Foreign Mission efforts in which they are assuming a more concentrated and definite shape than hitherto they have had. His spirit, we trust, has kindled our hearts with the desire to go forth in obedience to the Saviour's last command, bearing the message of life to the perishing multitudes of our fellow men. His hand has led us through circumstances which teach the propriety of bold, systematic, earnest, self-directed effort on our part as a Christian people. Now he sets before us an open door and bids us enter. It is ours to go forward trusting in the Lord.

"Brethren, we have still resting upon us the great commission. It has not been discharged by us to an extent at all commensurate with our ability or the Master's claims. We will never reach the highest degree of prosperity at home until in some adequate measure we seek to rescue the perishing heathen. It so

comes to pass in the economy of grace that the spiritual needs in the heathen world have become the means of the most abundant wealth to the Church. If, therefore, Christ is leading us out into Foreign Mission service, we may take it as a clear indication that he has precious blessings in store for us.

"In Convention at Yarmouth, two years since, you decided to plant a mission among the heathen. You then had none who were prepared to go as your missionaries; but you were looking toward two young men whose hearts burned within them to uphold the standards of the Cross on heathen shores. Having passed the desired time of study, we return to you, our own people, not the same as we were, but somewhat stronger in faith and more settled in our conviction of duty. We come accompanied by another of like spirit, whom we welcome as our associate in this work. We three, then, united in our sympathies and aims, having one mind, through earnest prayer and consultation, do accept the proposal to go out as your missionaries to establish a mission on a new field.

"In accepting this proposal your missionaries-elect are conscious of the grave responsibility resting upon those whom you send as pioneers. If they err, their results will be disastrous, not only to their own usefulness, but also to the interests of the mission. If they are unfaithful to the confidence reposed in them serious injury will be done to many whose hearts are already enlisted in the work. It is God's power alone that can make us faithful and efficient in promoting His glory among the heathen. We rely upon His promised aid.

"RUFUS SANFORD.

"W. F. ARMSTRONG.

"GEORGE CHURCHILL."

These men may be youthful, but they are no mere youths. God has called them to the heathen, and they realize something of its deeper meaning. Others may stay at home, but they will endure hunger and hardships, sleep upon the ground, explore the hills and valleys of Siam, journey far into the Ghauts of the Telugu country, suffer much from fever, learn new languages, build bungalows and dwell in mud huts, for the principle with which they have identified themselves impels them to go forth as its heralds. Like Gordon Hall, of the Salem seven, each one of them is "ordained and stamped a missionary by the sovereign hand of God."

In the same month of August they were ordained each in his home church—Mr. Armstrong at North Sydney, on the second, the sermon being preached by Rev. D. A. Steele, D.D.; Mr. Churchill, at Hebron, on the twelfth, the sermon being preached by Dr. Day; and Mr. Sanford, at Billtown, on the twentieth, the sermon being preached by Rev. Chas. Tupper, D.D.

"At a quarter past seven in the evening of the same day, the large new meeting house in Billtown was again crowded to witness the marriage of Brother Sanford and Miss Lamont."

Mr. Churchill and Miss Faulkner were married shortly before sailing. "At Retreat Cottage, Truro, Nova Scotia, on the sixteenth of September, 1873, by Rev. J. E. Goucher, assisted by Rev. E. Clay, M.D., Matilda Moore, daughter of William Faulkner, Esq., C.E., to Rev. George Churchill, of Yarmouth, missionary-elect to Siam."

It speaks eloquently for these men that each of the churches provided outfits for their respective missionaries costing \$250 and upwards.

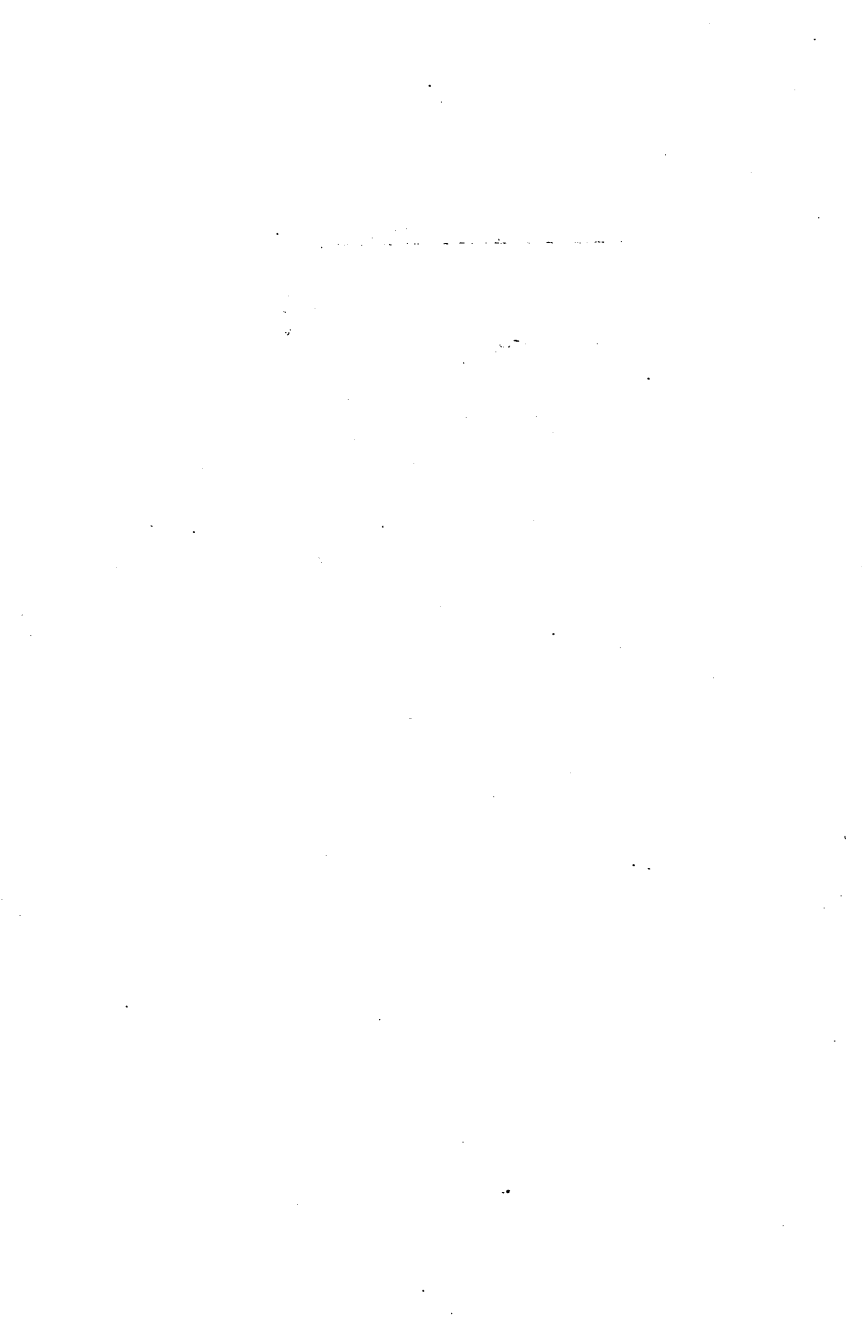
The character of a nation depends more largely upon its womanhood than its manhood. It is true that the



MISS DE WOLFE
The first among single lady missionaries



MISS NORRIS
The Founder of Women's
Missionary Societies



Government of to-day is in the hands of the men, but that of to-morrow is in the arms of the mothers. Men may lead, but women direct; "man rows, but woman steers." Men are the head, but women are the heart of a nation. The first seven missionaries who ever sailed from American shores included Ann Hasseltine Judson and Harriet Newell. Since then every missionary party has a right to include the ladies.

In the same meeting of the Board at which Mr. Churchill was accepted, "communications were read from the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Central Boards of the Woman's Missionary Aid Societies; upon consideration of which it was—

"Resolved, that Miss Maria Armstrong, of Wolfville, and Miss Flora Eaton, of Cornwallis, be accepted as missionaries of this Board, provided their health will warrant such an appointment, and the funds be forthcoming from the Mission Aid Societies to sustain them."

II. FAREWELL AND OUTWARD BOUND.

These appointments were all confirmed at the Convention which met in Windsor, and our missionary force now stands:

In Canada—Miss M. B. De Wolfe;

In Burma—Miss H. M. Norris;

Under Appointment—Rev. W. F. Armstrong, Rev. Rufus Sanford and wife, Rev. George Churchill, Miss Matilda Faulkner (Mrs. Churchill), Miss Flora Eaton, and Miss Maria Armstrong.

When Judson and his six associates were ordained at Salem in 1812, he said: "We are seven, like the five loaves and the two fishes blessed by our Lord wherewith to feed the multitude." It is sixty-one years later, but it is a part of this same movement when the Maritime Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, on the twenty-fifth of

August, 1873, at Windsor, Nova Scotia, set apart seven missionaries-elect, for service in a new field. The following minute regarding the designation service is reproduced from an old record book of the Board now preserved in the "Canadiana" of Acadia College Library.

Windsor, Aug. 25th '73

Adjourned meeting of the Board at 2 P.M.
Members present: Revs D. Cramp, D. Lupper,
E. Hickson, D. A. Steele, J. E. Bill, and the
Secretary. Rev. J. E. Bill in the Chair. Prayer
by Rev. E. Hickson. Minutes of last meeting read
and approved. Brethren present invited to
seats as usual.

Resolved, that a designation service be
held this evening in connection with the public
missionary meeting, and that our brethren and
sisters, the missionaries elect, be thus set apart
publicly to the work to which they have been called,
prayer being offered for them, and a charge given.

The Treasurer presented his Annual Report,
which showed a very gratifying state of our finances,
there being ten thousand dollars (\$10,000.) to our
credit in the Bank of New Brunswick. The
Report was adopted, and ordered to be presented to
the Convention.

Adjourned to the call of the Chair.

W. B. Boggs

Secretary

At the close of the public missionary meeting on the evening of the twenty-fifth, the "seven" were introduced to the audience by the Secretary, Rev. W. B. Boggs. A prayer of designation was then offered by Rev. Dr. Tupper, and a charge was given to the missionaries by Dr. Cramp. The serving seven are now formally set apart for the greatest of all spiritual ventures. God's mandate is upon their hearts and upon their lips. The sovereignty of Jesus has taken all their life for its kingdom, and they have taken His world for their parish.

Through this meeting in Windsor, just fifty-one years ago, the life of the spirit, "so mystical and so practical in its fruits," was permeating all the life of the denomination; so it is worth while to go back, for a moment, and sit where they sat.

"The platform presented a picture not soon to be effaced from the memories of those present. There were men who had the snows of near eighty winters upon their heads—one or more who had spent half a century in the service of Christ. Alongside of them were those who in the first flush of youth were entering the work, and others upon whom rests the burden of sustaining the home and foreign operations of the churches. The three Provinces, the United States and Great Britain were well represented. Burma, too, had its representatives in Miss De Wolfe and Mr. Carpenter.

"Whether we consider the subject before the meeting, or the persons around whom the sympathies and interest of the congregation were gathered, it may be regarded as an occasion but seldom to be enjoyed in this world. Here were representatives from all parts of these provinces, all deeply concerned in the promotion of the great work of winning men from heathenism and commending to them the Gospel of our Lord Jesus.

"While many hearts were beating warmly towards the cause of missions, seven persons—three men and four women—in the early maturity of life, full of intelligence, choice spirits, beloved by friends, brethren and sisters, were on the platform ready to leave their native land, and go out to the dark regions of the East, for the purpose of lifting up their fellow-men and women from the degradation to which paganism had brought them, and giving them a knowledge of Christ and His salvation.

"When the Rev. W. B. Boggs, the Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, introduced the youthful missionaries to the audience, a strange thrill ran through every soul present. For the moment each one—the most matter-of-fact, together with the most romantic—felt the missionary impulse, and many a young Christian uttered again the words, 'Here am I: send me.' The introduction by Rev. W. B. Boggs, the prayer of Dr. Tupper and the address of Dr. Cramp to the departing missionaries, were all peculiarly appropriate, and the impression created will not soon be forgotten.

"Farewell—how much of missionary thought and history gathers round this word. The last walk in the dear home town, the last time through the garden gate, the last service in the familiar church, the last words of father and the final embrace of mother.

Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?"

These "friends and connections" have not yet had their day in court—"Sister Jane," who stays behind while Dr. Clough makes his great venture; "Sister Lizzie," who said to Mrs. Churchill, "You are to go out and do the work while I am to remain at home and pray."

Different places held farewell meetings for different members of the party, and Thursday evening, September

twenty-fifth, brought them all together once more in Brussels Street Church, St. John, to receive a final God-speed. In addition to the out-going party, Miss De Wolfe and Rev. A. R. Crawley were present to help on a very interesting meeting. Rev. I. E. Bill delivered the opening address. On behalf of the Board, Rev. Dr. Cramp read a document containing "instruction and advice," and commended them to God and to the word of His Grace:

"Go to Siam in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. Teach the young the lessons of the Bible. Train the disciples in Christian work. Lead sinners of all ages to the Saviour. Guide the churches in the paths of truth and holiness. 'May the Lord bless you and keep you; may the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; may the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace.' 'May He make you perfect to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight. And may the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all,' everywhere and to the end. Amen."

The next evening, accompanied by some of the brethren, they left St. John for New York, and sailed from that city on Wednesday, October first, by the Anchor Line S.S. *Trinacria*.

And I will go. I may no longer doubt
To give up friends and home and idle hopes,
And every tender tie that binds my heart
To thee, my country! Ne'er was it His design,
Who placed me here on earth, that I should live at ease,
Or merely drink at pleasure's fountain.

They arrived in Glasgow on the fourteenth and were detained in Scotland for six weeks. During this time Christian friends showed them much kindness. Mrs.

Churchill and Miss Eaton connected themselves with the "Royal Infirmary," where they were received with cordial consideration and improved their medical knowledge. Several missionary meetings were arranged for them and liberal contributions were made to their cause. As they left the hall after one such meeting, a person, who must have thought they were aborigines, was overheard saying: "Why, they are about as white as we are, and speak English well, too, even if they are Indians."

They sailed again on November twenty-fifth, by the S.S. *Tenasserim*, and reached Rangoon after forty-eight days, on January twelfth, 1874. There was a second seven on board, belonging to the American Baptist Missionary Union, and the whole party was welcomed by the Rangoon missionaries to their hearts, their homes and their work. Miss Norris came down from Tavoy to meet them, and on January thirty-first was married to Mr. Armstrong.

III. "SIAM HILL."

There is no truer way of judging a man than by the cause with which he identifies himself. The serving seven gave themselves with utmost abandon to missions. This, henceforth, is to be their life-long alliance. Mr. Carey once said of his son Felix, that he had "drivelled into an ambassador." Not so these; they are out to establish a mission and said, each one:

Why should I regard
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets!
The vows of God are on me
And I may not stop to play with shadows
Or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done and rendered up account.

Happy in their vows they set off again on the second of February. As the steamer entered the broad, shallow

river to ascend the forty miles to Tavoy, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong landed and went on ahead to welcome the party upon arrival. On the third day from Rangoon they were welcomed "home" by Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong. The bungalow to which they went was a large one, belonging to the American Baptist Missionary Union. It had been rented by our Board and remodelled under Miss Norris' supervision, so that it comfortably accommodated the entire party. Pleasantly situated on rising ground, they named the place "Siam Hill," and settled down to study Karen, to accustom themselves to Eastern sights and sounds, and to seek an approach to Siam.

Just four years ago Miss Norris had asked to be sent out, and was told that there was "absolutely no funds for any new enterprise." Like Luther Rice, of the "sacred seven," before she could sail she had to raise the money for her own passage and first year's support. Now she welcomes seven new recruits to "Siam Hill," and among them is her own husband. In addition to these Miss De Wolfe hopes to return, and Mr. Boggs is under appointment, "to be sent out as soon as arrangements can be made." How much of this is due to the heroic faith, daring initiative and steadfast purpose of the woman who would not stay at home, and who founded the first Women's Missionary Aid Societies! One easily appreciates her letter written about this time:

"What a resurrection in our own little Province since I left. Then they told me they could not possibly send one; now their faith fails not, though ten of us come across the water. God in his great grace give them a hundredfold in their own souls the blessings they are sending to their brethren in the dark. My heart goes out to the friends who are working so nobly at home. I have never wanted to see them so much as when I hear how

much they are willing to do and bear for Christ. The Home Mission and the College are none the poorer, but seem to be sharing in the onward movement of the churches. God grant that it may be the beginning of brighter, better days than have ever yet been. God is able to make all grace abound toward us if we only trust in Him to go forward."

IV. IN BANGKOK.

Now Tavoy is in Burma and it has already been decided, after much deliberation, that the new mission is to be established among the Karens and Laos tribes in the kingdom of Siam. Just previous to his furlough, Rev. G. H. Carpenter, of the American Baptist Missionary Union, toured upper Siam and made extensive notes of his observations relative to the Karens of that country. He attended the Convention, at Windsor, in 1873, and it was largely upon his recommendation that the decision to go to Siam was made.

If, however, the missionaries are to labor in Siam, even among the Karens, a knowledge of the Siamese language is necessary, and can be studied to far better advantage there than elsewhere. Karen teachers in Tavoy were very difficult to obtain. Even a short residence in Siam would enable them to see the country and people and gain such a knowledge of things as would help them to decide upon a future course with intelligence. It would be necessary at an early date to make a tour among the Karens, and even a slight knowledge of the Siamese language and people would expedite this business considerably. After five weeks, therefore, in Tavoy, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and Miss Eaton decided to remove to Bangkok, Siam.

In real oriental style they set out on Tuesday, March tenth. Their goods were packed upon ox-carts while the

missionaries, under a scorching sun, walked to the river, three miles distant. After their long voyage the bungalow on "Siam Hill" had been a welcome resting place, and it "was like leaving home again" when these three set out for another twenty days' voyage. Sailing via Singapore and Penang, they reached Bangkok and settled again in a home belonging to Dr. Dean, of the American Baptist Mission.

Rev. W. B. Boggs arrived in Burma in November. The Burma Baptist Convention in Henzada gave him a cordial welcome and passed the following resolution: "Whereas a number of missionaries from the Maritime Provinces of Canada are now with us in this country, therefore resolved, that in view of the scarcity of missionaries in Burma, and the pressing demands of the field, we would be glad to see these brethren take up some unoccupied field in Burma—the Tavoy district, for instance—where they could carry forward the work already begun, and whence, as a base, they might ultimately carry out their original intentions of evangelizing the Karens of Siam."

After the Convention Mr. Boggs joined the party in Bangkok. In order to locate the Karen people and to select sites for their mission stations, an extended tour was planned along two converging routes. Upon the backs of elephants, Messrs. Sanford and Armstrong travelled overland from Moulmein to the top of Siam. Messrs. Churchill and Boggs secured a boat suitable for the upper Menam River, which is the great highway of Siam. Into this they packed books and Bibles, mosquito nets and cot-beds, jars of purified water and food, firearms and cooking utensils, and set out early in January, 1875. The two parties met at Rahang, three hundred miles north of Bangkok. After careful consultation based upon the observations and enquiries made along

the way, they prepared their joint conclusions for the Board. The number of Karens was found to be much less than was originally supposed. Their villages, too, were scattered, and so far removed from the Menam highway as to be almost inaccessible. They, therefore, reluctantly concluded that it would not be wise to make any further efforts looking to the establishment of a mission to the Karens of Siam.

CHAPTER IV
AMONG THE TELUGUS

Ah! long, too long, has India been made a theme for the visions of poetry and the dreams of romance. Too long has it been enshrined in the sparkling bubbles of a vapoury sentimentalism. Let us arise, and resolve henceforward these "climes of the sun" shall become the climes of a better sun—even the "Sun of righteousness." Let us revive the spirit of our forefathers. Like them, let us unsheathe the sword of the Spirit, unfurl the banners of the Cross, sound the Gospel trump of jubilee. Like them, let us enter into a Solemn League and Covenant before our God, in behalf of that benighted land, that we will not rest till the voice of praise and thanksgiving arises, in daily orisons, from its coral strands, rolls over its fertile plains, resounds from its smiling valleys, and re-echoes from its everlasting hills.

—ALEXANDER DUFF

CHAPTER IV

AMONG THE TELUGUS

I. THREE ALTERNATIVES.

NOT TOO easily, and yet how soon, one learns to call their new dwelling place by that most sacred of all names—home. Bangkok has already begun to be home to the Churchills and the Boggs. “Studying Siamese, making enquiries, teaching Siamese boys, and feeling that they are now in the place where the Lord would have them remain,” must have been a welcome change to the ladies, after the long pilgrimage from Nova Scotia to Siam.

In a very distinctive way it has become home to Miss Eaton and Mr. Boggs. Their romance began before their roaming, back at that farewell meeting in Windsor. The next interesting item occurred here in Bangkok. On March ninth, after the tour to the north was over, this couple was twice married. Early in the day Mr. Churchill went with them to the British Consulate, where the legal ceremony was performed by the Consul. In the afternoon Mr. Churchill performed for them the religious ceremony, in the presence of about forty guests. During that tour, too, and ten weeks before her husband returned, Mrs. Churchill dedicated to the Lord's service her new-born boy, “Willie” Churchill. Bangkok is now a home.

The net result of their tour, however, was to take away their long-sought Karens, and once again

My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit from the Eastern World.
The voice of my departed Lord:
"Go teach all nations," comes on the night air
And awakes my ear.

To these four councillors at Rahang there seemed to be three alternatives:

1. The entire party could concentrate upon a mission to the Siamese proper.
2. They might accept the recent invitation of the Burma Baptist Convention at Henzada, and take up work in some unoccupied field of British Burma. Two important stations were then open. Burma had been the field of our efforts. Karen helpers were available, and the Karen people, who made so strong an appeal to the home constituency, were there in numbers. Work upon the language and among the people was already well begun by Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong. It is small wonder, then, that these four rangers at Rahang were "convinced that this course gave promise of issues the most successful."
3. They might seek co-operation with the Ontario missionaries and secure a share in the work among the Telugus on the other side of the Bay of Bengal.

These suggestions were embodied in a joint letter and signed by

RUFUS SANFORD,
W. F. ARMSTRONG,
GEO. CHURCHILL,
W. B. BOGGS.

Their last proposition was not quite new. On August thirteenth, 1873, Rev. J. L. Campbell, of Chatham, Ontario, had written to the Baptists of the Maritime

Provinces, proposing a union of Canadian Baptists in foreign missionary work. Rev. E. M. Saunders, of Halifax, and Rev. T. H. Porter, of Fredericton, were at this time attending the Convention in Brantford. They were, therefore, appointed to represent the Board at this Convention, and were informed by telegraph, "in order that an understanding might be reached on all matters connected with the proposed union." Nothing official was done, however, so the Maritime Board had continued to move towards the Karen field. Now these four travellers at the top of Siam turn once more to this "proposed union," as a third alternative.

The question of a field for the Maritime missionaries was now so urgent that a special Convention was called to meet at Amherst, May twelfth to fourteenth, 1875. Copies of the resolution received from Siam were sent to the Foreign Mission Board of Ontario and Quebec.

At a meeting of this Board, held in Brantford early in May, they passed the following resolutions, which were sent to the Amherst Convention by the hand of Rev. J. L. Campbell, their Secretary:

"Whereas we are working in the Telugu country with the full consent and fraternal good wishes of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and whereas the field, extending north and west, must contain from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 people; therefore resolved:

"(1) That we cordially invite our brethren of the Maritime Provinces to send their missionaries over at once to help us to cultivate the Telugu field:

"(2) That only those who willingly and cheerfully consent to come be sent to the Telugu field, and we suggest that some of them be transferred to us.

"(3) That we propose that Ontario and Quebec on the one hand, and the Maritime Provinces on the other, shall fully sustain and direct all the missionaries whom they respectively appoint.

"(4) That we take it for granted that the threefold cord, viz.:

"(a) the same native land,

"(b) the same faith and order,

"(c) the same object—the glory of God in the salvation of the Telugus,

will bind the missionaries together and dispose them to co-operate in this great work without minute rules or articles of agreement.

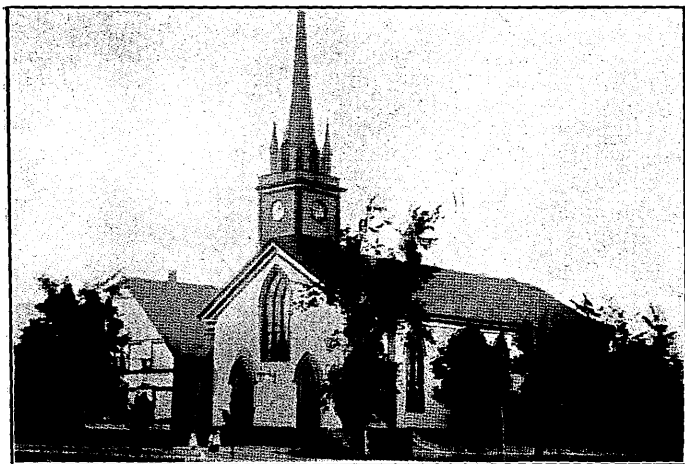
"(5) That any closer union be left to time and experience."

A committee was appointed to take into consideration the communication of the directors of the Foreign Mission Board of Ontario and Quebec. They reported as follows:

"Your committee have been greatly pleased with the frankness and the fulness with which questions relative to the Telugu Mission have been answered, and with the evident desire of the brethren of Ontario and Quebec for a closer union in Mission work.

"(1) The proposal to send our missionaries at once to the Telugu field, conveyed to us in the first resolution, is fully accepted by your committee. It meets the demand of our missionaries to be located at once in the field of their future labours. Your committee is convinced that, trusting in the great Head of the Church, it is now the path of duty to accept this proposal and to instruct the missionaries to remove immediately to Cocanada.

"(2) In regard to the second resolution, we have every confidence that our missionaries will give themselves heartily and joyfully to the great work in any field to which they are sent. It does not appear to us that strong reasons exist why some of our missionaries should remain where they are at present.



BAPTIST CHURCH. WINDSOR. N.S.
Where the "Designation Service" was held



THE SERVING SEVEN

Top from left—Miss Fitch, afterwards Mrs. Currie; Mr. Armstrong. Second Row from left—Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, Mr. Churchill. Bottom from left—Miss Eaton, afterwards Mrs. Boggs, Mrs. Churchill.

- "(3) It is also the opinion of this committee that all our missionaries should be retained in the service of this Convention. To all the other resolutions the Committee agrees."

This report was fully discussed by the convention and after slight amendment was passed by a large majority.

II. "NOVA SCOTIA BARRACKS."

A wee lassie, in one of Mr. Boreham's essays, bounding in from school, claimed that she had learned to punctuate. "Indeed! and how do you do it, Elsie?" asked her mother. "Well, mamma," said the little grammarian, "it's just as easy as can be! If you say that a thing is so, you just put a hat-pin after it; but if you are only asking whether it is so or not, you put a button-hook! Don't you see?"

Life to our missionaries in Burma and Siam had been pretty much a matter of the hatpin and the button-hook, a great certainty and a great question. That they were "called" to give the Gospel of His Son where Christ was not yet preached was their great assurance. Just where that field was to be was their great interrogation.

How intimately and how vitally the two were related may be seen in Mrs. Armstrong's letter to the Board:

"I heartily wish we could enter our field at once after over four years of drifting, helping a little here and there and everywhere. I am hungry for my own table, that I may spread for my own people, and call it home. . . . After all, God knows best, and I trust He will neither permit us to run too swiftly nor to loiter on the way. He will lead us to our Canaan as soon as we are ready to enter in; and if He can discipline us without the wilderness wandering, let us bless Him and strive hard to have the necessary faith."

The question was settled at Amherst, and on May twenty-eighth the Board cabled the decision from St.

John. In six hours it was received by Mr. and Mrs. Boggs at Singapore, where they were visiting. They made all haste to convey it to Bangkok and Tavoy. Mrs. Churchill says: "We were somewhat surprised at the decision, and perhaps at the first a bit disappointed, but all else was soon lost in satisfaction that the question was settled, and the waiting time at end. As for myself, I cannot tell you what a feeling of rest and quiet has descended upon me ever since the cablegram came and I knew for a certainty just where we were to labour for the dear Master. I feel so happy and eager for the work."

Mrs. Armstrong had an extraordinary command of the Karen and Burmese languages. Mr. Armstrong, too, "had quite a start in the language and was just getting nicely into the work," at Tavoy. It was, therefore, "no small sacrifice" for them, as he wrote, "to leave the Karen work." In just nine days, however, they had secured a Telugu teacher and had started upon the language of the Telugus before they had started for their country. Mr. Boggs thinks he "is glad that the decision is what it is." Mr. Churchill, while "not drawn to the Telugu field," was not sorry that they were to leave Siam. Mr. Sanford wrote undecidedly and promised to write again by the next mail, but instead of the expected letter a cablegram was received from him, dated "Cocanada," of which the following is a copy:

"All here: except Miss Armstrong: joyfully working.

"R. SANFORD."

At Cocanada they received a very cordial welcome from Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin, in whose home they stayed for a few days until they were established in their own quarters, which they called "the Nova Scotia Barracks." They were four couples, and the "Barracks" had five rooms on one floor. It was a brick building, 114 feet long by 26 wide, with a broad verandah all around it. The roof was flat, with steps to go up; so they could literally, "go upon the housetop to pray."

Sitting upon chairs, sleeping upon beds and eating from tables is not the style in Telugu land, so these commodities were not for sale in Cocanada. Mr. Churchill, with the help of a native carpenter, "made some very presentable tables, cots and seats," and "Nova Scotia Barracks" was very soon a combined home and language school. Mrs. Churchill wrote: "May the Lord give me patience, faith and memory, that I may soon attain this strange tongue and be at work among the people who speak it."

Miss Armstrong did not come to the Telugu country at this time, but she was destined to do so shortly. Rev. G. F. Currie, in 1874, applied to the Maritime Board and was asked to wait until the question of a field was settled, when they could better avail themselves of his service. Instead of waiting he transferred his application to the Ontario Board and sailed for Cocanada in 1875. He married Miss Armstrong, and then she felt that her work, too, was on the Telugu side of the Bay. The last of the "Serving Seven" was thus identified with the Canadian Baptist Mission in India. The aggregate years of their service is as follows:

Rev. W. F. Armstrong....	1873—1918....	45 years.
Mrs. W. F. Armstrong....	1873—1919....	46 years.
Mrs. Boggs.....	1873—1923....	50 years.
Rev. George Churchill....	1873—1908....	35 years.
Mrs. George Churchill....	1873—1923....	50 years.
Rev. Rufus Sanford	1873—1924....	51 years.
Mrs. Rufus Sanford	1873—1903....	30 years.

"Words are the daughters of earth; deeds are the sons of God." The "Serving Seven" specialized in deeds. Their ministry is a benediction to our work, a fit theme for our Jubilee Thanksgiving, and we thank God upon every remembrance of them.

The original Canadians who once roamed over our fair Dominion had an odd superstition, that, on penalty of never prospering more, they must never pass the grave of certain famous persons without laying there-

upon some token of regard. As we pass the Jubilee year, what token of respect shall Canadian Baptists pay to the "Serving Seven," to the McLaurins, who welcomed them to Cocanada, and to the Timpanys? Let us embody their spirit; let us carry on with renewed effort and vigour, the work which they so heroically began. Through the principle of sacred association let us give, as they gave, of ourselves and of our substance. Let us conserve their memory by continuing their ministry until His Kingdom comes in our share of India.

III. SELECTING SOME STATIONS.

With four ox-carts, a catechist, a colporteur, a cook, three or four boys from Mr. McLaurin's school, and two men of all work, Messrs. Churchill, Boggs and McLaurin set out from Cocanada on the twelfth of August, 1875. To select some sites for stations north of Vizagapatam was their business, and they proceeded—at the rate of two miles an hour—first to Bimlipatam and thence to Vizianagram. This town had been, for some time, a station of the great London Mission Society, but their missionary had recently returned on account of ill-health. These Baptist explorers, therefore, found a town of 50,000 people practically unoccupied.

A regiment of native troops which was stationed there had, as its surgeon, one Dr. Parker, who constrained the travelling missionaries to "put up" at his home. Now, Dr. Parker was conducting week-night services at his house and several had been converted. These were invited to talk with the missionaries, and on Sunday one of them, an Oriya man, was baptized by Mr. McLaurin. Ezekiel Hollimon, a layman, baptized Roger Williams, and then Williams baptized Hollimon with ten others. These formed the first Baptist Church in Burma. This Oriya layman had come to believe on Christ through reading a New Testament which he had purchased. He desired baptism, but was not sure whether he should

administer the rite himself or have another do it for him. On Monday Mr. Boggs baptized eight, six of whom were Eurasians. The party next set out for Bobbili, suggesting to Dr. Parker that on their return they should organize the baptized converts into a church. Dr. Parker and his wife were nominally Plymouth Brethren, but in reality Baptists.

On the way to Bobbili they came to a river, and couldn't get across because "the river was down." In other words, the water was down from the hills and the river was up to the brim; so it couldn't be forded. In such a case there is just one thing to do, sit down and wait until the "river runs out." From three o'clock in the morning until seven they waited; then crossed safely and went on to pay their first visit to Bobbili—the first but not the last, for Mr. Churchill; for this town of some twenty thousand was chosen as the site for his station. From here to Palkonda and back to Vizianagram they travelled. They reached Dr. Parker's hospitable home on a Wednesday evening, and hoped, next day, to organize the first Baptist church in all that great section of India. Dr. and Mrs. Parker were somewhat exercised over this matter, for, though they thought the new organization was quite scriptural, they were afraid to join it.

On Thursday evening Mr. Boggs preached from the words, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" It was a "clear, keen, thrilling sermon." Dr. and Mrs. Parker, who really wanted to do right, now cordially consented to join. Friday afternoon Mr. Churchill baptized a recent convert in a large tank, and in the evening they met together to organize the church. Mr. Boggs opened the meeting and explained the principles of a New Testament Church. Mr. Churchill offered prayer and the assembly, by a standing vote, signified their willingness to be organized on such a basis. Dr. McLaurin then addressed them on the duties of a church, and Dr. Parker

was appointed deacon. They broke bread together and the one Baptist church in all that vast region was rejoicing in the Lord. Eleven members joined, and two others who had been baptized were not present.

The Rajah kindly sent one of his carriages to convey them to Bimlipatam, where they found a small steamer going to Cocanada, and gladly they went on board. They had been away four weeks and had chosen the sites for four stations—Bimlipatam, Vizianagram, Bobbili and Parlakimedi. They also organized the first church in a field which they were now to call their own, and rejoiced in the assurance that it was ample to occupy all their resources.

They only live greatly who give greatly to the world. It is ours to give more and ever more of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God to the Telugus. Fifty years ago they dared to make the great venture and began the record. The day must come when the record will be complete. If in that day it shall be written of us that we stood for the Kingdom of God among the Telugus, it will be enough. Fifty years have accomplished much; there is yet much to do, and by the grace of God we must vow to do more for the glory of Christ and the extension of His Kingdom.

CHAPTER V

THE DREAM AND THE REALITY

The missionary must either confess himself helpless, or he must to the last fibre of his being believe in the Holy Ghost. I choose to believe, nay I am shut up to believe, by what I have seen.

—DR. GIBSON

It is something to be a missionary. The morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy when they first saw the field which the first missionary was to fill.

—DAVID LIVINGSTONE

CHAPTER V

THE DREAM AND THE REALITY

I. STARTING SOME STATIONS.

IF ONE may speak of starting a station this will be the next stage in that stupendous task of establishing the Kingdom of God in this part of the Telugu country. In 1793 the Baptist Missionary Society was formed and Carey entered upon his heroic career in India. In 1795 the London Missionary Society was formed and ten years later its missionaries were stationed at Vizagapatam. As early as 1836 the American Baptist Missionary Union began work among the Telugus. In 1874 the McLaurins moved to Cocanada and early the next year they welcomed the Maritime missionaries. These are now ready to move upon the north, but their force is somewhat depleted. The climate of India has already proved so injurious to Mr. Boggs' health, "that his life is in danger if he remains." Thus advised by the physicians he and Mrs. Boggs sailed for home and reached Halifax in May, 1876.

Mr. Churchill, soon after the first tour to the north, became very ill. He sought medical aid first of Dr. Parker in Vizianagram, and then in Madras. Mrs. Churchill accompanied him to Madras. Not the least of her difficulties in those difficult days was to get milk without water for Mr. Churchill and the little boy. The milkman brought his cow to the door and Mrs. Churchill watched him milk. As he finished he pretended that

the cow was frightened and held out his can to save the milk. In doing so he reached his arm back of a pillar which was near and a second man, who was standing by for this very opportunity, instantly poured in the water. Only slight relief was obtained by this visit, and in May Mr. Churchill started for Australia, leaving Mrs. Churchill to wait anxiously in Madras.

It is now thirty years since the first Canadian missionaries left the United States for Burma, under the care of the God of missions. From that day Maritime Baptists dreamed of an independent mission in the East. Year by year hopes were deferred, but now the day has arrived. On November fourth, 1875, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford went to Bimlipatam, and the daring dream is a regnant reality. The churches at home sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and these patient, persistent pioneers moved onward, first to Burma, then to Siam, then to Cocanada, thence to Bimlipatam. For Christ's sake and the Gospel's they "expatriated themselves" from the land of their birth, that they might hunt up the lost sheep of the wilderness among the Telugus.

Early in 1876 they were well settled in a rented house, Telugu services were carried on upon the verandah, three promising young men were being trained for the ministry, a Sunday school was in operation, sixty boys were enrolled in a day school, five candidates had been baptized in Vizianagram, and language studies were being continued. Towards the end of this year they gratefully welcomed the return to Bimlipatam of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, his health being much improved by the trip to Australia.

"The matter with India," says Rudyard Kipling, "is an all-round entanglement of physical, social and moral evils and corruption, all more or less due to the unnatural treatment of women." One necessary way, therefore, to India's uplift is through the emancipation of her womanhood. Mrs. Sanford very early opened a

girls' boarding school, and several of the girls whom she trained became useful Bible-women. Mrs. Churchill also opened a day school. Under date of August, 1877, she writes: "The attendance waxes and wanes, but on the whole it is very good indeed. They are getting quite a start now in sewing, reading and in memorizing portions of scripture." She also organized a Bible class and did considerable work among the women in the villages.

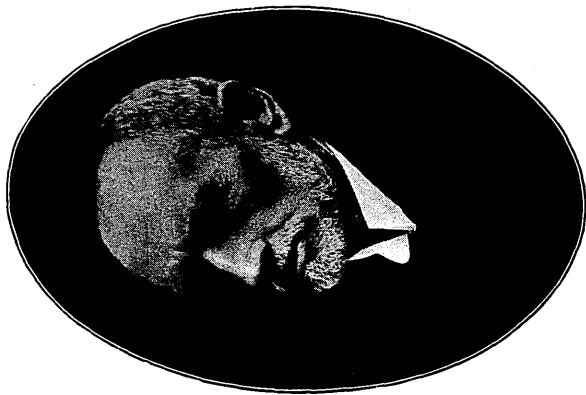
It was in these early days that several members of the D'Prazer family were converted. Miss Addie helped in the schools and went with Mrs. Churchill to the villages where she was God's foremost instrument in interpreting the Scripture. Miss Eva D'Prazer was the next to be baptized, and has been a consistent and generous friend both to the mission and to the missionaries, ever since. In Madras she fitted herself for the practice of medicine, and still continues her ministry of healing in Vizagapatam. A tried and loyal servant of Jesus, she has done much through generous gifts, personal work and public service, to establish His Kingdom in India.

Mr. Churchill, meanwhile, after several trips to Bobbili, has succeeded in acquiring a site for mission premises. In December, 1878, he pitched his tent and began building. His first experience was a cyclone, and such torrents of rain that for three days the cook was quite unable to light a fire. First he built a mud hut for shelter, then the small bungalow, which for many years was used as the boarding girls' dormitory and still serves as a chapel. When this was partly finished Mrs. Churchill with her two children went to Bobbili in April, 1879, and another station is started. Before Mrs. Churchill left Bimlipatam, she welcomed the arrival of Miss Carrie Hammond, the first new recruit and the first single lady missionary for the Maritime Mission. Into her hands she gave the charge of her Bible class, the verandah school, and the Hindu day school.

It is time now that we made some enquiry after Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong. In June, 1876, they went to Parlakimedi. Through the hospitality of W. D. Ainslie, Esq., they occupied rooms in his bungalow. Mrs. Armstrong continued her language study and opened a school for caste girls upon the verandah. In town she had two more schools for Telugu and Oriya children. In three months Mr. Armstrong had prepared a temporary home into which they moved. They suffered almost continually from fever, however, and removed to Chicacole in 1877. A substantial old house, built by the Dutch in their colonization days, and healthfully located upon the river banks, was secured in 1878, and, at Chicacole, the third station is started. The house has to be repaired, but this did not hinder the missionaries from touring some over their vast field which contained more than 4,000 towns and villages and included what is now Chicacole, Palkonda, Tekkali, Parlakimedi and Sompetta. A caste girls' school and a boys' school were opened the first year. Both prospered and the latter school soon enrolled one hundred boys. In 1880 the Armstrongs, for health reasons, returned to the home land and subsequently laboured with the American Baptist Missionary Union.

II. LAND AND BUILDINGS.

Paul did not say, "these many things I dabble at," but "this one thing I do." The modern missionary still desires, above all else, to be doing "this one thing." If, however, he is to remain in a foreign country he must have a home, and therefore he reluctantly turns builder. Contracts must be made with the brick makers and, as honesty is not a conspicuous part of their stock in trade, the buyer must either count all bricks carefully or pay for many which he does not receive. Telugu masons and carpenters need much guidance, so, if the house is



REV. R. SANFORD, M.A., D.D.



THE LATE MRS. SANFORD

to be well built, eternal vigilance is only part of the price which the missionary must pay. The little church begins to grow and a chapel is needed. Then the day school outgrows the verandah space and it, too, must be accommodated. The next enterprise, therefore, is the planning of a chapel-school, and the missionary, in addition to being carpenter, contractor and mason, turns architect for the time being. His passion for souls is a consuming fire and he longs to be building, with tools of the spirit, the Kingdom of God in India; but before the spiritual building can arise there must be the house made with hands. From Mrs. Churchill's letters we see the inseparable relation of these two elements in missionary work.

"Through the open door I can see Mr. Churchill and the coolies busy outside, making preparations for building our new Mission House. The stone is drawn, the trenches for foundations all dug. About half an hour ago Mr. Churchill called to us that the 'corner stone' was about to be laid, and we hastened out. It was not attended with military, Masonic or other display, but we feel that our Lord hearkened and heard, and will answer the prayers for the success and completion of the work. Our compound is now a busy place. In a large shed are thirty or more men and women making tiles. They all, as well as their children, must live here on the compound during their labours. They have made nearly 300,000 bricks, and every one of these I have counted, evening by evening, as they become dry, to save Mr. Churchill's time for the more important work. Then there were thousands of arch and pillar bricks to keep count of. Near by in another shed is our saw mill, and the carpenter shop. My husband has not only had to do much of the actual labour, but also had to oversee everything. All day long he is employed with the workmen, marking, directing, planning every move; for each one of the sixty or more labourers is a careless, irrespon-

sible, unprincipled heathen, who will shirk his task unless you keep him constantly under a watchful eye. I can assure you we would like to be rid of this secular part of our work so we could get at the real work of saving souls, but unless a missionary has a roof over his head and room for those who come to seek the truth, his labour is in vain; so we toil on over this preparation part, hoping soon to be established in the great occupation of religious instruction alone."

If you will pause to consider that in our twenty-two stations in India we have some thirty-six bungalows for our one hundred missionaries, seven hospitals and two leper asylums, each with its several units; ten boarding schools with dormitories, nineteen caste girls' schools, and an industrial school, as well as chapel-school houses, you will readily see that building has been a considerable item in our missionary history during these fifty years. It has been the best of preaching, too, for while they build, the missionaries exercise what Burke called a "manly, moral, regulated Christianity." Back into the hearts of the people they pour, through their labours, a tide of holy manhood and teach India what she so much needs to know—that business is religion and religion is business, that work is worship and worship is work, and when divorced from one another, as they are in Hinduism, neither is a genuine article.

For several years past the Conference has appointed a "Land and Building Committee," which either secures or passes upon all sites purchased for mission premises. It also prepares or sanctions all plans for buildings, and exercises, as well, a general supervision over the building operations. While almost every missionary has something to do with building, four names may be mentioned as having rendered conspicuous service upon this committee—Rev. J. R. Stillwell, D.D.; Rev. E. G. Smith, M.D.; Rev. H. Y. Corey, D.D., and Rev. I. C. Archibald. The finest building in our mission, the McLaurin

↓
MY GRANDFATHER

High School, was built under the supervision of our General Secretary, Rev. H. E. Stillwell, and that, too, while he carried on the seminary work at Samalkot.

III. IF THEY HAD FAILED.

If they had failed! What would have been the effect upon Maritime Baptists if this serving seven had either suffered defeat or been disheartened! God's men and God's movement came together. In all merely human reckoning it was surely impossible and simply absurd, for these three families with only a vision and an ideal to attack that all but impregnable fortress of Hinduism. All, but—that was their faith. It seemed absurd for Miss Norris (Mrs. Armstrong) to start for Burma when no money was in sight for either her passage or her support. But faith is a conviction of those very things which are not in sight.

By faith the Serving Seven set forth from St. John in 1873.

By faith they, when they were called to go to a mission field, which they should afterwards receive for an inheritance, obeyed and went out, not knowing whither they went.

By faith they sojourned in Burma and Siam, for they looked for a place to establish their mission.

By faith they crossed over, in 1875, to Cocanada "to share in the evangelization of the Telugu field."

By faith they became sojourners among the Telugus; by faith they established Bimlipatam, Bobbili and Chica-cole; by faith they endured trials of loneliness, famine, prolonged illness and financial stringency; by faith they overcame, from weakness were made strong, subdued kingdoms, conquered caste, wrought righteousness and turned to Christ large numbers of Telugus.

By faith they changed the devout dream of a denomination into a regnant reality and became a living link

between a vision and its embodiment, an instrument between many prayers and their answer, the bond between a "tentative experiment" and a permanent enterprise.

Two of these pioneers are still with us. Dr. Sanford, though retired, still does some work upon the Vizianagram field. Mrs. Churchill, after fifty years of missionary toil, still lives with her daughter, Mrs. H. E. Stillwell, in Toronto. Though half a century in India has weakened her body, it has strengthened her love for the Telugus. The others, having got some little way ahead, have gone on home, leaving to us the inspiration of beautiful and noble lives. They all died in the faith and in its service, wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God.

The Serving Seven were born missionaries. In their Nova Scotia homes they were all converted at an early age, the clock of destiny had struck and "every one of them longed to be a missionary many years before actually set apart for the service." When the call came they went out not knowing what was to befall them. To all of them came labours abundant, loneliness, discouragements, separations, sickness and death. They "journeyed a long way and passed many graves along the road," yet peace and joy attended them. Now "they rest from their labours and their works do follow them." Their names will ever be written high in our missionary Valhalla and the success of our next fifty years will rest upon the sure foundations of their early and heroic efforts.

CHAPTER VI
MORE OF THE REALITY

**"Uplifted are the gates of brass, the bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass, the Cross hath won
the field."**

CHAPTER VI

MORE OF THE REALITY

I. BACK TO BOBBILI.

IMMEDIATELY after their arrival Mr. Churchill began work for the men and boys and Mrs. Churchill began her school for girls upon the compound. The next year, 1880, she writes: "We have succeeded in getting a place in town for the school work and preaching, and I have opened my caste girls' school there." In September, 1881, the first life was laid on the altar in the cause of Christ for Bobbili. "Willie" Churchill went away after a few hours' illness. In the calm of a moonlight night, mother and father went into the garden to choose a burial place for their first born, and in the morning they laid him "in a quiet corner beneath the mango trees."

A church, with four members, was organized, 1881, and the next year, Rev. I. C. Archibald came to live in Bobbili while studying the language. In 1886 a boarding department was added to the girls' school, and in 1891 it was raised to lower secondary grade, the first one for girls in this district.

In October, 1883, at the mission house in Bimlipatam, the "young lady" of the Mission, Miss Hammond, was united in marriage to Rev. I. C. Archibald. Next year they took charge at Bobbili while the Churchills went on furlough. Before starting, Mrs. Churchill wrote: "When I return I must leave my girlie behind to be educated, and the waters will seem wider than ever and the years long, till we can have her again in our home."

A busy furlough passed and in 1886 they sailed again for India, without their "girl." In London they joined Mr. and Mrs. Sanford. How different this second trip from that first one thirteen years before. Then there was nothing before them but ideality; now it is the stern reality—the thousand petty worries, the anxiety, the loneliness, and the depression of mind and body caused by an eastern climate. Then life was all before them; now there are the graves in India and the little ones in Canada. Then the heathen were an ideal congregation, now they are the real Hindus, absorbed in their own life of work and worry, of sin and shame, of sorrow and of trial, and not always easy to reach.

That which is to last while time lasts grows slowly, and this field developed slowly, but surely. The completion of a new chapel schoolhouse and the arrival of a new missionary, Miss Harrison, marked 1896. The Gullisons, who also came in 1896, joined Miss Harrison while the Churchills took furlough 1897-99. They brought back with them Miss Bessie Churchill, who had graduated at Acadia, but was not under appointment as a missionary.

Mr. Churchill, who was an expert builder, began in 1904, the Rayagadda bungalow. Early in 1908, when the work was nearly done, he received a slight injury to his knee which developed gangrene. He suffered much and died March 14th, 1908. A noble character conceived somewhere within the infinite reaches of God's Fatherhood and sent forth in love, he lived for thirty-five years among the Telugus, then "stepped to sunlight yonder," where

His lyre, with string unbroken,
Will ring life's music spoken
And tremble towards God's day.

The next resident missionaries were Rev. M. L. and Mrs. Orchard, 1910-1917. They were succeeded by Rev. John Hardy, and he, in 1922, by Rev. A. D. and

Mrs. Matheson. One missionary comes and another goes, but God's Kingdom abides and grows. This field now reports thirty workers, and more than 400 members.

Mrs. Churchill, after her husband's death, kept on with the general work, and Miss Churchill, who had gone back to Canada, returned in 1909 to take charge of the school. Assisted by Mr. Corey, of Vizianagram, she supervised the building of the "Churchill Memorial Home" for lady missionaries and also of the new dormitories for the boarding girls. In 1914 mother and daughter went on furlough, leaving the school and boarding department in charge of Mrs. Orchard and Miss Kate Marsh. While at home Miss Churchill married Rev. H. E. Stillwell. Her mother, though now lame, returned for one more term, which lasted until 1920, when Mrs. Stillwell went to India to accompany her back to Canada. Miss Cora Elliott was appointed to take charge of the school in 1916, and Miss Marsh directed her ever-faithful efforts to touring and station work among the women. During Miss Elliott's tenure, the school has about doubled and a fine new school building has been erected near the dormitories.

II. IN BIMLIPATAM AGAIN.

The Telugu services which Mr. Sanford started upon the verandah were successful, and on March 12th, 1876, a church was organized with four members. The building of a bungalow followed hard upon the language study, and then the endless routine—touring in ox-carts which creak and creep beneath an eastern sky at the rate of two miles an hour, training preachers, examining schools, and preaching in season and out of season.

The year of 1884 saw the erection of a "a girls' dormitory, a very suitable building," the arrival of two new missionaries, Miss Gray and Miss Wright, and the laying of the foundation of a very commodious chapel schoolhouse.

Twelve years without a furlough is a considerable spell, in India, but Mr. Sanford did not return to Canada until 1885, Mrs. Sanford, with her two children, having gone three years earlier. They were back in time to baptize the first converts from the Brahmin caste, on Christmas Day, 1886. Krishnamurti and Kesavarao were bitterly opposed by their caste relatives, but persevered. The latter is still preaching in our mission and his tracts are among the best in the Telugu tongue.

That mystic couple, Rev. L. D. and Mrs. Morse, who followed Dr. Sanford in 1892, carried forward this contest with caste with eminent success until 1900, when failing health sent them homeward. In four years in India Mr. and Mrs. Gullison had lived in each of the four other stations, so now their pilgrimage naturally took them to Bimlipatam. Finding some poetry and plenty of prose, they laboured faithfully and were blessed abundantly. Converts from caste have increased, the boys' school has enjoyed phenomenal prosperity, while the church grows in numbers and steadily extends its leavening influence. The death of Mrs. Gullison, in 1921, removed one who had been a very mother to the boarding boys, a blessing and a benediction to the whole field. Rev. and Mrs. John Hart, who went to India in 1921, were identified with this field while studying the language.

The citadel of Hinduism is the home. This inner fortress must be taken before India can be won for Christ. Miss Gray continued in this work until 1896. To this day one may hear in Hindu homes, Gospel stories and hymns taught by this devoted woman, who maintained her "tireless trudge" among the villages for twelve years. She was succeeded by Miss Ida Newcombe, now Mrs. Gullison, and a missionary with few equals.

III. VIZIANAGRAM.

"Orthodox Vizianagram" and the country round about was occupied by the London Missionary Society in 1852. Their work continued until 1889, when, wishing to retire from this part of India, they sold their property to the Maritime Baptist Mission. Vizianagram means victory, and we have already written of our first spiritual victory when the pioneers established a Baptist Church there in 1875. Dr. Parker gave oversight to the church until his regiment was succeeded by the 41st Madras Infantry, in which was Rev. Doss Anthravady, who continued to guide the little group, assisted by an occasional visit from Dr. Sanford.

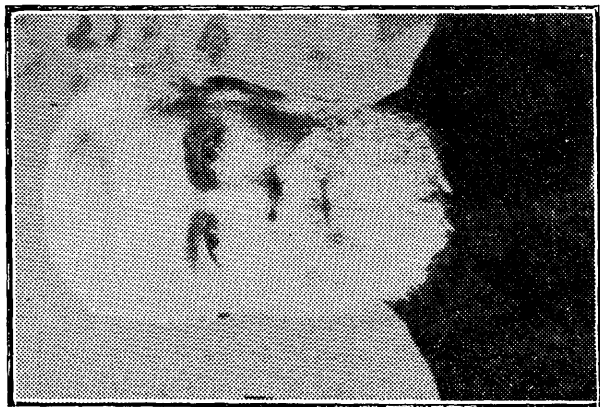
The first resident missionaries were Rev. W. V. and Mrs. Higgins, who stayed only a few months in 1889, and then responded to the more urgent need at Chicacole. The next year came Rev. M. B. and Mrs. Shaw, with their five boys. An unbounded enthusiasm, an extraordinary linguistic gift and a fine fellowship with the Telugu workers, enabled him to overcome obstacles and make considerable progress. Mrs. Shaw's health failed and they returned to Canada in 1894. The next year was contributed to by Rev. H. Y. and Mrs. Corey, before going to Palkonda.

A really resident missionary arrived in January, 1896, in the person of Mr. Sanford. Mrs. Sanford, whose health had kept her in Canada, came in 1899, and with her a well-trained and devoted lady, Miss M. Helena Blackadar. Mrs. Sanford's death, in 1903, was the first among the serving seven. Her noble, useful and beautiful life is an inspiring memory to all who knew her. Miss Lottie's arrival this same year was a great comfort to her father. Her skill as a nurse has given Miss Sanford a unique opportunity to serve God in India, the land of her birth. Since 1915 she has been associated with Dr. Smith, at Pithapuram. In recognition of his culture

and long service as a missionary, Acadia University conferred upon Mr. Sanford the degree of doctor of divinity in 1909. Dr. Sanford took his last furlough in 1914-15. Since his return he has been in charge of Vizianagram East, and although he has been fifty-one years in India, he is still about his Master's business.

A revival in Rayapetta marked the year 1900. Ten men and boys were first baptized and severe persecution followed. The Lord established their goings, however, and twenty-one more, impressed by their Christ-like spirit, followed their example. Their physical and spiritual transformation was described as "miraculous." Rev. S. C. Freeman was stationed here while he studied the language, and up to 1906, when he exchanged fields with Mr. Corey, who has been related to this great territory ever since. From the death of Mr. Churchill, 1908, until 1910, he had oversight of the Bobbili field. During Mr. Gullison's furlough, 1915-17, he had charge of Bimlipatam, and in order to carry on the boys' school effectively, lived there. During Mr. Higgins' furlough he had oversight of Vizagapatam, and in order to conduct the high school he moved to that station. Two cities of 50,000 each, a high school of 900 boys, an English church, and two Telugu churches, did not leave much time to tour among more than 700 villages upon these fields. Stations undermanned, not only hinder the work, but imperil the health of the missionaries burdened with a double task. Mr. Corey came on furlough in 1922. His reliable judgment upon all missionary matters, his industry, and his ability as an educationist, have been duly recognized by Acadia University, which conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity in 1923.

Miss Blackadar's first term was severely tested by illness which began in her first year. The Conference decided that she should go home, but she prayed and stayed and through the last four years worked unceasingly. In addition to her efforts for women and children, she pro-



THE LATE REV. GEORGE CHURCHILL,
M.A.



MRS. GEORGE CHURCHILL, M.A.

vided weekly entertainment and Bible teaching for hundreds of college students, with many of whom she formed lasting friendships. A caste girls' school and evangelistic schools were also developed. A well-earned furlough came in 1909, and Miss Laura Peck carried on the good work until her early death in 1912. "Sweet, and gentle, earnest and faithful, a loyal and loving friend," she burned brightly out for God and was buried at Bimlipatam. Miss Flora Clarke took up her work that same year, and soon began the erection of a "Peck Memorial Bungalow" for the Vizianagram ladies. The organization and building of a leper home was Miss Clarke's next special; and this was followed by a new home for the caste girls' school, which was growing steadily. Other schools for caste girls, and the building of an orphans' home, have also added to the routine duties of a heavy station and a large field. Industry, originality sanctified, sound sense, and progressive views, have marked Miss Clarke's career, which still continues at the City of Victory. During a recent furlough her work was ably cared for by Miss Grace Baker.

IV. PARLAKIMEDI.

The first Baptist church in the northern part of the Telugu country was established at Akalatampara, ten miles from Parlakimedi, by Rev. Doss Anthravady, whose regiment was stationed there for a time. In 1877, his regiment being ordered to Burma, Anthravady passed the church over to the care of the Maritime Baptist Mission.

In 1891 a church was formed in Parlakimedi, with fourteen members, and the following year Rev. W. V. and Mrs. Higgins became resident missionaries. Four years of constructive service followed, when, Mrs. Higgins' health being badly impaired, they returned to Canada. Rev. H. Y. and Mrs. Corey, now two years in

the country, followed with eight years of consecutive work. Mr. Corey believed strongly in the worth of Telugu workers and stationed several at different points with good success. He also began a good work among the out-castes. For eight years he sowed the good seed and saw it grow; then, after being more than ten years in India, they took their first furlough.

An interregnum of two years followed. Then came Rev. S. C. Freeman, in 1905, and alone. The bride to be, Miss Carrie Chambers, reached India in 1906, and they were married at Vizianagram in November. This year a great revival visited almost every Telugu field. Wonderful changes were wrought in the lives of the Christians, and everywhere "there was a mighty work of grace glorious in its results." In 1908 a Gospel Hall was dedicated in memory of Rev. Doss Anthravady and Ch. Purushottam. The total cost, 4,177 rupees, was subscribed in India, and chiefly by the Telugu Christians. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman continued their labours abundant upon this field. Growth has been slow, but steady, and is now more rapid.

The Christian Church may be "organized" upon a field, but it cannot be permanently "built" apart from the education and training of the women in that church into Christian ideals of womanhood, wifehood and motherhood; and this teaching can be supplied by the lady missionaries alone. Miss Martha Clark, even before she reached India, wished to go to Parlakimedi, and it was so arranged in 1894. Transferred to Chicacole in 1898, Miss Gray, just returning from her first furlough, took up the work the next year. Death from fever cut short the earthly task of this talented, brave and zealous missionary, in May, 1900. Miss Harrison succeeded her in the autumn. She speaks Oriya fluently and has done a considerable amount of work among the Savara Hills. For schoolboys and college students, for women and children, for Savaras and Telugus, Miss Harrison

gives her strength, her substance and her sympathy and, under God, wins many for her Saviour.

V. CHICACOLE.

When the Armstrongs left, 1880, this great field fell to Miss Hammond, who had been less than two years in India. She successfully managed station affairs, directed workers, superintended boarding and day schools, and toured over parts of the field. Her work elicited the "heartly thanks of the Board" for "such satisfactory results." She was relieved, in 1881, by Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Hutchinson, who "took charge" without language preparation. He proved a good linguist, and was preaching in Telugu within a year, despite much field work. While travelling at night Mr. Hutchinson was mistaken for another and badly beaten by some Telugus. This regrettable accident was followed by a serious illness and his retirement from the work. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald then took this field, which they worked zealously until their retirement, in 1923, when Dr. and Mrs. Eaton came to relieve them.

Mr. Archibald has been tireless in his touring, spending from 120 to 165 days in this way year after year. The territory over which he travelled and preached is now five distinct fields. His first report, 1888, names fourteen Telugu helpers; to-day these fields report an aggregate of 101 Indian Christian workers. Then there were eighty Christians in two churches; to-day there are about 500 Christians in six churches.

In 1912 Mrs. Archibald opened a rescue home for women and children. In ten years some fifty-five women and twenty children were registered, and a number of others were sheltered for a short period. Through much care and anxiety Mrs. Archibald has seen many of these women transformed, and all of them changed. The value of her work for the children cannot be measured.

In 1887 Miss Wright moved from Bimlipatam to Chicacole. With characteristic energy she developed Bible-women and toured extensively, while Mrs. Archibald cared for the school work. Broken in health, Miss Wright returned to Canada in 1897 and was followed by Miss Martha Clark. Miss Mabel Archibald, who arrived in India this year, was also allocated to Chicacole. Together these two ladies trained Bible-women, some of whom had to begin with the alphabet, inaugurated evangelistic schools, and toured extensively.

In 1909 Miss Archibald opened a caste girls' school, and later two others, which now enroll 104 girls. In 1910 she became editor of *Vivekavati*, a Telugu monthly for women. In addition to this she also acted during her last term as National Superintendent of Translations for the W.C.T.U. During her furlough, 1922-23, Miss Archibald wrote an interesting series of studies for mission bands.

The opening of the Good Samaritan Hospital, in 1899, while the Archibalds were on furlough, fulfilled one of their long-cherished wishes for this field.

Dr. Zella M. Clark, who arrived in 1908, was the first missionary doctor. She brought to the work "a kind and sympathetic interest, and greatly endeared herself to the people." In 1911 Dr. Clark and her sister went to Sompetta, and the work was well cared for by Miss Ivy Gibson. Her marriage in 1913 left the hospital closed until the return of Dr. Clark in 1915. With a limited and untrained staff, she worked on until 1917, when she returned to Sompetta.

In 1918 the opening of the "F. C. King Memorial Building" greatly increased the efficiency of the Chicacole medical equipment. The cost of this building, more than \$4,000, was met by the King family, of Chipman, New Brunswick.

Dr. Cameron's service from 1919-21 greatly enhanced the work, which is now cared for by Dr. Eaton, who has to carry the entire field work as well.

VI. SOMPETTA.

Sompetta is "farthest north" in the Telugu country. It is first mentioned in the reports by Mr. Archibald, who visited the town in 1890 and fixed upon it as a prospective site for a new station. Dr. Zella Clark, with her sister, Miss Martha Clark, were released to open station work in June, 1911. An Indian house, near the centre of the town, was purchased and occupied by them "temporarily," that is to say, for the next eight years. A very favorable site was finally secured and "a beautiful, breezy, comfortable bungalow," towards which the Clark family made a substantial gift, was finished in 1919.

Mr. Barss has acted as missionary in charge of the field and has served it with conspicuous faithfulness, but Tekkali is forty miles away, and the best one can do at this distance is not good enough for a needy field. During his furlough Mr. Glendinning was in charge and superintended the erection of the ladies' bungalow. When the "Clark sisters" took furlough in 1913, the women's work, too, had to be cared for from the Tekkali base. Miss Knowles, always a strenuous worker upon her own field, did admirably for Sompetta too. She opened a caste girls' school, in 1915, which soon enrolled forty girls, most of whom had never been in school before. The Misses Clark did not get back to Sompetta until 1917. During their last furlough Dr. Perry B. and Mrs. Eaton were in charge. They removed to Akidu when the Chutes went on furlough in 1919 and the "Clark sisters" are left once more to carry on alone.

The church is small in numbers, and has grown in spite of very strong resistance. More than one convert from this field has learned through deep experience the strength of Hinduism and the great lengths to which it will go in preventing one of its number from becoming a Christian. In 1920 there were five baptisms, all from different castes, but now one in Christ.

Dr. Clark soon opened a dispensary in Sompetta, another in Baruva, five miles away, and a third at Jellantur. In addition to this work she receives many calls to homes in town and nearby villages. Through this "best benevolence in the world" the doctors gain for our missionaries the confidence and love of the people and an opportunity to sow the good seed.

CHAPTER VII
THE UNFETTERED MISSIONARY

I am an ambassador in bonds.

—ST. PAUL TO THE EPHESIANS

But the word of God is not bound.

—ST. PAUL TO TIMOTHY

CHAPTER VII

THE UNFETTERED MISSIONARY

I. COLPORTEURS AND GOSPELS.

WHEN Paul wrote to the Ephesians he said, "I am an ambassador in bonds." When he wrote to Timothy he said, "The word of God is not bound." The missionary ambassador is more or less in bondage to his own times and limited by the knowledge of his own generation. The Bible in its store of spiritual truths is amazingly up-to-date. The missionary is a creature of time, but his Book is timeless. The missionary is curtailed by the barrier of language, but the Bible speaks in at least five hundred and fifty languages. It suffers little, too, by translation.

Lord Bacon says that at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth a petition was presented for the release of political prisoners. After it had been dealt with a courtier stepped up and said that there were five other prisoners long and unjustly detained. When asked to name them he replied, "Matthew, Mark, Luke, John and Paul, who have been shut up in an unknown tongue and unable to converse with the common people." Since then the British and Foreign Bible Society has let the Evangelists loose in about 550 forms of speech. One of these forms is Telugu. From the earliest day, our missionaries have been letting the Evangelists loose among the people. The number of Bibles and Bible portions sold by the nineteen colporteurs in our own mission during a recent twelve months was above 21,000. Every day and everywhere one may see these scripture salesmen at work. Some followers of Gandhi threatened to burn

the books of an Avanigadda colporteur. He smilingly opened a gospel and showed them that the number of copies printed of that edition was 50,000. "You may burn my small stock, but you cannot destroy God's word, because it is printed by thousands of thousands." They were impressed by his reply and instead of burning, bought his books. So the political unrest in this, as in other ways, turns out to the furtherance of the Gospel. Four words are *lingua franca* throughout India—"Bible Society" and "Yesu Christu." Mr. Archibald, while touring in a small village far from the railroad, found that a small library had been gathered and that the collection included a Bible.

Many a travelling Telugu who, because of caste compunctions, or from fear of his women-folks, would not purchase and read a New Testament at home, will do so while travelling. This is one factor which makes the station platform a good selling ground, and our colporteurs place the Book in the hands of many travellers. To compete with them book firms place the Bible and the Life of Christ among their collections at station book-stalls. So Christ is preached, whether from love or from competition: "If I were a missionary," said a representative Hindu, "I would not argue; I would give the people the New Testament and say 'read that'." For large numbers the four Evangelists are the first evangelists, and too often they are the only evangelists. Across wide areas their voice alone calls men to God. Book-rooms are maintained at Cocanada, Pithapuram, Vizagapatam and Chicacole. The Cocanada room is a supply depot for the missionaries at the various stations.

II. TEKKALI.

Born within the palace at Tekkali, Herriamah was a black-eyed little princess, petted and pampered, but beautiful and intelligent. Unlike most little girls who

were born in India seventy-five years ago, she learned to read and write, and just like most little girls in India, again, she was very early betrothed to a future husband. When Herriamah was just nine years old, however, he died, leaving her, according to Hinduism, "a childless, soul-less widow." In that selfsame town, in that selfsame caste, and those selfsame days, lived a tall, bright boy called Gurahathi. He played often with Herriamah and loved her much; but she was a "soul-less widow" and he was hindered by Hinduism. When he was a young man, his parents forced him to marry a shy little girl, who was uninterested in books and only twelve years old.

In the run of years, Herriamah, who read Oriya fluently, came upon a Christian tract and was greatly interested. She brought it to Gurahathi, who reproved her and asked why a woman should be interested in books? She answered by bringing another tract which Gurahathi read. He became interested too, and procured from a colporteur an "unfettered missionary." Together they read through this Old Testament and then they bought a New Testament. By this time they were ready for baptism, but the nearest Baptist missionary was at Berhampore. An ox-cart travels two miles an hour. This is their speed limit, and they seldom break it, so Berhampore was three days distant from Tekkali, as the ox-cart goes.

Gurahathi went first, but before he started he and Herriamah each put their hand upon the Testament they had read together and promised to be true to its teaching. His relatives followed quickly and tried to prevent Gurahathi from joining the Christians, but he knew whom he had believed, and persisted. Buried with Christ in baptism, he rose to newness of life, to suffering and to persecution. Gurahathi's relatives now counted him as dead and performed for him a funeral service, but he lived his life of faith in the Son of God.

"They also serve who only stand and wait," but Herriamah found waiting in Tekkali a trying service. One day she received word from Berhampore—"come." The cartman who brought the secret message had to wait about until she could escape. One day, when all the family were going to a feast, she stayed at home with a bad headache. This was her chance and, unnoticed, she set out upon her long trip to Berhampore. "God's errands never fail;" so she arrived safely and was baptized. Upon their return to Tekkali, Gurahathi found himself disinherited and driven from his home. By this time, too, he was a leper, but he reckoned with magnificent faith that "nothing with God is accidental" and went cheerfully out to live by the side of the road where the race of Savaras went into Tekkali to sell firewood. He gathered a few boys from the Savara village of Gopalpur and from the out-caste community of Tekkali, and started a school in a hut beneath a tamarind tree.

His wife left him, while enemies to Christianity tore the roof off his hut, spoiled his garden and broke his cooking-pots. "Faith, hope and love lasted on," however, and his school grew from four to twenty-two. As the leprosy grew worse, he was unable to teach, but he lived Christ and spoke of Him to all who came near. Through the ministry of this "good soldier" several were converted, among them one Unkiah, the first Savara convert.

After his Hindu wife had renounced him Gurahathi obtained a divorce, and married Herriamah, whom he had loved from his boyhood. This was in 1882. In 1884 Mr. Hutchinson writes from Chicacole: "Our beloved helper, Gurahathi, the flower of our mission, died at Tekkali, where for nearly eight years, amid bitter persecutions, he had nobly witnessed for Christ. Though of high caste, he counted himself nothing that he might win some. Through him six outcastes and two Savaras were turned from dumb idols to the living God." He lived

in deeds, not years, and served God well, for he served His creatures.

A successor to Gurahathi was not available for some time, but Christians themselves held regular services and their numbers grew steadily. They were carefully supervised by the Chicacole missionaries and also received a monthly visit from a Telugu preacher, Sookriah. In the course of a long tour in 1888 Mr. Archibald reached Tekkali. "After earnest prayer it was resolved that the Christians in this vicinity should take steps to organize themselves into a church." This was effected early the next year, 1889, with seventeen charter members.

In 1891 Rev. W. V. Higgins, then in charge at Chicacole, reported nine baptisms at Tekkali. In 1898 it was made a separate field, and Mr. Higgins, who had just returned for a second term, became the first missionary. Mrs. Higgins had been detained in the homeland, so he made the beginning alone. As was the case with the other pioneers, Tekkali was now virtually his mission, and, humanly speaking, its success depended, under God, upon the wisdom with which he laid the foundations.

With the aid of famine relief funds, Mr. Archibald had put in the foundations for a mission home. Mr. Higgins was now a master-builder, for he had had experience at Parlakimedi; so he built a very excellent bungalow, which was finished in 1901, in time to receive Mrs. Higgins, who returned to India that autumn. In 1905 a commodious little stone chapel was finished and dedicated. The work begun by the "unfettered missionary" and Gurahathi is now permanently established. Under the guidance of the missionary, preachers and teacher-evangelists were stationed at various strategic centres, while the membership steadily grew from thirty-one in 1898 to ninety-four in 1903. Tithing was taught and systematic beneficence was practised. In 1901 this was the banner church for giving in the Northern Asso-

ciation. In 1902 a station school was opened, which attained a high degree of efficiency.

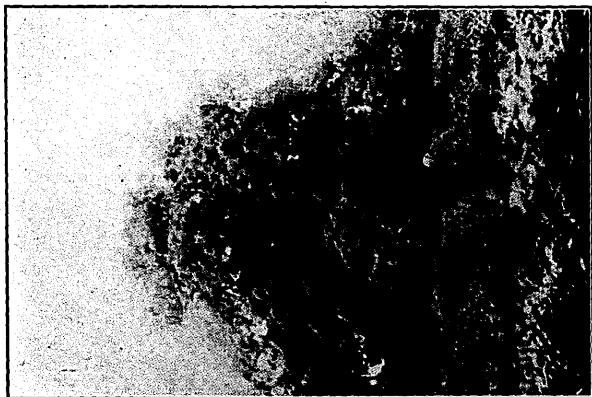
Mr. Higgins returned to Canada in 1906, to become Foreign Secretary for the Maritime Board, and Mr. Freeman, of Parlakimedi, took charge of the field. The chief responsibility, however, fell upon the lady missionaries, first Miss Martha Clark and then Miss Patton, each of whom in turn carried forward all the work until the arrival in 1910 of Rev. and Mrs. Gordon P. Barss, who went immediately to this field, where they have performed heroic and efficient service ever since.

III. PRABHADAS AND RAYAGADDA.

Twenty-nine years ago a missionary, travelling through the beautiful valley of Rayagadda, visited the village of Chekagoorda. The head man of the village, Thamandora, bought a book of Genesis and a Gospel of Mark. He was unable to understand them, however, and laid them up in his house.

Prabhadas means "servant of the Lord," and the young man of this name was a member of the church in Chicacole. He had been disciplined by the church and, apparently, returned to Hinduism, for, donning the saffron robe and the ash-marks of sanyassi, he began to beg his living from village to village and from shrine to shrine. Being a good singer, speaking both Oriya and Telugu well, and possessed of more than average intelligence, we may suppose he was well treated by the villages which he visited. In his wanderings he reached the village of Chekagoorda, near the town of Rayagadda, and was hospitably received by Thamandora, for he was very ill with fever.

When this one-time "servant of the Lord" recovered, he found the "unfettered missionaries", and began to read. As he read he was convicted of sin in his own soul and threw aside his sanyassi's robe. Then, washing

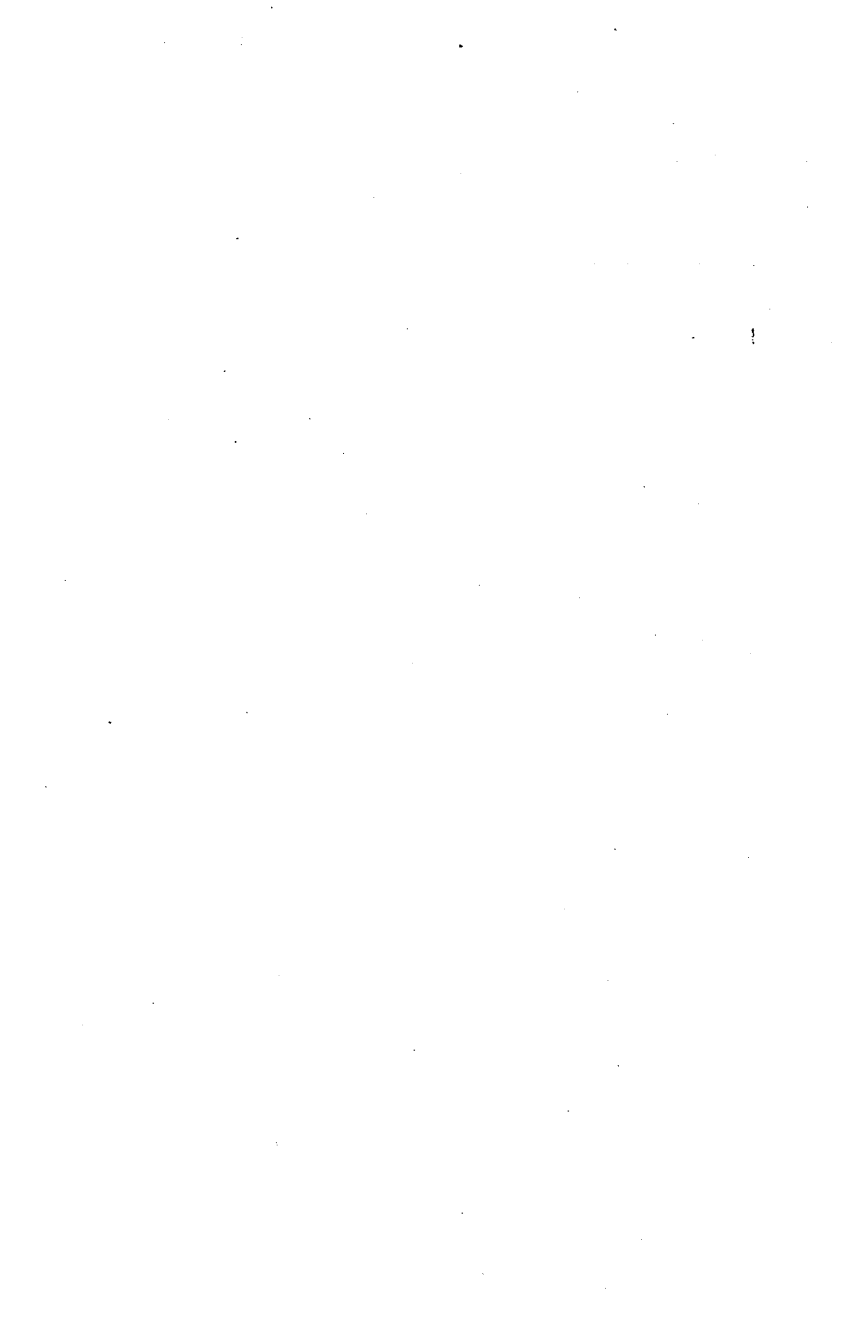


GURAHATHI'S TREE

Beneath this tree he lived, labored and died



BALLA GURANNA



the marks of Hinduism from his face, he stood forth once more as a Christian. Prabhadas now asked Thamandora if these books were read among his people. Upon being told that they could not understand them he said, "I understand them well, and will read and teach them to you." Thamandora agreed to this and Prabhadas became the true guru, or religious teacher, of the village. The Lord opened their hearts to understand the Scriptures and six men were converted.

The nearest Baptist missionary was at Bobbili, forty-six miles away; so the guru, with his disciples, set out to walk. Arriving late one evening, Mrs. Churchill "was amazed at their intelligence of the Scriptures and of our fundamental doctrines." Mr. Churchill was some distance away on tour; so a messenger was sent for him. Though reluctant to break his tour, he felt constrained to return to the station. The new believers were all accepted after a searching examination. Evening came on before the meeting was over; so "they were baptized by the light of the lantern, in our baptistery—under the spreading boughs of the large mango tree on our mission compound." In the chapel schoolroom, upon the compound, they were received into church fellowship and partook of the Lord's Supper.

This was in November, 1896, and soon after Mr. Churchill, accompanied by Mr. Archibald, visited Chekagoorda, when two more were baptized. A period of severe persecution followed, but they cheerfully "kept the faith." Early in 1897 Mr. and Mrs. Churchill toured in Rayagadda, and eight more from the village of Chekagoorda made a public confession of Christ. In a short time the number of Christians had grown to about forty, and those who would not accept Christ moved away from the village. The Conference which met at Parlakimedi in 1903 decided to establish a station at Rayagadda, and 1200 rupees, from "the twentieth century fund" which was subscribed by the mission-

aries, were designated for building purposes. The following year Mr. Churchill began his last building in India; a girls' school was opened in Rayagadda town and an out-station was established at Singapore, thirty miles beyond.

Rev. W. S. Tedford, while studying at Newton Theological Seminary, had been accepted by the American Baptist Board, but when he heard of Rayagadda he felt the call to this work so strongly that the American Society kindly released him. He and Mrs. Tedford reached India in 1906. After Mr. Churchill's death Mr. Corey assisted in finishing the bungalow and the Tedfords moved in in July, 1909. Miss Cora Elliott was also appointed to this new field and joined them in November. Disaffection spoiled the promising work in Chekagoorda, but a church of eleven members was organized on Christmas Day, 1910, and the "unfettered missionary" had resulted in another field. This year Mr. Tedford toured extensively and did intensive work at Singapore, where, in 1911, he baptized fourteen converts.

Miss Elliott developed the girls' school and, in sixteen months, visited 226 villages. Fully one-third of these had never before been visited by a missionary. The people were shy and at the first sight of a white face would flee to their little houses and close the doors. Several visits had to be made just to establish a friendship. The missionaries kept bravely on and the church grew steadily. In December, 1912, a neat little chapel, which they called "The Churchill Memorial Hall," was dedicated. In the spring of 1913 Mr. and Mrs. Tedford were compelled by illness to return home, and in the autumn of this year Miss Elliott was also ordered home, seriously ill.

Prabhadas kindled the fire and the Churchills tended it. The heroic Rayagadda missionaries gathered fuel and saw the fire spread to Singapore and other villages;

then they had to come away and leave it burning. From that year to this there has been no resident missionary, and the work has been under the care of the successive Bobbili missionaries. The distances are great, however, and the ox-cart is slow; so the utmost they have been able to do is just to keep the fire burning.

IV. PALKONDA AND BALLA GURANNA.

Palkonda means "the pot of milk," and is so called because of the fertility of this part of the country. The town is about twenty-five miles from Chicacole and was made an out-station of that field in 1888. Telugu preachers were stationed there and the Chicacole missionaries visited the place as often as their wide territory would permit. In an early report Miss Wright says: "In August we visited Palkonda. I have never met with so much opposition and insolence, yet we found ready listeners and several inquirers."

A site for a mission house was purchased in 1891, and Mr. Archibald erected a "temporary building." Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Barss, who came to India in 1891, were allocated to this new field, but on account of Mrs. Barss' health they returned to Canada and "the pot of milk" was again "neglected" until 1899, when Mr. and Mrs. Gullison, being relieved from Bobbili by the return of "the Churchills," went there for a year. In 1900 they moved on to Bimlipatam, when Rev. and Mrs. John Hardy became the first permanent missionaries for Palkonda. Preaching upon a foreign field is pre-eminently the presentation of "truth through personality," and one of the first essentials in missions is enough missionaries to give some continuity to that presentation.

Balla Guranna was one of Mr. Hardy's first and best supporters. The oldest son of a rich family in the weaver caste, he got away to a good start in the world. To prepare himself for the priestly rites in the family, Balla

Guranna memorized many portions of the Sanskrit sacred writings. As the eldest son this was his duty, but it soon became his pleasure, as well, and for hours at a time he would store his mind with the sacred scriptures of the Hindus. One day, while sitting upon the verandah repeating his Sanskrit Slokums, a colporteur, approached and sold him a book of Psalms, which he read and liked. "The entrance of thy word giveth light," and years after Balla Guranna would say that Hinduism received its death-blow when he read the first Psalm. Next he purchased Proverbs, and liked them also; then came the Telugu evangelist, the missionary and the Gospels and a full acceptance of Christ. After this his favorite text was: "It is a sure word, it deserves all praise, that Christ came into the world to save sinners; and though I am the foremost of sinners, I obtained mercy for the purpose of furnishing Christ Jesus with the chief illustration of his utter patience." After his baptism he became of no reputation among his caste. His wife and children left the house and would not return while he remained in it. In order that they might come in, he moved out to one end of the verandah. There he lived for nearly forty years and there he died. Such is Hinduism and such is Christianity. So the "unfettered missionary" had a significant share in the opening history of still another field. Balla Guranna loved to preach "the glorious gospel of the blessed God," and as a Christian was a convincing argument to stop the mouth of gainsayers.

Not only Balla Guranna, but many another convert on this field, has been severely tested, even to the present day, and growth has been slow. In August, 1900, the little band of Christians were organized into a church, with nine members. The next year there were nineteen baptisms and thirteen of these were from the non-Christian community.

Since the early death of Mrs. Hardy, in 1900, Mr. Hardy carried on a lonely work; so in 1905 he took a

short furlough. When he returned he brought with him, to Palkonda, a "new wife in the person of Miss Nina Shaw, of Avonport, N.S."

A house is built of bricks and stones and sills and walls and piers;
But a home is built of loving deeds that last a thousand years.
The men of the world build houses, churches, halls and domes;
But the women—God knows—the women build the homes.

The married women in our mission are not merely missionaries' wives, they are supremely home-builders. They furnish an empire in transition with God's living illustration of His highest institution—a Christian home. They are the visible impersonations of the influence of Christian love. From the time when Mrs. Churchill began to teach in Bangkok and Mrs. Sanford to train her girls at Bimlipatam, to the present day, the married ladies have done a good bit of direct missionary service in many spheres; but their chief glory is that they are daily illustrating to an empire in the making the noblest thing on earth—Christian love in a Christian home.

Miss Barbara Mould, having completed her language study at Chicacole, was allocated to Palkonda as its first lady missionary, in 1907. At first she lived with the Hardys in the "temporary building" erected by Mr. Archibald, but a new building was purchased, and, after some extensive repairs were made, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy occupied this in 1908. Miss Winnifred Eaton joined Miss Mould in 1910. Together they trained their own Bible-women, developed evangelistic schools, opened caste girls' schools, and toured extensively. Miss Mould returned to Canada in 1912, married Mr. William Dennis, and now lives at Bracebridge, Ontario, where she is zealously engaged in the home constituency for Foreign Missions. Miss Eaton continues her very efficient service and not a little of the progress upon the Palkonda field must be due, under God, to her work, which has been patiently and persistently prosecuted in every direction.

Mr. Hardy was followed, in 1914, by Rev. D. A. and Mrs. Gunn, who carried forward the work with characteristic enthusiasm until 1916, when Rev. W. S. and Mrs. Tedford took it up. Knowing their mission was a thing of God's own willing and therefore could not fail, they went on cheerfully and with great power. So, too, did the converts, whose number has steadily increased each year. Not a few of them have been "scorned by their neighbors, forsaken by their dearest relatives and threatened with torture and death;" still they steadfastly kept the faith. To climb the steep ascent, to run, to fight, to wrestle, is the growing desire of the church, which now numbers one hundred and four.

CHAPTER VIII
THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS

The proof that Christ is the universal Saviour is found not only in the Word of God, but in the many transformed lives throughout the world. One of my greatest discoveries in travelling through the five continents is that people, although of different customs and creeds, races and languages, are all fully satisfied in Christ if they surrender to Him. Human need is the same the world over, and the only One Who can satisfy is universal and unchanging—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever."

—SADHU SUNDAR SINGH

CHAPTER VIII

THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS

I. PONTIFEX MAXIMUS.

THE MISSIONARY buys a ticket and embarks at Montreal. In thirty days he may be in Madras, so close together have the engineers brought Canada and our share of India. A mother writes her letter in Brandon, and within five weeks it is being read by her daughter in Parlakimedi. How completely and carefully have we bridged the vast space between these two lands. This, however, is not at all the last word in bridge building.

Think for a minute that you are in India and visiting a Hindu festival. You are in the midst of folks by the hundred. You can put your hand upon scores of them, but caste forbids it. Caste is an institution of the gods and the Hindu was born into it; you were not. The Brahmin is a god; you are just a "Mlecha—an unclean wretch." The civil engineer has bridged that little chasm of thirteen thousand miles which separates your home from the home of the Hindu; but who and what will bridge this immeasurable gulf of custom, creed and caste which separates these men themselves from you yourself! You want to help them and a "fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind;" but there is an infinite distance to be bridged before you and the high caste Telugu can sing from the same page: "Our hearts, our hopes, our aims are one."

Once more, in imagination, you are a new missionary, watching the great idol-car pass slowly by, drawn by multitudes of men. Upon the car are little girls "in silks and jewels and much garlanded," who stand with the temple women, to minister in various ways to the god. You look up at them. They are so near you can speak to them. You notice the bright looks of some of them and your mind runs swiftly along over the life that is before them. Your heart yearns to help, but there are simply leagues of distance which separate you from them. How much constraining love, how much love-urged prayer, how much sacrifice will be needed to bridge these leagues!

The soul of a nation is the aggregate of those aspirations and aims which dominate and mould its life. In India, in the past, that aggregate has been expressed by one word—"caste." In the future it will be expressed by one other word—"Christ." Every missionary and Telugu worker, every church and Christian convert, every caste girls' school and Bible-woman, is a vital factor in constructing the bridge by which India is crossing over from caste to Christ.

II. THINKING TELUGU.

For three generations missions, education and government, working hand in hand, have ingeminated into India's life and thought an entire system of new ideas and ideals. This "mother of religions and grandmother of tradition" is vitally awake, seething with opposing ideas and tinglingly alive with a new national consciousness which is everywhere in evidence. The West is superimposing itself upon the East. Western civilization, however, unless it is dominated by Christ, will not only not strengthen India, it will positively weaken her. In "The Gospel and the New World" Dr. Speer says: "Except so far as our Christianity has permeated our

Western impact upon the East, that impact has been positively harmful and bad. It has broken down what was innocent and good; it has destroyed the moral and industrial organization of old societies, and, save as in some measure Christian principles have been embodied in it, it has been a visibly deteriorating and destructive power." Here again our missionary bridge-builders are constructing the highway of righteousness along which all that is most like Christ in our Western civilization is passing over into India's new nationalism.

Learning to speak well the language of the Telugu is a difficult task, any missionary will allow. His real problem, however, goes far deeper than this. It is learning to think the thoughts of the Telugu, to see life as he sees it, to realize what it feels like to have their history, their age-old superstitions, their fear of gods and goddesses, and all the dread of the mysterious and the unknown. To wear Indian dress, to live in an Indian house, to eat "curry and rice" like a Telugu, and to change all the physical habits of a lifetime would be difficult, but the missionary's problem is to change all his mental habits, to refurnish his mind or, rather, to get for himself a new mind which will be furnished with all the appointments of Telugu history, tradition and outlook rather than with those of Canadian history and outlook. He must learn, in a word, to think Telugu—to sit where they sit. As an expert engineer he must construct, out of soul-stuff, a bridge whereby he may cross over into the very life of the men he has come to help. When he has thus passed over he must create for them out of the things of the spirit a new heaven and a new earth and cause them to see it. Compared with all of which, bridging a St. Lawrence at Quebec is mere child's play. The missionary is "Pontifex Maximus," the greatest, the best bridge-builder. The remarkable success of our Telugu mission through the past fifty years has a secret—an open one. It is the missionary's

sympathetic understanding of the Telugu and their appreciation of his possibilities. After much study and self-emptying they have entered into his life and think Telugu. From Canada into India they have introduced new social and moral ideals, a zeal for a better government, for a higher place for women, and for a more adequate moral code. In the midst of it all and sustaining all they have established a new conception of the true and living God. In other words, by means of home and school, factory and hospital, preacher and colporteur, they have interpreted Christ to the people. Their work is not only Christian, but Indian, and their churches are neither un-Indian nor un-national. This is the last word in bridge-building.

III. TWO HILL TRIBES.

It is a market day in Parlakimedi, and a procession two hours long is swinging past the dispensary corner. The people are neither black nor white, but a light yellow. Upon their heads or swinging from shoulder yokes are heavy loads of fire-wood. Superb specimens of muscular development, they seem to be a happy, hardy race. Their flat noses, thick lips and broad, but somewhat unintelligent faces, proclaim them no Telugus. Who are they and whence do they come?

They are the Savaras, an aboriginal people who, long ago, were driven by the Hindu Aryans into the hill country to the north and north-east of Parlakimedi. They probably number about 200,000 and are scattered over an area some forty miles square. Their occupation is agriculture, but they dwell in the more remote and inaccessible parts, while the Oriya-Hindu officials, with their subordinates, possess the fertile valleys. Their own language has not been reduced to writing, but they all understand the Oriya tongue.

Another group of interesting people living in these hills is the Paidis. They number about 50,000 and are Oriya-speaking traders or middle men. Attending the weekly markets within a reasonable radius—say twenty-five miles—they buy earthen pots, salt, goats, chickens, etc., which they offer, at a profiteer's price, to the Savaras in exchange for their grain. The Paidis possess a reputation for cheating, drunkenness, theft and vice, and are sometimes called Doms, which is a term of contempt. Many of them can read and write, and as a group they have a peculiar aptitude for singing.

Besides selling to the Savaras, these Paidi traders often loan them money. A common rate of interest is two annas per rupee per month, which is just 150 per cent. per annum. Small wonder, then, that the Savara man is generally and hopelessly in debt. His land is inalienable, but his crop is not; so the net result of a year's work is frequently to see the creditor take all the produce, leaving the producer with nothing but the experience.

IV. OPENING THE SAVARA WORK.

Evidently these primitive people of the hills need the help of our missionaries, and they, missionary like, early determined to help their need. The business was carefully considered by the conference in January, 1899, when they unanimously resolved:

- (1) That, in our opinion, the time is ripe for a more definite organized effort to be made to reach these people;
- (2) That we encourage the Telugu Christians in our seven churches to enter upon this enterprise; and that we support this movement in our Telugu Association;

- (3) That we believe that at least one missionary should be designated as soon as possible to this work, and would recommend our Board to take this matter into careful consideration.

India for the Indians is an older note in missionary circles than in political, and this work is to have a strongly indigenous character from the beginning. A Savara Mission Board was projected, to consist of three missionaries appointed by the Conference and four Telugu brethren, appointed by the Association. Telugu evangelists were appointed and the Northern Telugu Association contributed enthusiastically to their support. Dr. Eva D'Prazer also contributed 1,000 rupees annually for some time.

In 1902 the man, the woman and the hour arrived. At the July Conference it was agreed that the next new missionary should be designated to the Savaras. In December, Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Glendinning arrived—the right folks for a right difficult field. The only people who could teach this pioneer the Savara language were Telugus, so he set to work studying Telugu. Savara had never been reduced to writing; so Mr. Glendinning painfully pulled down one word at a time and wrote it out in Telugu characters. Now he discovers that the Savaras are in constant communication with the Oriya-speaking Paidis and know their language well. Plainly the Savara language should be reduced to Oriya characters; so this busy bridge-builder began the study of Oriya.

Incidentally he invented a new sign to modify certain Oriya vowels so as to correctly express the Savara sounds. In seasons when touring is impracticable Mr. Glendinning works upon the Savara-English and English-Savara dictionaries which he is preparing. He has also translated Jonah and Mark into Savara, prepared a catechism and published a couple of hymns.

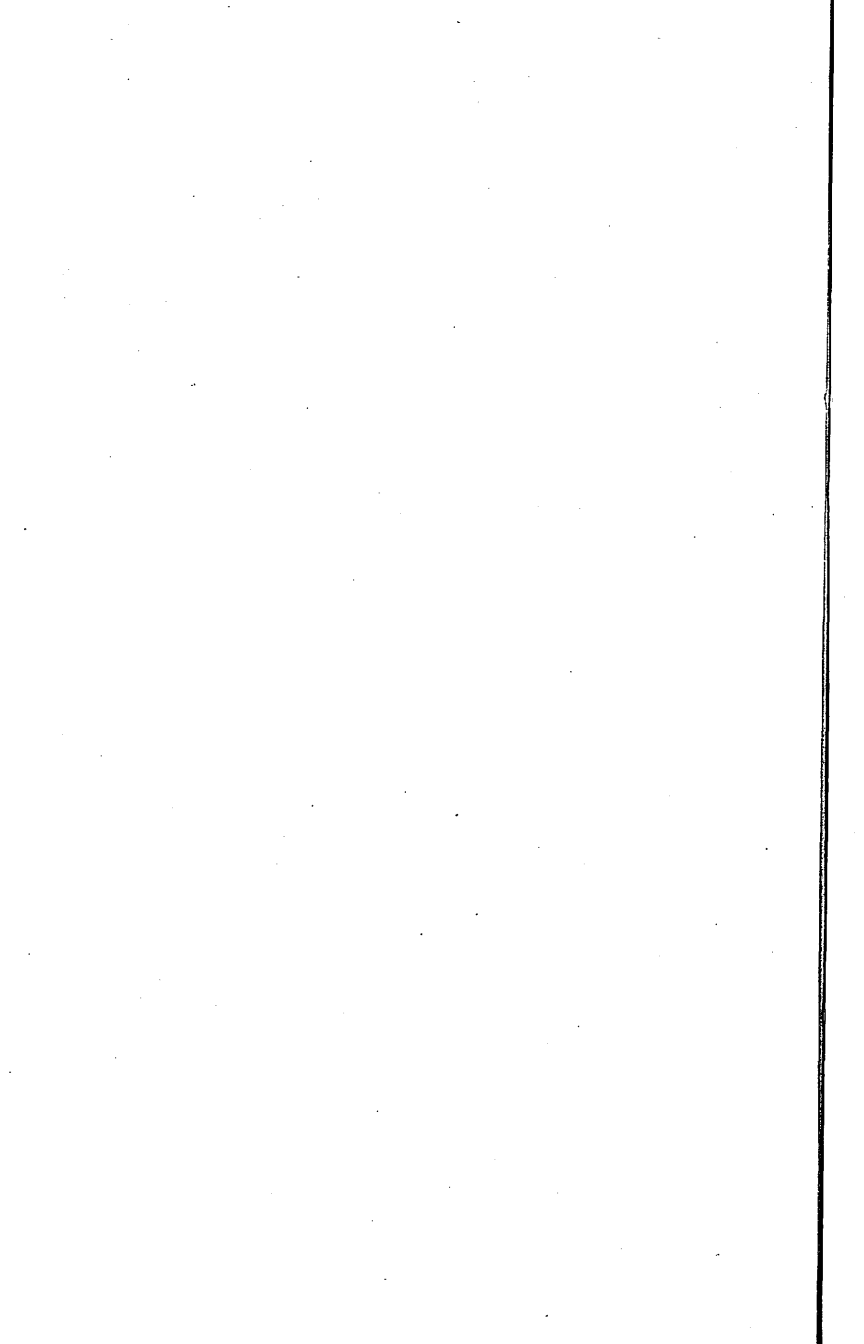
To acquire their language and reduce it to writing, is to go a long way in bridging the chasms which yawn between the new missionary and his people, but it is only



MISS JESSIE M. ALLYN, M.D.



WHERE THERE IS NEITHER EAST NOR WEST
The late Dr. Marjorie Cameron at an operation



one part of the work. The religion of Christ which he is to teach is full of new ideas, new terms and new truths which must be mediated to the people through his own life. The very life of the missionary itself, often in loneliness and suffering, is the only bridge by which the heathen can cross from the pagan ideas of idolatry, superstition and darkness to the light of the knowledge of the glory of God as it is in the face of Jesus Christ. In his own body the missionary must fill up, on behalf of his people, that which is lacking of the suffering of Christ.

Having done considerable work upon the language and built his bungalow at Parlakimedi, our missionary set out to feel his way along untrodden paths among the hills, and to hunt up these lost sheep of the wilderness. There are no cart roads, so a dozen coolies carry his tent and other effects. After a hard climb he reaches a village, but his approach is the signal, either for a general stampede into the houses where doors are closed and bolted, or into the hills and woods. "Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ, will accomplish anything." The missionary accepts this principle and goes again. Now these villagers are not only friendly, but seek his advice in many affairs.

Upon closer acquaintance Mr. Glendinning found that these people were not idolaters, but demon worshippers. They know nothing of good spirits, but their whole creation teems and groans with demons, great and small. To propitiate these evil spirits with libations, sacrifices and offerings is all of their religion. "Before the operation of ploughing, sowing, reaping and threshing, sacrifices of various kinds are offered to persuade the demons to permit success. Libations are poured out, incantations are sung, sacrifices are offered, and scores of demons are invoked by name."

Hard hill climbing and heavy attacks of fever cannot be discounted in this task, but the great difficulty lies in bridging the vast spaces of distrust and fear, of language and race, of demons and superstitions which separate

these people from the missionary and the missionary's God more effectively than continents, oceans and malaria-infested hills.

V. SOME FRUITS OF GURAHATHI'S WORK.

Among the boys who made letters in the sand beneath the tamarind tree and heard of the sinners' Friend from Gurahathi, were Venkiah and Ramadas, who were baptized in 1882. They were Savara boys from Gopalpur, near Tekkali, and the first-fruits from this people. Venkiah first won his own brother Goomana, and then others. The year the Savara Mission Board was formed, Mr. Higgins, then in Tekkali, reported ten baptisms in Gopalpur, and a total of thirty Savara Christians in that village. When Mr. Glendinning began his work in 1902, he drew several preachers from this community. Together they have done a great deal of touring among the hills. Outstanding among them was Goomana, a man of ripe experience and of sound Christian character.

Mr. Glendinning, in his report for 1921-22, says: "Goomana came to me as my Savara teacher in July, 1904; and from that time on was my right hand man. He was able to converse and preach fluently in three languages—Telugu, Savara and Oriya. He was instant in season and out of season in preaching the Gospel." He fell sick while Mr. Glendinning was on furlough and was very anxious to live until his return. On a Sunday evening, however, in November, 1921, while his returning missionary "sat on the deck of the steamer and sighted the southernmost point of India, the soul of this brave preacher of the Gospel passed on to its well-earned rest and reward."

The village of Gopalpur is almost entirely Christian now, but among the hills there have been only three Savara baptisms. This, however, is not the last of the chapter, for He who began a good work among the Savaras through Gurahathi's teaching will go on to perfect it.

VI. THE WAY OF SALVATION AMONG THE PAIDIS.

We have already spoken about the Santas or weekly markets, where the Paidis buy goods to barter among the Savaras. When preaching at one of these Santas, Miss Harrison sold a small book, called "The Way of Salvation," to a Paidi man, who was a guru, or spiritual leader among his people, and sincerely sought the true light. He became much interested in "The Way of Salvation," and taught as much of it as he could understand to the men of his village. Upon the union of the Baptists and Free Baptists in the Maritime Provinces, Miss Gaunce, who had represented the latter in the Orissa Mission, moved down to Parlakimedi. God's errands are thought out from both ends of the line, and now He brought the Paidi guru to Parlakimedi, seeking more light upon the way of salvation. Miss Gaunce, who was well versed in Oriya, instructed him and gave him tracts. Two Oriya evangelists were also sent to his village seventeen miles into the hills. Shortly after this the guru returned, not as a Hindu priest, but as a Christian prophet. He received baptism, and the following Sunday two more young men came to confess Christ in like manner. During that year (1909) thirty-two Paidis were baptized.

In 1910 the first Paidi church was formed at Guma with forty-four charter members. Since then more than seven hundred of these people have received the ordinance of baptism, four churches have been organized and a Savara association has been formed. The present membership is about 550, living in some fifteen villages. Just as Miss Harrison and Miss Gaunce taught the way of salvation to their own guru fifteen years ago, so these Paidi traders, as they trade from village to village among the Savaras, will bring to them also the Gospel message. One plants and another waters, and God gives the harvest, and they that sow and they that reap rejoice together

Miss Gaunce, whom we have already mentioned, rendered conspicuous service among these people until her marriage, in 1919, to Mr. Walter Tasker, of Darjeeling. Miss Harrison, who went to Parlakimedi in 1901, acquired the Oriya language and has been indefatigable in her efforts to preach the Gospel among these hill tribes. She has been eminently successful, too, in developing the spiritual life of the women in the churches. Mr. and Mrs. Glendinning returned to India for their third term in the autumn of 1921, leaving three of their children in the homeland to finish their education.

Through silent suffering and selfless service such as this our missionaries upon every field are constructing the living bridge over which India is marching from a bad past to a progressive future, from the divisions of caste to the unity of Christian brotherhood, from the tyranny of polytheism to the love of God. They, by their solitariness and suffering span the gulf between a dead tradition and a living Christ, between the reign of Brahmin priests and Christian prophets, between superstition and science, between ignorance and enlightenment, between despotism and democracy. They become the mediators of the people, to harmonize, in their own lives, the conflicting tendencies of East and West, and to save the world from the tragedy of being divided into two rival groups—the yellow and the white. Through their life, their work and their Telugu workers, the spirit of the suffering, serving and saving Christ is incarnated in a suffering, serving and saving Church which makes Christ real and visual to the people.

“In Christ there is no East or West,
In Him no South or North,
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole wide earth.

In Him shall true hearts everywhere
Their high communion find;
His service is the golden cord
Close binding all mankind.”

CHAPTER IX
THE CONTEST WITH CASTE

"No man treats Jesus Christ well who treats his brother wrong."

The One bethought Him to make man
Of many-colored dust,
And mixed the Holy Spirit in
In portions right and just;
Each had a part of mind and heart
From One Himself in trust.

Thus came the brown and yellow men
And black and white and red,
So different in their outer look,
Alike in heart and head;
The self-same earth before their birth,
The self-same dust when dead.

—PAI TA-SHUN

CHAPTER IX

THE CONTEST WITH CASTE

I. AN UNSOCIAL SOCIAL SYSTEM.

To be born in Hinduism is to be born into one of its twenty-three hundred distinct castes. If you reckon sub-divisions, scholars tell us there are not less than one hundred thousand caste divisions. The one way to get into caste is to be born in, and the one way to get out is, according to Hinduism, to die. So thoroughly has the system ingeminated itself into the life and thought of the land, that even the so-called out-caste people are grouped into five distinct and well recognized castes, which they maintain with considerable persistence.

Each main caste has its own job, and the first law of the system is to stick to one's own caste occupation. If you are born a weaver you must weave; if a carpenter, you must make boxes, etc., and if a beggar, you must beg. Your caste-job is both your religion and your living. To break with it may be inconvenient, but it is more—it is positively irreligious. "Better one's own caste-job poorly done than another well done."

This second law is that one must neither eat nor drink with those of another caste. While in a matter of morals, Hinduism will always be found ready to "swallow the camel," if anything is to be gained thereby, in the observance of this rule it is quite as ready to "strain out the gnat."

A Canadian missionary is not born in caste and is, therefore, just a plain "Mlecha," which, being interpreted, is "an unclean wretch." To tell him a gross falsehood or to steal from the missionary does not harm the Hindu's religion. Eating from his lunch basket, however, or drinking from his water-bottle does it immediate and serious damage. Just to partake of the Lord's Supper is to eat and drink out of caste.

The third commandment of this strictest of all social systems is, that one must marry within his own caste and even within his own sub-division. This regulation one can see is the "*fons et origen*" of the institution and is never broken. The fourth law is that high and low castes do not associate closely; for instance, they do not frequent each other's houses. The five lower divisions are not supposed to walk through a Brahmin's street; they must not enter the temples, and their children cannot attend the higher caste schools. Miss Archibald says: "Our school at Chicacole was nearly emptied, as we allowed two clever out-caste girls to attend. When we explained to the parents, that they sat at one side alone, they replied: "It does not matter where they sit. The teacher slaps them, and with the same hand slaps our children. Will they not be defiled? Before they enter our homes, they must bathe; it's too much trouble."

Upon the face of it this is the most unbrotherly, unprogressive and unsocial, social system in the world. Yet it is the heart and soul of Hinduism. As you ascend this social scale, caste distinction and pride becomes more and more marked; and even at the lowest end it is strong. The first five divisions, marking the Out-caste or Pan-chamma group, are really composed of a different and lower race than the higher castes which constitute the Aryan or real Hindu element of India. It is not surprising, then, that all over India, ninety per cent. of the converts to Christianity have come from the lowest

castes, i.e., from the out-caste people. Humanly speaking this high-caste barrier may well be counted as impregnable. Faith, however, "laughs at impossibilities," so the missionaries from the Maritime Provinces, moved by the Holy Spirit and led by providential circumstances, advanced to "the pulling down of strongholds." No task on earth could be more trying, or more tedious. Faith, Hope and Love were all severely tested, but all three lasted on, and to-day the churches in this part of our mission have an unusually large number of high-caste converts. It is impossible to put into language the hidden struggles of these converts as they have sought to break with caste and home and loved ones, to become to them as the off-scouring and scum of the earth. It is impossible to describe the subtle schemes, the open opposition and the cruel persecution of Hinduism. It is impossible to portray the long vigils, the heart-breaking, the yearnings and the anxious seasons which come alike to missionaries, converts and caste relatives, before the final break can be made. It is a struggle, however, which through fifty years has made glad the heart of God, and constitutes a chief episode in the unending volume of things as they are in this caste-cursed country.

II. THE CASE OF SOMALINGAM.

Somalingam's father lived in one of the best houses in the village of Polepilly, near to Bimlipatam. The goldsmith lad was just eight years old and the mission at "Bimli" was just three years old when a colporteur sold his father some Christian booklets. They would not buy a Bible, so this wise workman carelessly (?) left a New Testament lying upon the verandah. The messenger was gone, but his message was left, so they gave it a place in the little library. Somalingam's father died a good caste man, a Hindu and a heathen, while the way of life was plainly told in the little Testament upon the

shelf. The boy finished his three or four years at the village school, then took his place cross-legged upon a mat on the verandah, with a little anvil, a hammer, a pair of tweezers, a dish of charcoal and a bamboo blower, to learn the goldsmith trade, for this happened to be the caste in which he was born.

Eleven years have "come to pass" since the New Testament was left on the verandah, and Somalingam, now nineteen years of age, early reaping what he had sown, is seriously ill. He turns—not for the first time—to the Testament, and began with an account of Jesus healing the sick. As he read on, faith in the Healer grew and hope revived. The cross and the tomb came next; and was this the end! With the eye of a shipwrecked sailor who surveys the seas for some sign of a ship, he scans the following pages to find that He is still the Lord of Life—a risen Christ and a living Saviour. The seed is planted. It is small as a mustard seed; but it will grow, for it is a "seed" and not a cobblestone. It must grow, for this is the prayer which he prayed: "O Lord, I am desirous of obeying all the commandments found in Thy Word. My heart is open and naked to Thee, and thou knowest if this desire is sincere. O Lord, spare my life until I shall have performed all those things demanded by duty. Lord, if Thou wilt thou canst heal me." From time to time he would hear Dr. Sanford preach. Once when this pioneer and veteran missionary, on a tour, had pitched his tent near Polepilly, Somalingam, with a younger brother and nephew, went to visit him. He was out; but a piece of bread was lying upon the table. Somalingam openly ate some, and his companions did likewise. His relatives, growing suspicious, now sought by every means to turn him away from this despised religion; but the little seed would grow, even in the hard soil of Hinduism, and Somalingam gave just one promise: he would do nothing secretly; what he did should be done openly.

In 1892 Mrs. and Rev. L. D. Morse succeed Dr. Sanford at Bimlipatam, and Somalingam went to teach Mrs Morse Telugu. His older brother objected to such dangerous environment, but he satisfied him by saying he would receive much of the missionary's money. As soon as opportunity availed he told Mr. Morse that he was a Christian at heart and wished to become such in name. In a short time he gained the confidence of the Church "that he was a true child of God." He was ready now for baptism; but he hesitated to take the step that would so effectually ostracize him from his friends, perhaps even from his wife, and bring upon him their most bitter persecution. The rest of this story we must give in Mrs. Ida Newcombe Gullison's own words, as she has written them in an admirable little pamphlet on this work:

"On one or two occasions at least the day of his baptism was set, but some obstacle would seem more than he could surmount, and he drew back. At length in January of 1894—seventeen years (about) after the New Testament had been left at his father's house, and five years after he had turned unto Christ as his Saviour—one Sabbath morning he came to the mission house, allowed his Joot-too (the sacred tuft of hair) to be cut off, took off the sacred string and accompanied Mr. Morse and the native helpers down to the beach. The word spread like wildfire throughout the town, and before the rite could be administered a raging mob came tearing through the streets down to the water, to take Somalingam by force. They did not hesitate to enter the water itself and lay hold of him; but wrenching their hands off, without formula or prayer Mr. Morse buried Somalingam beneath the liquid wave, and he rose therefrom to follow his Master henceforth wherever He might lead.

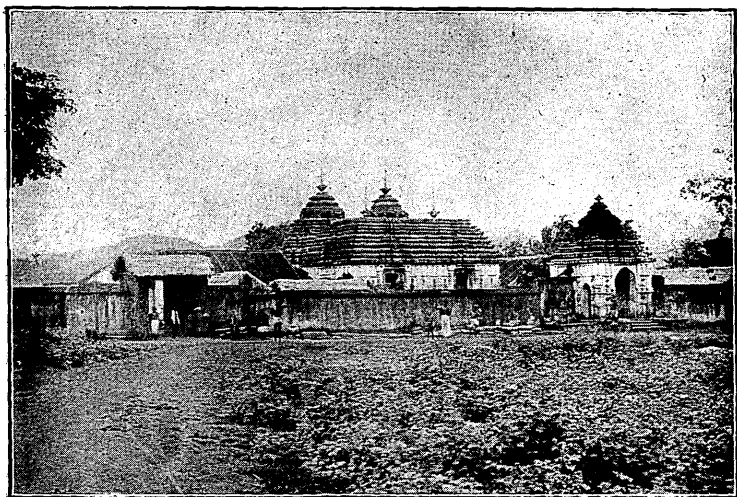
"'In the world ye shall have tribulation'. The Master suffered it and the servant must expect it. That

night, on his return home, Somalingam was met with the rage of his wife, brothers, and of the whole village. A message was sent to his wife's people; they came and took her, with her two children, away to her mother's house.

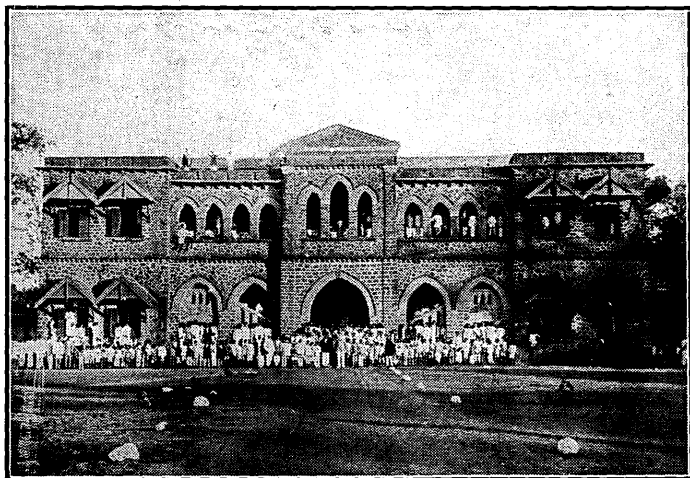
"After a day or two Somalingam followed while the inmates of the mission-house gave themselves to prayer; it was their only resort; they could do nothing and feared what the end might be.

"His relatives pleaded, promised, threatened, stormed, all in vain. Our brother remained firm and only waited until they should give up his wife and children. Although enraged by his action, Varahalla wished to go back to her husband. She assured her people that they need not fear for her; she would suffer being an out-caste for the sake of returning to her husband; but to embrace his religion—no, never. At length she was given up to him, but as a last resort their eldest child was hidden for three days. This was as unavailing as the previous attempts. When they gave him his child, he would return to his home, but not to his caste. Every inch of ground was hotly contested, but his relatives found that the same British Government that refrained from interfering with the religion of the country granted liberty of conscience to its subjects to embrace the Christian religion if they chose, and protected them in it. Within a month from the time of his baptism, Somalingam was in his own house, with his family, and his full share of the property. Did his brothers not wish to dwell with an out-caste, they had the privilege of moving elsewhere, but they could not drive him out.

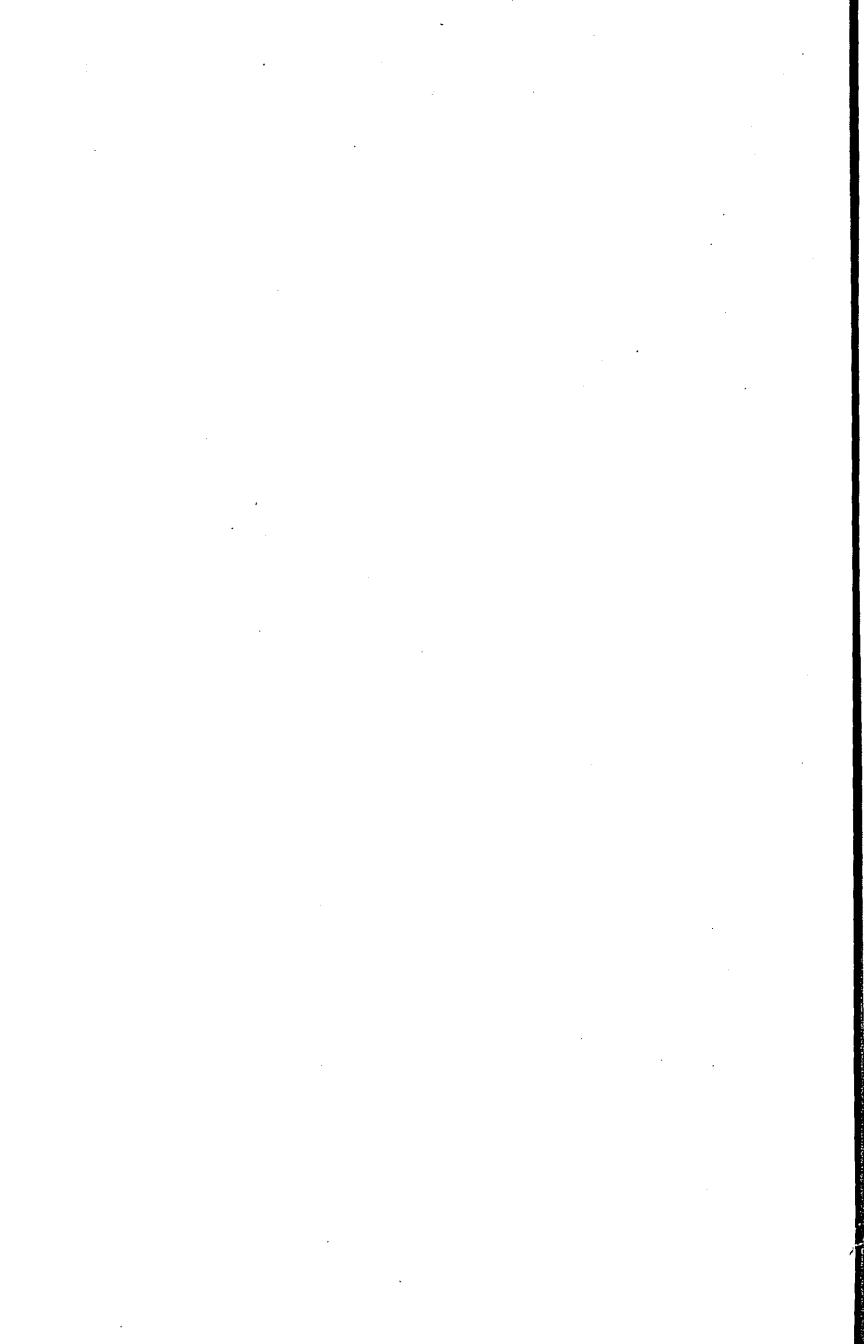
"From that day to this he has been a bold servant of God; daily growing in grace, in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and in every good work. Humble, gentle, loving, consecrated, taught of the Spirit, waiting for the coming of our Lord from heaven—faith is strengthened as we



HINDU TEMPLE, TEKKALI



THE McLAURIN HIGH SCHOOL, COCANADA
All castes mingle here.



think of him and thank God for so glorious a manifestation of His grace."

"The same day that Somalingam was baptized his younger brother, Veeracharyulu, who had eaten bread with him four years before in Dr. Sanford's tent, was seeking admission to a London mission church (Congregational) in a village not far from Bimlipatam. When he returned home, however, he could not face the persecution with his elder brother, and allowed the family to do "prayaz chittam"—make atonement for his sin. Thus he was received back into caste; but not to stay. Sorryanarayana, who had learned the goldsmith's trade in the same village with Somalingam, was next a believer, and in 1896 was baptized by Mr. Morse. A week later his wife also was baptized, and the two were driven from their home and trade. "They were received by Somalingam and given one of the rooms vacated by the brothers when forced by British justice to allow their Christian brother to return to his home."

The next year, July, 1897, the brother and nephew, previously referred to, seeing how the Lord was with Somalingam and gave him power over all his enemies, publicly professed their faith in Jesus Christ and followed him in baptism. Within two months, Somalingam's wife, who had been so opposed to her husband's new religion, yielded to the strivings of the Spirit and was baptized by Mr. Morse.

As the work grew among this caste both the missionaries' faith and that of the converts was sorely tried. At times hope deferred caused the heart to grow sick. Socially they were completely ostracized, and industrially they were as completely boycotted. The lives of some, before conversion, had been vilely wicked, judged even in the light of heathen laxity. The women had been living in a superstition and seclusion difficult to realize in our home of the free; so there was much to

change and more to learn. He who began a good work among them, however, goes on and will go on to perfect it.

Thirty years ago three lads, in defiance of caste, ate the missionaries' bread in Dr. Sanford's tent; now some thirty-five members of this caste, born in Hinduism, but freed, by the truth, from its blighting bonds, either eat the bread emblematic of the broken body of Christ around the Lord's table, or gather with the throng where they need no emblem, for the Lamb is in their midst. The leaven is still working and several others seem near the Kingdom. "Into the Christian homes," writes Mrs. Gullison, "children have come who are being trained in the true faith, and to-day are making their contribution to Christian influence." Among those baptized not more than three have dishonored their profession. All the others have been true and many of them have endured hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

III. "A LITTLE LEAVEN LEAVENS THE WHOLE LUMP."

Western civilization with its schools, its colleges, its railroads and its industries, is having some disintegrating influence upon caste; but it is a religious and not a social system. It will only give place to a new and higher religion, Christianity, with its love of Christ, its fatherhood of God, and its brotherhood of man, is the only solvent in any laboratory of heaven or earth that will dissolve and hold in permanent solution the age-long crystals of caste. The little leaven is leavening the whole lump. Our missionary institutions are undermining its very foundations, and as it falls into ruin a lovelier edifice is being reared in which Christ reigns.

The air is vibrant with the sound of tom-toms and bells, for a heathen festival is being celebrated in the village to-day. In the chapel not far away the young people are holding a prayer-meeting, and suddenly upon the air comes the clear notes of one of the sweet songs

of earth: "Nearer, my God to Thee." Nearer comes the noisy, superstitious procession; but nearer, day by day, draws the spirit of Christ in India, typified by the clear call of the Christian Endeavorer's hymn.

The great field of Vizagapatam has 320 villages, scattered over an area thirty miles square. It is at least twelve years since any lady missionary has toured this field, and very little touring has been done by anyone during that time. Notwithstanding, Miss Baker reports: "One almost never goes to a village but what one finds some one who has heard the story sometime, somewhere. The knowledge is often very imperfect, the significance ungrasped; but the message has at some time fallen on their ears. The same thing is true of the women in the high-caste homes. "Where have you heard?" "From the lady at Narsapatnam." "From a Bible-woman in Palkonda." "In a school in Vizianagram." "In Vizagapatam." "Years ago, a 'missam-magaru' visited us in Rayagadda"; and we remember that Miss Elliott spent part of her first term there. Sometimes they speak of workers in other missions, but nearly always there is a little knowledge of the story we have come to tell."

Let us go with Miss McLeish to a Sunday morning service on the Yellamanchili field. The congregation is made up chiefly of Christians from the out-caste community. There is Pydamma and her friends on one side, because she is a high-caste farmer woman. Near her is a stately woman of another farmer caste. "If we believe, our people will abuse us, as they have already done. My husband says, if you will honor us a little more than the out-caste Christians, we will be baptized." There, just outside the tent, is a poor sick caste man who has walked three miles to the service. "I am believing, but I cannot come to Yellamanchili to be baptized." Two fine looking out-caste women are there in the rear. One says, "Please teach me the prayer that you taught me yesterday. I do believe in Jesus."

Her new Ford carried Miss Baskerville last year into some villages never before visited by a missionary. She found evidence, however, even here that the Word of the Lord is not bound: "In some way or other, by some means or other, in some place or other, in every village some one or other had heard the gospel."

Three years ago, the late Miss McLeod taught some caste women the first verse of scripture they had ever learned: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." When she visited the village the next year, she found that they were regular attendants at the village service, although it was held in the out-caste section. At the thank-offering service they were the largest contributors, and when the Telugu evangelist visits their village they invite him to eat rice and curry at their house.

Before a man can enter the Kingdom of Heaven he must be born again. That no large political or social reconstruction can be successful unless it is established on some prior preparation in the minds and hearts of men, is a primary principle and one which lies at the very heart of Christianity. Salvation can never come to any people through externalism—through mere alterations of the political and social structure—but must begin in the hearts of the individual man. Through much prayer and much pain on the part of the missionaries and converts alike, God is winning His first-fruits from these proud Hindu castes.

When we realize the numerous subtle evils with which Hinduism entangles the souls of its devotees, we rejoice that so many are permitted openly to escape, while thousands of others are silent, yet true, believers in the name of Christ. These all constitute the goodly group which is leavening the whole lump, and forming the foundations upon which Christ will build His Church.

CHAPTER X

A UNITED ENTERPRISE

What is the final ending?
The issue, can we know!
Will Christ outlive Mohammed?
Will Kali's altars go!
This is our faith tremendous!
Our wild hope, who shall scorn?
That in the name of Jesus
The world shall be reborn.

CHAPTER X

A UNITED ENTERPRISE

I. TIME AND EXPERIENCE.

WITHOUT a creed, without a priest and without any rigorous organization, eight million Baptists living in five continents reveal unmistakable marks of spiritual identity. Yes, marvellous as it may seem, almost any one of these eight millions will to-day give essentially the same answer to those great questions which go to the heart of a vital religious experience. Baptists, then, are united; but there are many kinds of unity. Just two months and a half before Dr. Fyfe sent the cablegram which inaugurated the Ontario and Quebec Mission, Rev. J. L. Campbell wrote from Chatham, on August 13, 1873, to the Maritime Convention, proposing a union of Canadian Baptists in foreign missionary work. They therefore appointed Rev. E. M. Saunders and Rev. T. H. Porter to represent them at the Brantford Convention that year, and to reach "an understanding on all matters connected with the proposed union." Nothing official was done, however, and two separate missions were organized, as we have already recorded.

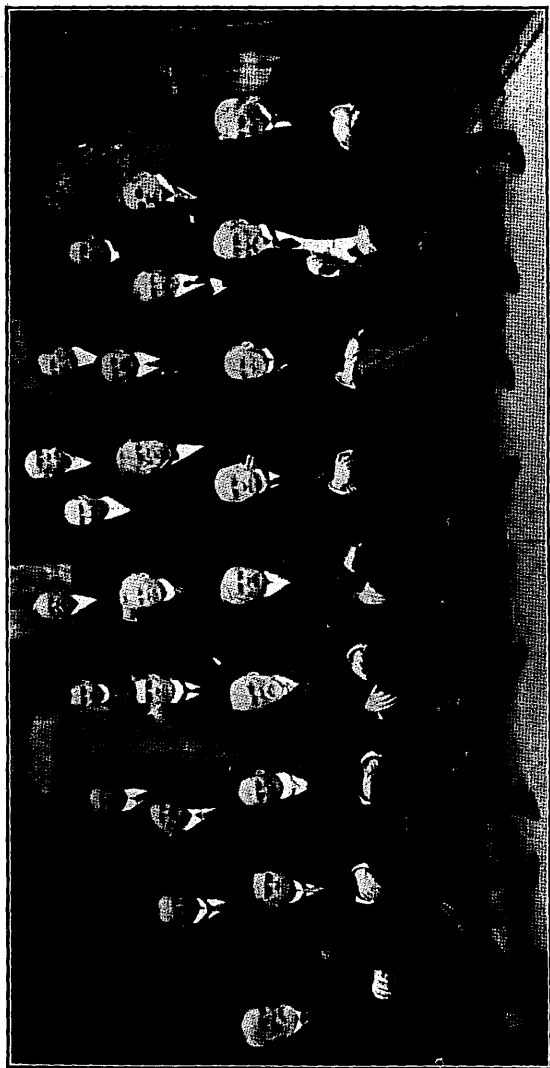
Readers will recall that Dr. Campbell attended the special convention held in Amherst, May 12, 1875, to decide the location of the Maritime Mission. He brought the suggestion that one of the Maritime missionaries "might receive his appointment from the Board of the Upper Provinces." It was resolved, however, at

Amherst, that "the respective Boards shall entirely sustain and direct all the missionaries whom they may respectively appoint." Both Boards were confident that the same native land, the same faith and order, and the same desire to glorify God in the salvation of the Telugus, would maintain "harmony and co-operation among the missionaries without specific rules and articles of agreement." Closer union in methods of working was "left to time and experience."

II. THE UNION CONFERENCE.

"Time and experience" proved that among the missionaries the desire for organic union was strong from the beginning. Each mission held its own Conference; but, in 1876, a "Canadian Baptist Telugu Missionary Conference" was organized at Bimlipatam, and was held alternately in the Northern and Southern Mission until 1912. At the eleventh meeting, held at Bimli, in 1886, it was "Resolved, that we, the missionaries of this Conference, do earnestly urge upon our respective churches and Boards, the necessity of immediate and definite action in regard to "Union in Foreign Mission Effort." During this very year there was at home a "Baptist Union of Canada," but it existed chiefly for the West and was given up in 1887. In India the two Missions worked side by side harmoniously and progressively. Each was a Canadian Baptist Mission. Each worked among the Telugus. Each had the same faith, same method and same aim. Their territories in India were contiguous; their constituencies at home were side by side—why should they not unite?

The great needs of the field constantly urged upon the missionaries the necessity for larger forces and united action. Gradually this was felt at home and negotiations were opened between the Ontario and Quebec and the Maritime Boards. After repeated conferences a basis



THE CANADIAN BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION BOARD (ORGANIZATION MEETING) 1912.

Top Row—(Left to Right)—Mr. H. Rylie, Rev. F. S. Porter, Rev. W. Camp, Rev. A. A. McLeod, Rev. R. R. McKay, Rev. M. E. Fletcher, Middle Row—Rev. D. B. Harkness, Mr. A. A. Wilson, Rev. B. H. Nobles, Dr. D. Hutchinson, Dr. J. McLeod, Rev. M. F. McCutcheon, Dr. J. H. Farmer, Mr. J. Firstbrook, First Row—(Sitting)—Dr. W. E. McIntyre, Dr. J. G. Brown, Rev. M. A. McLean, Mr. Wm. Craig, Dr. J. A. Gordon, Mr. J. N. Shenstone, Mr. J. W. Spurdin, Rev. E. T. Fox, Dr. S. S. Bates

of union was agreed upon by the three Canadian Baptist bodies. In May, 1911, an Act to unite the two Missions, under the title of "The Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board," received the Royal assent. The organization meeting was held at McMaster University, Toronto, in May, 1912. In July of the same year both Conferences met in Cocanada to organize "The Canadian Baptist Missionary Conference in India." Thus it came to pass that all the Baptists in Canada, from Halifax and Dartmouth on the East, to Vancouver and Victoria on the West—140,000 communicants in 1,300 churches—were united in one Foreign Mission endeavour.

III. VIZAGAPATAM.

Beginning in 1804, the London Missionary Society worked in Vizagapatam for one hundred and six years. They were also at work in other parts of the Northern Telugu field, chiefly at Chicacole and Vizianagram. Lack of forces and funds caused retrenchment, and the two latter were passed over to the Maritime Mission Board, which bought their property. In Vizagapatam, however, they had a very well developed school work which they maintained until 1910. A glance at the map will show that this was the one field now separating the two Canadian Missions. In 1911, the London Missionary Society, wishing to retire from this work also, their property was jointly purchased by the two Canadian Boards for \$15,000. It consisted of two bungalows, high school buildings, Hope Hall caste girls' school building and two elementary school buildings. The London Mission (Congregational) left about 150 Telugu Christians who organized themselves into an independent church, which has since carried on with commendable zeal and regularity.

Our first missionaries to this large field, with its town of forty thousand people and its three hundred villages,

were Rev. and Mrs. W. V. Higgins and Miss Blackadar. They removed thither in January, 1911. On March fourth two Baptist churches were organized, one among the Anglo-Indian people, the other among the Telugus. They now have forty-eight and fifth-three members, respectively. When Mr. and Mrs. Higgins took furlough in 1918, they left the work of the field in charge of Rev. H. Y. Corey. In order to effectively manage the high school, Mr. and Mrs. Corey removed to Waltair and continued to reside there until their furlough in 1923, when Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, who, since their return in 1920, had been at Vizianagram, resumed charge. In 1920 Rev. and Mrs. John Davis went to India to relieve Mr. Corey of the school at Vizagapatam. Unable to withstand the effects of the India climate, he reluctantly returned to Canada in 1922.

Miss Blackadar, in addition to carrying on her work at the Hope Hall girls' school, does a great deal of effectual zenana work in the town. She has laboured particularly on behalf of the women in the Goldsmith caste who are relatives of converts from this caste upon the "Bimli" field. Miss Blackadar has also established prosperous girls' schools in two of the large villages near Waltair. During her furlough in 1918 Miss Lockhart continued the work. Although then a new missionary not quite through with her language study, Miss Lockhart met the heavy demands of this field and won a large place in the hearts of the people.

PART TWO
ONTARIO AND QUEBEC
1874—1912

CHAPTER I
PATHFINDERS

The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.

—PROVERBS

Servants of God! or sons,
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind—
His, who unwillingly sees
One of His little ones lost—
Yours is the praise if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died!

—M. ARNOLD

CHAPTER I

PATHFINDERS

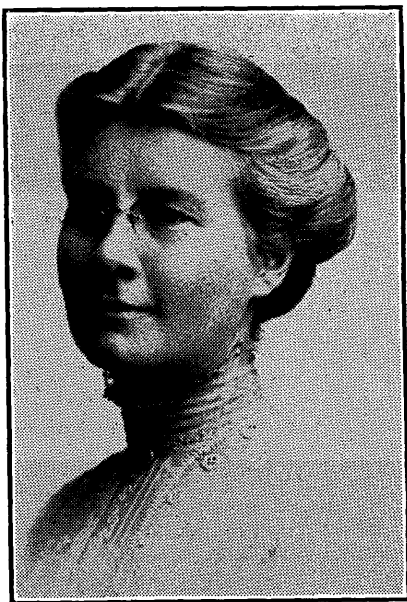
THE STORY of any new and daring enterprise is the story of personalities. There is the one in whose mind the idea was first born—he may be its creator, but he is what he is because of multitudes behind him who went to his making. As he broods over his beloved project he gives it form, and it gets a soul from his soul. It grows and demands expression. The time comes when it can no longer abide with him alone. It must be unburdened. So he gives it to others, who receive it with varying degrees of sympathy and understanding. Some would drop it or let it die. But others will, with faith and imagination like unto his who first conceived it, cherish it and contribute to its development something of their own warm and vivid personalities before they, in turn, communicate it to others. As it goes, it grows, taking colour, beauty, life from every chosen spirit who touches it, until at last, when the time is ripe, it is launched upon the world a living thing, with beauty and power to attract unto itself those who will gladly give their lives to carry it on to fruition, and contribute of their own high spirit and throbbing personality to determine its direction and achieve its ultimate goal. It must be so. The story of any great enterprise is that of the men and women who achieved it.

The truly wonderful story of how God led the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec into the great foreign

mission enterprise—the greatest and most daring of them all—is pre-eminently a story of personalities; men and women of God, called and prepared to receive, nurture, pass on and achieve His own great idea for us; that is, that we should be co-workers with Him in His great enterprise of world-reconciliation; our particular part, in this case, being the evangelization of 2,500,000 Telugus in the Madras Presidency of India.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Timpany were our first missionaries to the Telugus. But the golden chain of influences and personalities that now binds us to India has many links, and begins away back in the early years of the last century. As early as 1805, the English Baptists who had been led into India by the immortal Carey, made an attempt to evangelize the Telugus by sending out Rev. Amos Sutton as a missionary. Apparently for lack of success, the attempt was abandoned—by them. But God was still interested in the Telugus. Mr. Sutton married an American lady who had been a missionary's wife, and that fact, remote as it may seem, is the first link in our chain; for it brought them over to this continent to visit her relatives in the States, and at the American Baptist Convention which met in Richmond, Va., in 1835, we find Mr. Sutton urging the people to take up this abandoned work among the Telugus. American Baptists heard the call of God and accepted the challenge. That very year they sent out Rev. S. S. Day and his wife to found the Mission to the Telugus—another and very important link in our chain. For it was in that Mission and under its Board that our first effort was put forth, many years later.

The Days sailed for their unknown, untried field in September, 1835, and reached India the following February. Their first station was Vizagapatam, that most favored port on the east coast of India looking out over the blue waters of the great Bay of Bengal. Behind the city rise the green foothills of the Eastern Ghats, while



MISS K. S. McLAURIN
Author of Part Two.

at its feet stretch miles of beautiful curving beach. In after years Vizagapatam became one of our own stations. After a short residence here, Mr. Day deemed it wise to go farther south, and finally settled at Nellore. The mission which he founded there had a hard struggle for existence for the first quarter century. Converts came very slowly and the Society at home grew faint-hearted.

In 1846, when Mr. Day came home ill on his first furlough, he found the executive committee discussing the "propriety" of abandoning the Mission—*his Mission*. This was his welcome home! "Abandon the Mission!" he entered such an emphatic (and, we can imagine, indignant) protest that the committee hesitated . . . decided to "await the indications of Providence." Providence indicated its leading by putting into the heart of Rev. Lyman Jewett and his wife a strong desire to go to the rescue, and at the Annual Meeting of the Society at Troy, New York, in 1848, it was decided to send them out as reinforcements along with Mr. Day. Thus the life of the Mission was saved.

That was a momentous gathering, in that it settled the fate of the Mission, and it was opened with prayer by Rev. John Bates, a visiting home missionary from Ireland—another link in our marvellous chain, for this man, who was born in England the same year that our first link, Mr. Sutton, went to India, was destined to have a great influence on our future foreign mission enterprise. He had come over to raise funds for his mission amongst the Roman Catholics of Ireland. He did not secure much money on this trip, but God was getting him ready to make a big contribution to India. He had tried, himself, to go as a missionary to Jamaica, but had been prevented for reasons of health, and had turned to work amongst the Catholics. Now, owing to the friendly connections he established on this visit to America, and to the opportunities that were offered him then, he was led to enter the service of the New World that was then

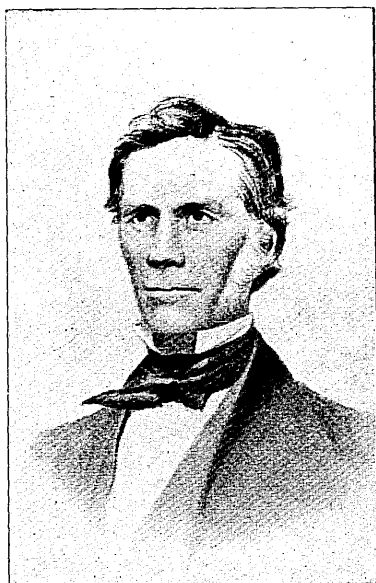
opening up in the American West. In 1850 he brought wife and family in a sailing vessel over the Atlantic, to settle in a new home in Cascade, Iowa. And in that family were two new links for our chain, for when little Jane and Mary Bates crossed the sea again it was on their way to India as our missionaries.

In 1853, when their missionaries were safely far away, out on their field, this time, the question of the abandonment of that Telugu Mission again came up before the American Baptist Convention. It was presented to the delegates in the form of an alternative—either abandon or reinforce the work—following the report of a deputation of two men who had visited the Mission at its one station, Nellore. The fate of the Mission was again hanging in the balance. Only two converts had been baptized in Mr. Day's first term and three in his second; making five in all since they had sent him out in 1835, eighteen years before. And it was costing them \$3,600 a year!

There was need in Telugu land—appalling need. The night was dark, with only one star. Millions awaited a dawning that seemed, to impatient mortals, destined never to arrive. Across the Bay of Bengal, a thick cluster of stars on the map indicated the more successful stations of the American Baptist Missionary Union in Burma. On this side of the bay, one lone star stood for their single station and its five converts, Nellore. The question was, should they quench it, strike it off the map, or put another one there with it?

Only five baptisms in eighteen years! Three thousand six hundred dollars every year! How hard it was to decide!

The meeting broke up that night in troubled indecision. Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," was one of the delegates and his poetical imagination was fired by the term "lone star," as applied by one of the speakers to Nellore. That night,



REV. S. S. DAY
First American Baptist Missionary to the Telugus



RAMAPATAM MISSION BUNGALOW
Here the Timpanyes lived and here the McLaurins joined them upon their arrival
on the field

before he slept, God's spirit moved him, and he wrote. Next morning the paper was handed to the chairman, and standing on the platform there before the people, he read the following poem:

"Shine on, 'Lone Star!' Thy radiance bright
Shall spread o'er all the eastern sky;
Morn breaks apace from gloom and night;
Shine on, and bless the pilgrim's eye.

"Shine on, 'Lone Star!' I would not dim
The light that gleams with dubious ray.
The lonely star of Bethlehem
Led on a bright and glorious day.

"Shine on, 'Lone Star!' in grief and tears,
And sad reverses oft baptized;
Shine on amid thy sister spheres.
Lone stars in heaven are not despised.

"Shine on, 'Lone Star!' Who lifts his hand
To dash to earth so bright a gem,
A new 'lost pleiad' from the band
That sparkles in night's diadem?

"Shine on, 'Lone Star!' The day draws near
When none shall shine more fair than thou;
Thou, born and nursed in doubt and fear,
Wilt glitter on Immanuel's brow.

"Shine on, 'Lone Star!' till earth, redeemed,
In dust shall bid its idols fall;
And thousands, where thy radiance beamed,
Shall 'crown the Saviour Lord of all.'"

It went straight to the hearts of the people and they voted to continue the "Lone Star Mission."

Yet once more, but for the last time, in 1862 the question of abandonment came up—at home, of course; never out there on the field. The first time a missionary had saved the life of the enterprise; the second, a poet. This time a missionary had again to save his Mission. Mr. Day had been obliged to permanently retire, through repeated illness, but Mr. Jewett came home while the question was under discussion. The executive committee waited upon him. "Would he counsel abandonment? Would he surrender his position?" They little knew their man. Not he! Not the man who had bap-

tized Julia and Kanakiah; who had mounted Prayer-meeting Hill near Ongole with his wife and two earnest native helpers and, after all had prayed in turn, with prophetic faith and vision claimed the country for his Master; who knew how hearts in India were praying for his safe return; who had heard the sound of "a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," and had written home "They will soon come in crowds."

Not he, indeed! He intimated, to the contrary, that whatever their decision might be he was resolved to return to the work with God as his help and support and, if need be, die there. "Well, then," said the secretary, smilingly, "We must send some one with you to give you Christian burial in that heathen land." Rev. J. E. Clough was the man they sent back with Mr. Jewett in 1864, to bury him. But neither man had a mind for a funeral, and indeed there was no need. With their return the Mission entered upon a new era. Dr. Jewett lived to see his toil rewarded and his faith justified. The crowds he was looking for came before he had to lay down his work and be gathered to his fathers.

Never again was the painful question of abandonment raised. The "Lone Star Mission" was saved three times to a glorious future. And the words of the last stanza of the poem that once saved its life were literally fulfilled.

"And thousands, where thy radiance beamed,
Shall crown the Saviour Lord of all."

These were God's men and this the victory of their faith. He sent them out—the dauntless pioneer Day, with his patient endurance and faith; the saintly scholar, Jewett, and the forceful Clough—all men of intense spiritual power and strong evangelistic zeal—to open a way where we should follow into the heart of Telugu-land.

CHAPTER II
THE SEERS

Men that had understanding of the times, to know what
Israel ought to do.

—CHRONICLES

OUR DUTY

The great world's heart is aching, aching fiercely in the night,
And God alone can heal it, and God alone give light;
And the men to bear that message, and to speak the living word,
Are you and I, my brothers, and the millions that have heard.

Can we close our eyes to duty? Can we fold our hands at ease,
While the gates of night stand open to the pathways of the 'seas?
Can we shut up our compassions? Can we leave our prayers un-
said

Till the lands which Hell has blasted have been quickened from
the dead?

We grovel among trifles and our spirits fret and toss,
While above us burns the vision of the Christ upon the Cross;
And the blood of God is streaming from His broken hands and side,
And the lips of God are saying, "Tell my brothers I have died."

O Voice of God, we hear Thee above the shocks of time;
Thine echoes roll around us, and the message is sublime.
No power of man shall thwart us, no stronghold shall dismay,
When God commands obedience and love has led the way.

—FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

CHAPTER II

THE SEERS

AND NOW the scene of our story shifts. We are in Canada. While thus the early missionaries of the American Society were toiling to establish the Mission in India, coming home at intervals to snatch their darling from an untimely end, what were Baptists in Ontario and Quebec doing? Had they any interest at all in the efforts of their American brethren to spread the Kingdom in India? Events prove that they had. Their forces were in those days few and scattered, and all of their organized effort was spent on the home field, which, in the then new state of our country, presented very urgent and ever-expanding opportunities. Nevertheless, they had a heart for the needs of the world, being kept informed by items of missionary news from every quarter of the globe that appeared from time to time in the columns of the *Canadian Baptist*. But their attention was especially directed to India and the Telugu Mission, and their interest therein constantly stimulated by visits from returned missionaries from over the border. The pioneer Samuel Day, of Nellore, who was Ontario-born and bred, and Rev. W. L. Douglass visited our churches and Associations while on furlough; the former for a time acting as foreign mission agent of the American Board for Canada.

An interesting incident of Mr. Day's sojourns amongst us introduces us to another link in our chain. Away back in 1858 he visited the home of Mr. William Craig, of Port Hope, who, amongst the many who gave, was our earliest regular contributor to the Telugu Mission, and for some years after its organization continuously one of two vice-presidents of our Canadian Auxiliary Society. In that home there was a little six-year-old lad who called the visitor "Mithter Day." And they

tell us how "Mithter" Day took the little fellow in hand and patiently taught him until the lisp was overcome; and in so doing made perhaps his greatest contribution to our future enterprise in India. For now, with a fluent and flexible Telugu tongue in his head, our honored senior missionary, John Craig, has been, for forty-seven years, preaching Christ in sermon and song in scores of towns and villages on our Telugu field. They came, these messengers of God to us, with many a strange, heart-stirring tale of the dark and cruel deeds of heathenism as practised on the Telugu field; the while they brought to our fathers the challenge of unrivalled opportunity for Kingdom-service in that distant land. They told of a people allied to us by ties of kinship in that they sprang from the same Indo-European family, a people of fine physique, attractive appearance, intellectual gifts and spiritual perception. They had curios to show to illustrate their manner of life, and songs to sing—strange-sounding words set to sweet minor strains of ancient "Tellingana," as the oldest records have it—strains of a haunting sweetness that strangely moved the heart. A deep impression was made upon our people by the message and the spirit of these warriors from the front, and everywhere they went they met with hearty welcome and liberal response. Interest accumulated which would soon demand more definite and direct expression than the rather desultory and occasional contributions which found their way to the American treasury.

As far back as in 1857 the question of more definite participation in foreign missions was discussed at Convention in Woodstock, and Rev. Chas. Walker, of Font-hill, was appointed to prepare and deliver a paper at their next yearly gathering on "Ought Canadian Baptists, as such, to Have a Foreign Missionary Society; or, Ought They to Co-operate with Existing Organizations?" For some unknown reason the paper was never presented, and the subject remained in abeyance for nine more years—years, however, in which God was at

work preparing and calling His men, men upon whom He had placed His hand and to whom He had given His spirit. One of them was away down in Iowa—our link from Ireland. God needed him here to help lead our people on and out into larger service, and so, in 1856, we find John Bates and his wife visiting relatives from the "old sod" in Cooksville, Guelph and Princeton. Our Great-heart, Dr. Fyfe, was then pastor of Bond St. Church, Toronto, and him, also, they visited. That was really an important meeting, because it brought together the two men who were to be, under God, our future leaders in the foreign mission enterprise. Dr. Fyfe was, at the time, much engrossed in the consideration of plans for the education of Canadian young men for Christian service—plans which were shortly to materialize in the building and founding of the Canadian Literary Institute—now Woodstock College. He spoke of his ideals to the visitor from Iowa, who proved to be a most sympathetic and responsive listener. They talked, and talked long—and it was perhaps then, through that contact, that God's call to Canada first found John Bates. He heard of the great opportunity for service here under the old flag—and he was a loyal Britisher. Within the next three years he received two calls and made two attempts to live and work in Canada, but was obliged to give up each time and return to Iowa.

Now it is 1860 and Dr. Fyfe has come to Woodstock to be principal of the newly-founded college. And that fall there entered the class a handsome young man of twenty from his father's farm in Elgin County. He was short and quick of movement, with red, red lips, black hair and flashing brown eyes set in a face alert and eager, and he bore the somewhat high-sounding but arresting and unforgettable name of Americus Vespuccius Timpany. A prophetic name it proved to be, for that boy was destined to be our discoverer and explorer of the "regions beyond," new and untried realms of endeavor and conquest. He had been a year at college when, in December,

1861, came up from the Ottawa Valley another young man, of Scottish descent. He was tall and slender, with dark hair and gray eyes deep-set under a high forehead. He had won his way to college by his own unaided effort and the "good hand of the Lord upon him," and he registered with an air of quiet confidence and determination the good Scotch-sounding name of John McLaurin.

It was three years after this that John Bates received his third call to Canada. And in spite of former disappointments he tried again. He came, and this time to stay. In 1864 he became pastor of the church in Dundas, and in 1867 moved to Woodstock to be pastor of the church there. Strange to us may be God's leadings, but sure, above all question, are His ways.

Woodstock! Let us linger just a moment on that name, for it is a name precious beyond words to many, and fragrant with a thousand holy memories of the past. For in those early days it was for us a battle ground, a stronghold, and a place of victory—an Ebenezer, a Bethel, and a Mahanaim, all in one. And the great man at the head of the "College on the Hill" with the beloved "Father Bates" in the maple-shaded church down in the town, were the men whom God used largely to make it so. Deep in each other's confidence and counsels, working together as one man for the furtherance of God's cause at home, and always in the van where sacrifice and labor were involved, what wonder was it that when India's call came with more insistent urgency to Canadian hearts, it found these two men ready—aye, ready!—to follow, and to lead? For the time was drawing near. How wonderfully God works! All the links he needed now he had gathered to Woodstock—for the joining. The principal of the college, the pastor of the church; two students in the college, and in the pastor's home two daughters—but wait! *That's* another story.

'Twas the fulness of time, when one day in 1866 Prof. J. E. Wells, of Woodstock College, then newly arrived from the Maritime Provinces, where foreign mis-



REV. JOHN BATES
Pastor of the Woodstock Baptist Church.
First President of the Canadian Baptist
Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario and
Quebec and Father of Mrs. Timpany and
Mrs. McLaurin



DR. R. A. FYFE
Founder and Principal of Woodstock Col-
lege, First Chairman of the Canadian
Auxiliary to the American Baptist
Missionary Union



sionary interest and activity were more advanced, asked Dr. Fyfe a question. "Why," he said, "are Ontario Baptists doing nothing for foreign missions?" And he added, "It's a shame."

"A shame!"

It was enough. God's hour had struck, his man was ready, it only remained to sound the advance. Americus Timpany was now completing his literary and theological course at Woodstock, and had already made known to Dr. Fyfe his intention to offer himself for foreign mission service. Dr. Fyfe heartily approved, warmly supported him in his decision and advised that he apply to the American Board. Why shouldn't Canadian Baptists send him as their own missionary? Surely all things were now ready! Prof. Wells' remark to Dr. Fyfe fell into prepared ground, and as a result a letter went from Dr. Fyfe to Dr. Murdock, Secretary of the American Baptist Board at Boston, inviting him to be present at the next meeting of the Convention at Beamsville, in October, 1866. Dr. Murdock came, and besides giving a stirring address which called forth a resolution, carried unanimously, pledging Ontario and Quebec Baptists to "Renewed interest, greater liberality, and closer co-operation in the foreign mission enterprise," he met a committee of the Convention and with hearty good-will placed the services of himself and his Board at the disposal of the Canadian brethren in their undertaking to co-operate on the Telugu field.

The next day they brought in their report and the "Canada Auxiliary to the American Baptist Missionary Union" was organized. Dr. Fyfe was chairman of the historic committee which met Dr. Murdock that eighteenth day of October, 1866, in the parlor of the Baptist parsonage at Beamsville. The other members of the committee were Dr. Caldicott, Rev. Hoyes Lloyd, Rev. Daniel McPhail, Rev. Wm. Stewart, and Rev. John Alexander. Mr. Stewart was appointed secretary and T. S. Shenstone, Esq., of Brantford, treasurer. All

these are names held in high honor and loving reverence amongst us to this day. "It was further arranged," says the report, "that *our missionary* should be examined and accepted by the American Board, and should go out under their direction, while they should act as our agents in transmitting to him the means of support." So the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec now definitely committed themselves to foreign mission work in India.

A few months later, early in 1867, "our missionary," A. V. Timpany, went to Boston, met the Board, was accepted and appointed to the work among the Telugus.

But how was the "Lone Star Mission" faring?

In January of that same year Dr. Clough was on tour on his new field, Ongole, and wrote home from his camp at Tullakondapad: "I pitched my tent in a fair tamarind grove and sent word to the villages around that I had come to see them and tell them about Jesus. The word soon spread, and the next day between thirty and forty men and women appeared before the tent, with provisions for four or five days and an entire change of clothing to put on when they should be baptized. Then commenced in that tamarind grove a series of meetings I never can forget. . . . At the end of the fifth day, twenty-eight were baptized on a profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The meetings and baptisms almost made me think another day of Pentecost was being given to us. I have seen many revivals at home and witnessed many precious outpourings of the Holy Spirit, but I never saw such a blessed time as this. . . . To witness this scene was worth more than I can tell." And this only four years after the American Board had asked Dr. Jewett if he would relinquish the work, and only *two* after he had been sent back with Dr. Clough to give him decent Christian burial if he would be so stubborn as to persist in returning!

A great wave of life was beginning to sweep over the "Lone Star Mission," and Canadian Baptists were soon to be caught up into the glorious power and wonder of it.

CHAPTER III
THE PIONEER

Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred and from
thy father's house, unto the land that I will show thee . . .
and be thou a blessing.

—GENESIS

Not for delectations sweet,
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call—hark! how loud and clear I hear it
wind,
Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to your places,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

—WHITMAN

CHAPTER III

THE PIONEER

A SMALL boy was planting an apple-tree in his father's orchard. He worked quickly and purposefully. It was soon done, and after the last spadeful had been smoothed down he straightened up, looked at the slender sapling and said, aloud: "There! That's my foreign missionary tree!"

He had, as he himself said in after years, as yet "no interest in the Saviour," but the subject of foreign missions was not strange to him. He had heard and read of the need of that great world of men and women "having no hope and without God in the world," and of how few there were to minister to them. He saw that in comparison with those neglected masses "we at home were exalted to heaven in point of privilege," and the sheer injustice of it went home to that sensitive boyish heart. Some years afterwards, now grown to young manhood, that same boy sat upon a log down in his father's woods fighting the battle of his life. Christ was pressing his claims upon him—pressing him hard. He felt that the call to follow Him included also, in his case, the actual, literal "*leave all* and follow me." And it was not easy. He rebelled—"Christ he could love and serve, if only—

Yes, Christ he *must* follow, but—"

There was that far-away "heathen world" that had been with him, and troubled him, ever since he was a boy. What if it should mean that? The thought was terrifying.

Through the trees he caught glimpses of the broad fields of his father's farm—and he loved every acre of it. Home ties were strong—mother, father, sisters, brothers—could he leave them? He looked up—these dear old trees! (The apple-tree was bearing splendidly now and the money all went to missions. Yes; but had he nothing better to give?) Christ was calling him—what for?

The battle raged, fierce, we may believe; how long we do not know. But when Americus Timpany rose up and went home it was with the light of conquest in his eyes; for he was, by an act of his own freely surrendered will, Christ's man out and out, for all he was worth, let come what might. His generous nature knew no half-way measures. The battle was won, and the life with all its promise had been placed at the Master's command. With Americus to believe was to act. He told his father and mother, his brothers and sisters and friends of his decision. And, as we already know, he entered Woodstock in the fall of the next year with the ministry, at least, in view.

College was an enriching experience for one who brought such earnest purpose to it. His youthful determination to serve Christ worthily and with his powers trained and developed as far as was possible, received direction and inspiration from contact with fellow-students and teachers; but most of all from Dr. Fyfe, the principal, whose high ideals and nobility of character could not fail to impress his open, eager mind. His missionary interest was augmented and fired afresh by a visit to the college from the Vintons of Burma, whose names are for ever associated with the marvellous Mission to the Karens. The Secretary of the Missionary Society spoke to him about the great foreign field and brought before him the appalling need of the Christless millions there. And so the great burden of the world's need was laid upon his heart, and remained there until

he was led, in his own words, to "wholly surrender myself." The little apple-tree had borne a splendid fruitage; the battle in the woods had had a glorious issue.

In 1866 he had graduated, and early the next year he went to Boston to meet the American Board, accompanied by Dr. Fyfe and Rev. Wm. Stewart. Sponsored thus, the Board found no difficulty in heartily and unanimously accepting and appointing to their mission amongst the Telugus this man who was the first contribution in manhood of our Ontario churches to India—a link strong and true in the chain that was to bind us to that land.

He returned from that appointment with the spirit of the Lord upon him and spent the summer months amongst our churches telling the story of his call, and of the distant field to which his face was turned. His zeal and enthusiasm were contagious, and one can imagine how he and his message appealed to the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, "from the St. Clair River in the West to Montreal in the East," who gathered in numbers to see, hear and meet their first "very own" missionary to the Telugus. No wonder the response was liberal—in four months he raised \$1,200 for the Auxiliary, and, best of all, the hearts of the people were united as never before in support of the great work.

In Bayham, his own township, the interest was strong, for Americus and his family were well and widely known. His warm and open-hearted disposition had made for him a host of friends, and there were many schoolmates and associates of his young manhood who were filled with wonder and a new respect for the boy they had known, now "going to be a missionary." In fact the whole countryside was agog with interest—it was a real excitement, so that when he came home to preach his last sermon to them, the Baptist church could not hold the crowd that came. They gathered in a pine grove near by, two thousand strong, though many present were

not his personal friends, being drawn as by a magnet to see and hear the young enthusiast. So he preached with words of tender, reminiscent love, and burning, passionate zeal. At the close of the meeting he baptized a brother-in-law, and the next morning left for Woodstock.

Here there was another farewell, attended *en masse* by his college-mates and teachers, and the hand of fellowship from the students was given to him by John McLaurin, who had learned to know and love him well in the close and candid *camaraderie* of college life, and who had more than ordinary sympathy with him in his lofty purpose.

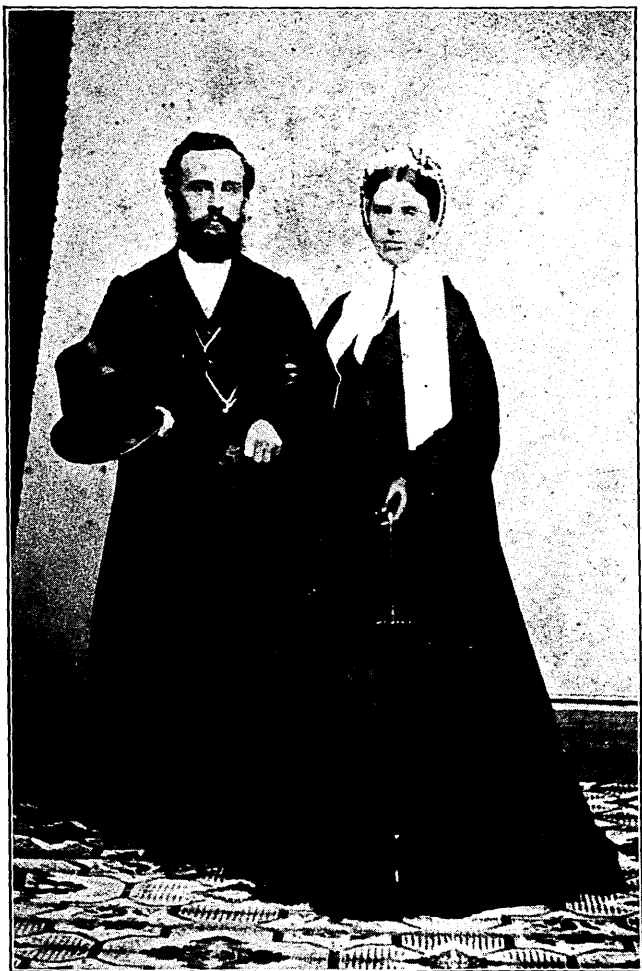
But was he expecting to go alone to that distant field? Ah, no! A little girl, John Bates' eldest daughter Jane, had come all the way from Ireland when she was but ten years old, another link in God's chain, to match this link, and be his mate in far off India! Jane Bates was born in Ballina, Ireland, a few months before her future husband first saw the light in Bayham. Broad seas divided them, but He who has His path upon the great waters could and did bring them together. Three days after she was born her father writes thus in his diary: "Last night I read the first chapter of Samuel, after which I held my little baby in my arms and presented it by faith, in prayer, to God. I look upon it as a loan for a little season, and would wish to bring it up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I have a prevailing desire, if it be the will of God, so may little Jane be the wife of a missionary."

John Bates' children were not only born into but grew up in a strong missionary atmosphere. One of them tells how there was an abundance of foreign mission literature in the home and a children's magazine especially for them. The mite-box was a constant reminder—it stood on the study table, and was presented to visitors. People often wondered at the amount of money John Bates always had ready to give, but their wonder

would have ceased had they known of the continual saving that went on in the home for the Lord's work. "Now couldn't we have done without this and given the money to missions?" was a remark that oft-times greeted the appearance of some extra dainty dish at the table. Self-indulgence was a stranger to John Bates' household. "Plain living and high thinking" was the rule of everyday life. No wonder, then, that when Americus Timpany asked Jane Bates, now grown to sweet, serene young womanhood, if she could give herself to him for the Lord's service in India, she didn't keep him waiting long. The life he offered her was no "love-among-the-roses" existence—snakes and scorpions, more likely! Yes, and separation, loneliness, alien climate, unrelenting toil. But none of these (if she thought of them) kept her back. And so it was settled. The father's dedication vow, made twenty-six years before in the Emerald Isle, was fulfilled, and little Jane became the wife of a foreign missionary on October fifteenth, 1867. An outfit worth \$700 was contributed, and when it became known that a supply of clothing, unprocurable in India, and sufficient to last for many years, was needed, the women of the churches took it up and said, "This is something we can do." In many a home and church-parlour hands got busy sewing. The women of Brantford especially led off with this labour of love. Hearts were warm and hands were deft and the bride went forth literally clothed in the loving thoughts and prayers of her Canadian sisters.

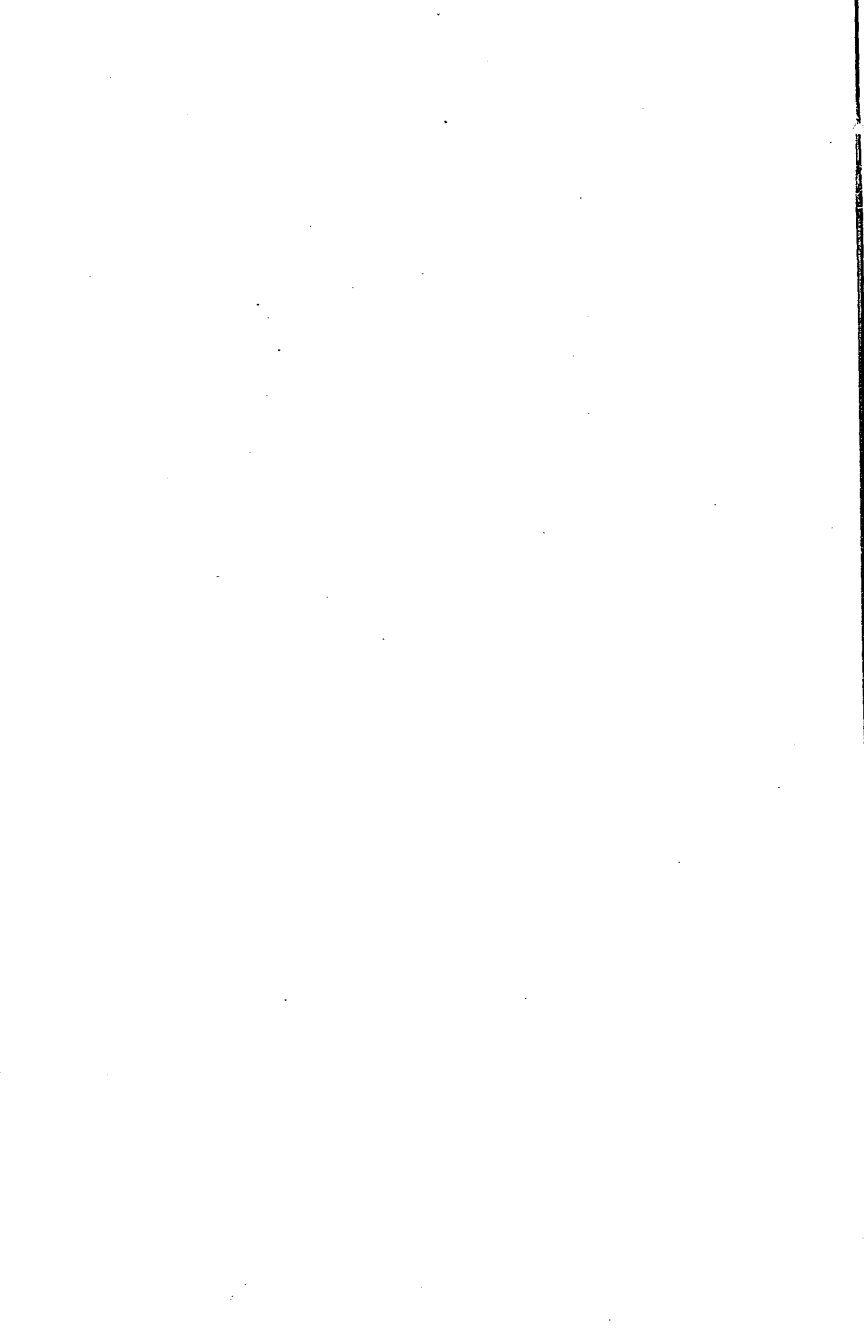
On the evening of October seventeenth Thames St. Baptist Church, in Ingersoll, was crowded to the doors. It was the last meeting of the Convention of 1867, and bade fair to be the best, for on that evening Americus Timpany and his sweet young bride were to be designated, set apart for their work, and people gathered with keenest interest and expectation. The chair was occupied by the Treasurer, Mr. Shenstone, of Brantford, who

from the very first had taken the deepest personal interest in the cause and in the missionaries-elect. He opened the meeting with a few remarks, thanking the audience for the privilege of presiding at such an important gathering, and congratulating the denomination on the new stage they had reached in the great cause of foreign missions. He declined, however, to "make a speech," pleading his inability to do justice to the occasion, and brought his remarks to an appropriate and suggestive finish with a contribution of five dollars to the cause. The Secretary's report, read by Rev. Wm. Stewart, outlined the great advance that had been made since they met last year in Beamsville and pledged themselves to closer co-operation. This report was received and adopted in the usual way. And then the real business of the meeting began. Dr. J. N. Murdock, Secretary of the American Board in Boston, rose and delivered the charge to the outgoing missionary, in words that were kindly, searching, solemn and even stern. He spoke of the trials of faith and courage that were sure to meet him in that "most essential work," but assured him of the love and support of his brethren at home, and bade him remember that God would be his portion and his strength for ever. He closed with a most inspiring reminder to the young man and his wife that they "marched not under the red cross flag of England, nor under the meteor of the country cross the line, but under the blood-stained banner of Calvary, in the ranks of that great host who are well entitled to be called the world's conquerors, proclaiming that inimitable Name before which everything in heaven and earth shall ultimately bow." The air was electric with intense expectation when young Timpany came forward, his face alight with the flame that burned on the altar of his dedication. In earnest words he told how God had led him to the place where now he stood and said, "What I passed through the Lord knows. I thank Him it is



REV. A. V. AND JANE BATES TIMPANY.

First Canadian Baptist Missionaries to India. Photo taken shortly after marriage and on the eve of their departure to India.



all right." Then, turning to his college mates who were there in numbers, he said: "My brethren of my beloved Alma Mater, I charge you before God, and in the presence of these witnesses, that you do not allow our college to lack a man among the heathen." These were solemn words. They sank deep and bore fruit in at least one student's heart in that audience and, to its honor be it said, Woodstock College has, up to this present, kept that solemn charge. He went on in triumphant strain: "Oh, I am glad—it is such a blessed privilege that I am the first-fruits offered by our Institute and by Canadian Baptists to our foreign mission work." Then followed words of tender farewell and solemn charge to all to keep faith with the Lord of the Great Commission. Mothers were to tell their children of the first great missionary, Jesus Christ; fathers must learn to give up their sons.

"When time is to be no more, and we are all gathered to our Father's hearthstone at Home, will we be sorry that we did what we could? Never! Never!! How can I say good-bye? I will not say it. I shall, if I am spared, hear from you; if not spared, remember, young brethren, *you are to fill the vacancy.*"

And with a parting blessing he was done. They sang a hymn then:

"Go spread the Saviour's Name;
Go tell His matchless grace,"

which raised the exultant tone of the meeting still higher, and then Dr. Davidson, Secretary of the Home Mission Society—chosen for this part as an evidence of the union between the two departments of the church's work—gave to the young missionaries in heart-warming words the denomination's pledge of support. Then the collection was announced—and the pent-up emotion of that gathering, which had been growing through the evening in volume and intensity, broke loose, and swept the people into a great tidal wave of giving. The "col-

lection" was taken, but when the Secretary announced that \$50 was needed for the missionaries' outfit and he hoped it would be made up before they departed, that gentleman was soon overwhelmed and swept off his feet by the voluntary gifts that poured in faster than he could record them. They stopped for a few minutes to listen while Dr. Murdock, by request, gave a short account of the Telugus and their country. Rev. John Bates, whose loving heart was filled to overflowing that night, then offered up a solemn dedicatory prayer, commending his daughter and her husband to the watchful care and blessing of God. As he prayed many were moved to tears. And when he closed, the people broke out again. They must give, they would not be denied. The old, yellow, time-worn Supplement to the *Canadian Baptist* says it was next to an impossibility to describe the "scenes of holy enthusiasm and earnest liberality" which prevailed, but it warms the heart still to read about it. "Stop! dear brethren, stop!" cried Dr. Fyfe from the platform. "It is nearly midnight—we must have rest. We will meet again and take your gifts in the morning. Let us be dismissed." In vain. As soon as he stopped talking they began again. God was having *His* way with them. In a little over an hour the \$50 that was needed had been lost sight of in the grand total of \$1,152 which the people gave. The meeting did not break up till after midnight, and before they left the people crowded around the young missionary and his gentle, sweet-faced bride to look into their earnest faces and give them a warm hand clasp and a last hearty God speed. So,

"The tender light of home behind,
Dark heathen gloom before"—

Americus Timpany and his wife sailed from New York for England; to take ship again on the *Copenhagen* from Southampton for Madras. They set out on the

eighteenth of November, 1867, and did not reach Madras until the next year was more than three months old! For their journey took them round the Cape in a sailing vessel, and they experienced all the exasperating and tedious delays and set-backs that attended such travel. They were accompanied by two Telugu women who had been brought to America by some American missionaries, and were now returning to their native land. One of these, Krishnalū, was a Christian, and an intelligent woman, who helped Mr. Timpany to learn, as he said, "just how to wrap my tongue around the long Telugu words," while the ship beat her slow way onward. "They change their skies, but not their hearts, who roam"; and although they passed under strange stars, and looked upon the Southern Cross, unknown at home in their native latitudes, the dear home folk were not forgotten, and letters appeared in the *Canadian Baptist* to apprise them of their progress.

At last they reached Madras on April fifteenth, 1868, just six months, less eleven days, after they left New York. And then in a few days began the last stage of their long journey to Nellore, where Dr. and Mrs. Jewett awaited them, 108 miles up the east coast. Mrs. Timpany travelled in a palanquin and her husband in one of the country carts drawn by a span of oxen. They travelled by night to avoid the extreme heat of the day, for by this time it is May, the middle of the dreaded hot season. Five nights they journeyed through the bright star light; or perhaps the wonderful Indian moon shone down upon them. Caravans of loaded carts drawn, like theirs, by oxen, passed them; buffaloes and cows with loads upon them, native police, foot passengers and droves of goats. Through dark jungles they went and past slumbering villages, with the men swathed in white sheets stretched sleeping on their cots outside, suggestive of so many corpses, till on the morning of Saturday, May ninth, they drew near to Nellore. As Mr. Timpany

jogged along in his cart, sitting with his back turned in the direction they were going, he heard the men say, "The Dora (master) is coming!" And they stopped, for there was Dr. Jewett! He had come to meet them with his horse and carriage, and soon they were once more in a home, in the Mission Bungalow, where, after all their long wanderings, the heartiest welcome in the world was awaiting them.

Oh, what a welcome! The first Canadian Baptists in India! They were soon "surrounded and held by native Christians, weeping, kissing their hands and thanking their God and Saviour for another missionary." As for Dr. Jewett, he writes home thus: "A new era in the history of this mission begins with the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Timpany. We feel the warm hearts of Baptists in Canada beating in unison with our own. We thank God and take courage." So much does it mean to an old soldier when reinforcements arrive!

Mr. and Mrs. Timpany stayed in Nellore until early in 1870, studying the language and getting insight and initiation into Indian life; and although he was often horrified by the glimpses he got, even then, of what he called "heathenism as it is," our missionary found ample compensation for all he had given up that day in the woods, in the interest of the work and in the conquests of the Gospel as he saw them in the lives of the Christians of Nellore. He visited Dr. Clough in Ongole, too, where he saw something of the great movement towards Christianity which had already begun there, and in 1869 he went with him to Tullakondapad where, camped in the same "fair tamarind grove" in which another Pentecost had been poured out two years before, he now was privileged to share with Dr. Clough something of the reaper's joy. He mingled freely with those so lately "turned from idols to serve the living God," and as he now had some command of the language, he was able to preach to them, and wrote home, "Oh, I was paid then

for coming from Canada. The revival is coming, and one hundred are waiting for baptism in Ongole."

By 1870 the work had so expanded that it was decided to open a new station at Ramapatnam, and as Mr. Timpany had the language now and was eager for work, he went there in February of that year with Mrs. Timpany and the little son that had been born to them in Nellore—now medical missionary at Hanamakonda, in the same mission. It had been an inestimable privilege to live with the Jewetts, the inspiration of whose Christ-like lives was a blessing to them. But now the new home must be set up like a lamp in a dark place, in the midst of heathenism, to show the way to those who were astray. Another nucleus of life must be established in the midst of death. Ramapatnam was a small, uninteresting town, the people unfriendly; but this affected Mr. Timpany but little. His hope and courage were unquenchable. He had only a handful of Christians to begin with. The first Sunday he preached to a small company of servants and others in his own sitting-room, and the next month organized a church of thirty-five members. But he was, as ever, full of faith and enthusiasm and had no doubt whatever that the great revival, which had already begun in Ongole and Nellore, would bring great things to Ramapatnam also. And it was even so. That year he baptized seventy; and so fast did the opportunities for increase crowd in upon him that in April he wrote to the *Canadian Baptist* saying, "We could baptize hundreds—but how will the masses be taught?" His lack of trained workers held him back, and in June he was writing again, pleading for money to train and pay teachers for the people who were calling for workers to visit them in their villages. The heart-breaking lean years were over—the fat years had come.

At home in Canada that year it was found necessary, in order to cope with the growing work of the Auxiliary, to re-organize. Consequently at the Convention held

in Queen Street Baptist Church, St. Catharines, in October, 1870, a new constitution was adopted and a full set of officers elected. Rev. John Bates had the honor of being the first President of our Foreign Missionary Society—and who more worthy? What could be more fitting? He held more shares in the enterprise than anyone else, for by this time his second and only other daughter, Mary, had been given to the work. She was “woo’d and married and a’ ” and had joined her sister in India.

CHAPTER IV
THE VOLUNTEER

A still, small Voice.

—KINGS

Till a voice . . . rang interminable changes
On one everlasting whisper, day and night repeated—so:
"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the
Ranges.
Something lost behind the Ranges—lost and waiting for you.
Go! "

—KIPLING

CHAPTER IV

THE VOLUNTEER

ANOTHER orchard—on a farm in Osgoode Township in the Ottawa Valley. The farmer, Duncan McLaurin, loved his trees and tended them carefully. On a day his son John, fourteen years of age, was working with him. They were hoeing down the long line of trees, silent for the most part, as was their wont, when suddenly the boy said, "Father, what would you think if I should be a missionary?" "Think?" The father stopped and looked at his son before answering. He knew his son was quiet like himself, readier at work than at words. But these were tremendous words for a fourteen-year-old, and he knew they were not lightly spoken—deep thought must have gone before. "The thoughts of a youth are long, long thoughts," oftener than their elders give them credit for, sometimes.

What the answer to this speech of young John's was, history has not recorded. Duncan McLaurin was a godly man, one who would deem it only a high honor if one of his boys were chosen for such high service. The brothers and sisters, when they heard of it, were so impressed by the new light cast upon their brother's character by this question—which was virtually an announcement—that they could ever after remember the day, and even the circumstances that gave it setting. He was, to them, henceforth one set apart. His thoughts, evidently, were not as the other farmer-boys' thoughts.

Something made him different, though he remained for some years one of the familiar home circle.

There was a long hard road to travel, before the consummation should be reached. When John McLaurin was born on that Osgoode farm on August ninth, 1839—a little more than a year before his future brother-in-law at the other end of the Province—the township was fairly well settled, but was in what Robert Fyfe, then a student at Madison University, Hamilton, N.Y., called a “destitute condition,” as far as religious privileges were concerned. John’s grandfather, Donald McLaurin, had come with a group of other stalwarts from Scotland and settled in Breadalbane, Glengarry County, sixty miles or so away, where a Baptist church was organized in 1816. But there was no church—not even a regular service in Osgoode then. Later, Rev. Daniel McPhail—a name deeply beloved and revered in the Valley to this day—came touring through the township, preaching and visiting the people in their homes, and doing a grand and enduring work. Robert Fyfe, the student, used sometimes to spend his summer vacations doing missionary work with his friend McPhail in Osgoode. Together they more than once visited the McLaurin home, and the boy John first met him, who was ever after his ideal man, there. Their missionary labors were amply rewarded. Numbers were converted and baptized, and in 1839, the year of John’s birth, a church was organized, and Mr. McPhail became its first pastor. His work bore continual fruit. Revivals were frequent and in a memorable one in the winter of 1854, when Rev. John Edwards of Thurso was assisting, John McLaurin was converted, and soon afterwards, with sixty others, was baptized in the little river Castore—the thick ice having to be cut for the occasion. He was received into the church, and when Mr. McPhail gave him

the "right hand of fellowship," he spoke to him earnestly of the need of laborers in the Lord's wide harvest fields of the world, and in prophetic words asked him to consider whether the Lord were not calling him to serve Him *there*.

During the formative years of his boyhood and young manhood John listened, Sunday after Sunday, to the preaching of this mighty man of God. It was great preaching—plain, searching, forceful. It ploughed deep, it formed character. It deepened one boy's serious sense of duty. It drove home a whisper from God.

And it was reinforced by the simple, God-fearing life of John's home. Every day there were family prayers, with the children reading the Scripture lesson in turn, before the father led in prayer. And there was no hurry. No pressure of farm work interfered with, or hastened, the procedure. So, early in John McLaurin's life, the emphasis was put in the right place—"first things *first*."

Life on a farm "down east" in those pioneering days was no "primrose path of dalliance;" neither was going to school in winter—the only time when farm work allowed one to attend—with the roads often lost in the snow. However, John had a keen thirst for knowledge and hardness was ignored. He walked to school, and has been heard to tell of taking a younger sister on his back to get her through the drifts. He was studious and had an appetite for reading. Books were few in the settlement, but he read everything he could lay his hands upon or borrow—and he read it more than once.

He was serious-minded and persevering, never giving up what he once began, tenacious in purpose, and his life in those early years developed in his character elements of strength and endurance that were to stand him in good stead in pioneering days on the other side of the

world. The rigors of farm life as it was then—his children can remember stories of how he and his brothers heard the wolves howl round about while they watched the lime-kilns burning through the long, fearsome nights—hardened the rugged constitution he had inherited from his Scottish fathers, and put stamina into both soul and body; while never, to his dying day, did he lose the love for the out-doors, and those keen, observing ways that were born of his farming pursuits and recreations.

He "lived in his father's house till he was twenty-one," he wrote, "going to school in winter, working on the farm in summer." And then, after attending grammar school at Vankleek Hill, where he was in the midst of a whole colony of relatives—the descendants of Bread-albane settlers—he went, as we have seen, in 1861 to Woodstock College. "And why did I go to Woodstock?" he says, in answer to a question from a friend. "Because Dr. Fyfe's name was a household word in my father's home, and because it was *in Canada*."

And so, with the call of God that had never left him through all the work-a-day years sounding in his soul, this young man, twenty-two years old now, began his definite study for the ministry, though not yet was it clear that it was to be on the foreign field.

At college he came under the influence of that man who has been called "the imperial Fyfe, a matchless moulder of men," who seems to have been the dominating influence of his life. Here he followed the literary and theological course, amidst the beloved books a-plenty. Occasional ill-health, and the stern necessity for replenishing his meagre financial resources, broke oftentimes into his college course. At one time he taught a country school in East Hawkesbury, Glengarry County, but vacations usually found him preaching in the same region.

In August, 1864, he came to Notfield to help the Rev. E. R. Rainboth in the historic revival begun there

by three newly-converted little girls in his church who held daily prayer meetings with their school-mates, during the noon hour, in the woods adjacent to their school. This revival spread, and swept the district until the entire population was deeply affected.

Mr. McLaurin returned to college in the fall, but left again in May to come and preach in Dominionville and Roxborough for the summer. Under his leadership the Roxborough church was organized at that time, Dr Fyfe being present for the occasion.

Again he returned to college, true to his purpose and his vision, carrying back with him from these frequent sojourns and periods of service in Glengarry the love and loyalty of friends and kinsfolk there. Ties were formed that never relaxed their hold upon him. He was as tenacious of his friendships as of his purpose; and those who knew him, and heard him speak in later years of Glengarry or the beloved Ottawa Valley, could tell by the very tones in which he pronounced the words how dear he held what was to him a sacred bit of "God's own country."

Back at college, life was full of zest and opportunity. Here, too, he found friends amongst the hearts of gold who were his college mates. There was Timpany in the senior class, who graduated a year ahead of him, and whose missionary enthusiasm must have done much to keep the fire burning in his own soul and whose final departure for India moved him so deeply. There was dear "Alec" MacDonald, who afterwards became our pioneer missionary to Western Canada. And there was John L. Campbell—afterwards secretary of the Society when he himself was in India—who was, in college circles, the "Boanerges" to his "Zeus." These three men, in particular, he "grappled to his soul with hooks of steel" in the bonds of a friendship that brightened all

his path through life and was as fresh and dear as ever, to the very end.

And it was there, too, at Woodstock College, that he met Her of the blue eyes, 'witching bright brown curls, and the gay inimitable Irish charm. She was the pastor's daughter and attended classes at the Institute. Mary Bates was born in Banbridge, Ireland, "far away across the sea," in November, 1846, and while her father was pastor in Iowa, had attended Rockford Seminary, Ill., but now she came into his life, a link in the chain that was growing, link by link; the links of God's own choosing, each one sound and true, moulded, fashioned and fitted by the Master Workman himself.

A letter from his former college mate, Timpany, dated Ramapatnam, India, January twenty-three, 1868, gives us an idea of what was transpiring in the life of John McLaurin during his last days at college. We quote:

"*Dear Brother:* What scrape is this you have been at, stealing? Yes, stealing the heart of my sweet sister Mary (Bates)! Well, this is the way the world goes and cannot be helped. It is not good for man to be alone. And, Mac, all I can say is—if Mary is like her sister, who is sitting just now but a few feet away from me, you will think, like the noted Turkish missionary, that you have the woman God ordained for you from before all time. . . . I see, dear brother, that you have taken steps towards coming to India. Our Master knows we need good men here. . . . If it is decided that you are fit for the climate, do not let any one turn you from your first offer 'to India.' In coming to India you are coming to a *world*, to *nations*. Do you understand? During the week of prayer we prayed for two more missionaries; the next day I got father Bates' letter telling of your steps."

John McLaurin graduated from Woodstock College in the spring of 1868 with Mary Bates his promised wife.

So we may presume that it was with a "gladsome mind" he went to Stratford to take up the only pastorate he ever had. He had been student pastor here towards the end of his course, and always spoke tenderly of his first and only charge.

But the greatest question of all was still unsettled, and it was not until a few months later that his mind was really at rest. At Mr. Timpany's farewell in Woodstock Church, the year before, he had given him the hand of fellowship and the promise of co-operation from the students. Mr. Timpany's last challenge, never to let the college lack a man in India, made on that never-to-be-forgotten night at Ingersoll, sank deep into his heart. Something said to him "It all means you," and yet he shrank from the outcome because of a deep sense of unworthiness.

At last he could no longer doubt the meaning of it all. God made it noon-day clear, and hesitation came to an end. The call that had first come to his boyish heart on the farm in Osgoode, and through the years had been taking definite shape, now crystallized in action. He made known his desire and decision to his friend, Dr. Fyfe, who then had the great privilege of guiding another of his "boys" into the official path that led to the foreign field. John McLaurin's application went to Boston, accompanied by a letter from Dr. Fyfe, who was well known there, and his appointment followed. In 1869 he resigned his pastorate and spent the spring and summer months touring among the churches. He had the satisfaction of knowing that, although some were holding back from giving to the foreign work, fearing that the work at home would suffer thereby, for the most part foreign missions were close to the hearts of the people and his visits made him confident of their sympathy and support. The work received a new impetus

from the fact that he, another one of their own young men, had answered the call to India, and henceforward his name was linked with that of Timpany, to be enshrined together in many a home from the "St. Clair River in the West" to his dear Ottawa Valley, "down East." Again the women of our churches responded to the need of an outfit, and hands were full with sewing for the bride-to-be.

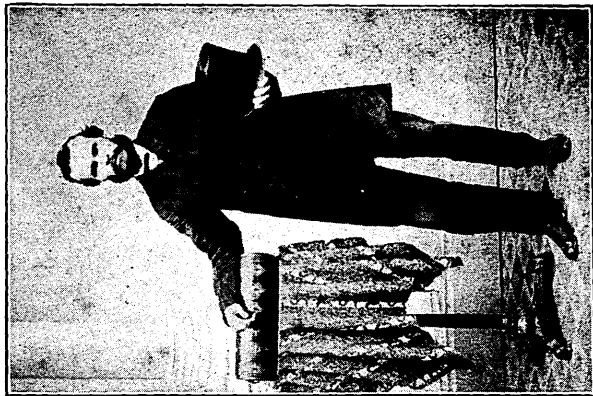
At Woodstock, in the gold and crimson glory of October, they were married, John McLaurin and Mary Bates, and two more links joined together and took their places in the chain that brought us closer, ever closer, to that land once a stranger to us.

The Convention met in old historic Woodstock that year, and on the evening of October twenty-first the McLaurins' designation meeting took place. We have not had preserved for us the same detailed account of this meeting as of the other epoch-making one in Ingersoll, when the Timpanys were set apart. And perhaps the tide of emotion did not rise so high. But evidently the Spirit of God was present and at work, for when the chairman, "Father" Bates, led off with an offering of fifty dollars, he was nobly seconded and supported by the gathering, which in less than an hour gave the magnificent sum of \$1,750.

India was so far away, and so little known in those days, that amongst Mary Bates' friends there were many who thought it an atrocious thing that one so innocent and young should be allowed, much less asked, to go and live there. An anonymous letter denouncing the young man who was "enticing" (!) her, and the parents who allowed it, was received by the family, and this letter Mr. Bates answered that night from the platform. He defended himself for his action, saying it was a joy and honor unspeakable to give two daughters to the Great

FOUNDERS OF THE CANADIAN BAPTIST MISSION TO THE TELUGUS

(Photos taken while students at Woodstock College)



REV. JOHN McLAURIN



MARY BATES McLAURIN

Cause—"and indeed" he continued, "if I were left stripped and bare of all my children, like a forest tree of its branches, I would still rejoice the more exceedingly." More diverting were the private passages-at-arms between the bride and some unco'-cautious ones. "But how *can* you?" said one good lady. "I should think you'd be afraid *you might get among the heathen!*" "Might get among the heathen" was good—the soldier might meet the enemy! And another, an indignant friend of the family, protesting, said: "It is preposterous! I wouldn't go for £1,000!" But the bride only laughed, and flashed out, "Neither would I!"

Alas, the poor ghost of that old ogre, Ignorance, seems to haunt us, somehow (and some *wheres!*) still.

There was unusual delay before the new missionaries could get off, delay which seemed vexatious at the time, but turned out for their good, as it enabled them to join a company of missionaries from the States who were being sent to India by the newly established overland route, i.e., through the Suez Canal, which had just been opened, instead of by the tedious Cape route that the Timpanys had taken. De Lesseps had just completed the monumental achievement which has done so much to bring East and West together, and the ship *Nyanza*, carrying our missionaries from Southampton to Madras, was amongst the first to go through this great "throat of Egypt." It is interesting to know, in this connection, that the great engineer was married shortly after the opening ceremony of the canal took place, so that his "simultaneous nuptials," as the *New York Albion* prettily said, "fitly crowned his simultaneous marriage of the seas."

Our voyageurs had a prosperous journey. They went on a fine ship, the company contracting to give its passengers "every comfort, wines included, gratis." Needless to say this item of the menu was neglected by the

missionaries, much to the curious mystification of most of the other passengers.

They reached Madras on February twelfth, 1870, not quite two months after leaving New York—a contrast to the Timpanys' six-months-long voyage. The vessel anchored in the Roads, and they were taken ashore in a surf-boat, rowed by "fifteen half-naked Pagans." "And so He brought them to their desired haven." They had expected to be met by Mr. Timpany. But mails were slow, and he had not received the letter. They determined to go on alone—quite an undertaking in that strange and foreign land. However, they had made a friend on ship board, one Major Morris, who now proved to be the very friend the need demanded, and by his kind offices they secured the loan of a comfortable conveyance for the long journey to Nellore. The sights and sounds of Madras, "much cleaner and greener than we expected," were very interesting, but enticed them not, as they were keen to go on. So, in a few days, off they went, over the same road that the Timpanys had taken nearly two years before. The newcomers were thrown upon their own resources for the journey. They had no Telugu language, but they did have money in the currency of the land. By dint of a plentiful use of vigorous Anglo-Saxon, with appropriate gestures, and still more eloquent demonstrations of the "pale-gleaming silver rupee," they made their way, and astonished the Jewetts by arriving on the scene at dead of night on Friday, before they were known to have left Madras!

Their first Sunday—such a Sunday! How refreshing was the welcome of the Christian Telugus! With tears and handshakes and embraces they showed the new missionaries what their coming meant to them. How full of interest was the Telugu service, when the people poured out their hearts in their own songs of Zion, while

happy tears rolled down the cheeks of the missionary who listened "enchanted," as he wrote afterwards, "to what seemed to me more musical than any choir or chorus I have ever heard before!" and he fresh from St. Paul's and Westminster in London, where they had broken their journey! Ah, but these were the songs of the redeemed! "*That hour*," he wrote home, "amply repaid me for coming to India."

In a few days on they went to Ramapatnam; and there their journey ended. We may be sure the re-union of sisters and college mates left nothing to be desired in warmth of welcome and response. And so, with "the good hand of our God upon us," as Mr. McLaurin gratefully acknowledges, the new arrivals settled down to "do ye nexte thyng"—the study of the language. This stage of a missionary's life and experience is rarely an interesting one, but it is a very important one, and may be an instructive one, if one can but "possess his soul in patience" to learn many needful lessons, besides those in the language, and "encourage himself in the Lord" during the rather tedious process. "We feel so *dumb*," writes Mrs. McLaurin home, thinking of the voluble myriads by whom they were surrounded. The companionship of dear ones, and the pleasant proximity of the sea, whose billows broke in thundering reverberations on the shore nearby, furnished their background, and, while they studied, Mr. Timpany toured his field and Mrs. Timpany attended to the multifarious duties of a missionary's wife.

The work everywhere was progressing rapidly and converts were coming in by hundreds—by the end of 1871 the Ongole Church alone numbered 1,658 members. They were all from the ignorant, illiterate out-caste classes, who had for generations been oppressed, down-trodden and kept in degrading servitude by the higher castes of society. Their need was great; indeed so urgent

was the call for trained Indian workers to lead and shepherd them that it was decided to open, at Ramapatnam, a theological seminary for the training of evangelists and pastors. It was begun in February of 1872, with fifteen students in attendance. The plan had been for Mr. McLaurin to take charge, and he was actually appointed its first principal. This is interesting to remember, in view of the fact that now, after fifty years, his son and daughter-in-law—John and Mary McLaurin II—are on the staff of the same institution, in which we Canadians are now co-operating with American Baptists in the training of Indian Christian workers and their wives for both missions.

But Mr. McLaurin never acted. For in the meantime it became imperative for Dr. Clough to return to America on furlough, after eight years of almost incredibly strenuous service, and the McLaurins were appointed to take his place at Ongole. This they did, and Mr. Timpany became the first principal of the Seminary, in addition to all his other cares.

Mr. McLaurin went to Ongole in November, 1871, in order to be initiated into his new work by Dr. Clough before the latter left early in 1872, when Mrs. McLaurin joined him there. There now ensued for Mr. McLaurin two years of heavy responsibilities and varied experiences on the largest, most important and most fruitful field in the "Lone Star Mission." When he took charge the field covered an area of *7,000 square miles*; it contained 1,300 towns and villages, with a population of "about a million"! In their midst lived 1,658 Christians, scattered in about 200 villages. This involved long pastoral tours, which took him many miles, through the hills and jungles into the interior, fording numerous rivers on his way to towns which in after years became important stations of the Mission, with resident missionaries and full equipment for work.

There were problems of administration, too, as there could hardly fail to be, with a people who had almost idolized the one who had gone. Dr. Clough had, while with them, identified himself to a remarkable degree with their difficulties in the new Way and with their struggles against the persecution from the higher castes which had followed their departure from an age-long social and religious system. They found it hard at first to transfer their trust and allegiance to the new leader whom as yet they did not know. Distrust, discontent, and insubordination, even, broke out to try him sorely and give him "sleepless nights and agonizing days." In his diary he cries—"Oh, Lord God of Jacob! If thou hast called me to fill this great station, give me all the grace needful for the undertaking." Surely, after all these years, we feel the burden of that cry. And we may, with him thank God that His grace was sufficient, and even as the day so was the strength given, so that he is able further on to record, "I can say the Lord is my helper," and that the victory had been won. Through all the experience and trials of this period, one surpassing joy never failed. He had the supreme satisfaction of seeing many men and women enter the Kingdom. His work was blessed and bore rich fruit. Everywhere he went he gathered them in, until he had baptized 1,200 in the two years of Dr. Clough's absence. This really was a great time in John McLaurin's experience—"my years of apprenticeship" he afterwards used to call it—a time he thanked God for over and over again, in later years. For he knew afterwards that the Lord was trying him then, proving him and preparing him for even greater things. There, too, he saw the triumph of the "Lone Star Mission." He saw thousands enter into life, in response to Gospel preaching. And from that experience he carried over into his real life-work on another field such an evangel-

istic passion, such a faith in the efficacy of the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God," as gave our own Telugu Mission, then only in its founding, the pre-eminent, enduring and victoriously evangelistic policy that has ever been its glory and its strength.

For he was to enter a new door that the Lord had opened for him, and for us, into the north Telugu country, the key to which was placed in his hand by the hand of an Indian brother—Thomas Gabriel.

CHAPTER V
THE ENTERPRISE

Thou hast set our feet in a large place.

—PSALMS

Take ship, my Soul,
Joyous launch out on trackless seas,
Fearless, for unknown shores to sail,
Chanting a song of pleasant exploration
Away, brave souls.
Further and further sail,
O daring joy, but safe.
Are they not all the seas of God?
O further, further sail.

—WHITMAN

CHAPTER V

THE ENTERPRISE

THE LAST link in our chain was forged on far-off India's "coral strand"—really on the strand, mind you! For our little hero was born in Masulipatnam, a British garrison-town on the east coast of India, well up in the Telugu country, within sight and sound of the flashing breakers that come booming in to the beach from the Bay of Bengal—the same great Bay whose waters wash the shores of Vizagapatam, Ramapatnam and Cocanada. Great ocean ships went sailing up and down, and sometimes anchored out there, a few miles off, in the "Roads," to take on, or leave off, passengers—white men and ladies, from England, maybe; or perhaps some Indian merchants, or coolies, bound for another port.

He was born in a humble out-caste home just ten days before Christmas, 1837, bringing joy and gladness to his mother's brimming heart, and to his father a comfortable sense of pride and satisfaction. A boy! Yes, the gods had been kind. But little did the parents dream of the future that awaited their latest born, in the providence of Him who was, as yet, to them "an unknown god." His father and mother called him Marayya, and as his father's family name was Taleru, he signed himself Taleru Marayya when he went to school and learned to write. His father was a servant in the English judge's establishment, and evidently a man with some ambition for this jewel of a son, for he was sent to school. While he was growing up his father moved from place to place—

to Narsapur, where the English Plymouth Brethren had a mission, then to Rajahmundry, where the Lutherans were at work, and always the boy was sent to mission schools. The seed was sown in good ground, for Marayya came to Christ and, when about twenty-two or twenty-three years old, joined the Lutheran Church, taking as the Indian converts often do, a new name. Henceforth he was Thomas Gabriel. Seven or eight years later his parents also believed. In the meantime he had taken up telegraphy and was an operator in the Government Telegraph Department which sent him to Cocanada. How little he knew what God meant by that!

He remained at Cocanada for some time. There was no mission there—not a sign of life yet. It was a large and thriving town of some 20,000 inhabitants, and as he daily walked its streets, going to and fro from his work, getting acquainted, lingering to chat and buy his rice in the busy, thronged bazaar, did he ever, we wonder, feel the darkness and sickness of sin that held those hurrying thousands in a thrall of death? Did he ever ponder on the question of how, and when, and by whom would come release and the good, glad news of Redemption? He had his Bible—did that prophetic passage, “The Spirit of the Lord is upon *me* to preach good tidings to the poor”—ever stir his heart? Probably not; the Spirit of the Lord was not yet come upon him. He was ordered to Bombay. But God had laid his hand on Gabriel and in Madras, on his way, he was stricken with small-pox, and lay ill in a hospital there. Now at this time a native Indian regiment from further up the coast was stationed at Madras. There were many Christians among the soldiers, and they formed a Baptist Church, with Rev. Das Anthravedy as their pastor. He was a true man of God, zealous in the service of his Master. One day he came to visit some patients in the hospital where our friend was lying ill, and brought a message of such power to him, that Thomas Gabriel experienced a

revival of spiritual life and, receiving the Word as Anthravedy preached it to him, was immersed and joined the Baptists. While he was ill, another man had been sent to Bombay in his place, and on recovery Gabriel was returned to Cocanada to work in the Telegraph Office there. He came back to the old place—but he came back a new man, with but one absorbing passion now—to preach Christ to his fellow countrymen. And in order that he might be absolutely free to do this, he gave up his position as telegraph operator with its fine salary, good prospects of promotion and a pension when he retired. This he did, at no man's call or invitation, but in response to the inward urge of his own soul, that he might preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ" without let or hindrance. In that growing city there were none to speak for his Master but himself, and alone and undaunted "he unfurled there," as the Secretary at home said, "the blood-stained banner of the Cross," and began to win souls for his Lord—not very many, but enough to keep the banner floating.

Down in what was known as the Kolair region—now the Akidu field—lived Thomas Gabriel's relatives. By the way, what a good name "Gabriel" was for him to choose for himself that day he publicly confessed the Lord, this bringer of good tidings of great joy! Everywhere he went he preached the great message, and his love for his own people, still sitting in darkness, took him to Gunnanapudi, where they lived. His own sister and her husband, Karré Samuel, were the first to gladden his heart by coming to his Saviour. Then came Samuel's brothers, Peter and Andrew. These three became outstanding men and influential leaders in the work in after years—Rev. Karré Peter, the first ordained minister on the Akidu field and long the pastor of his home church at Gunnanapudi (besides being for years Mr. Craig's right-hand man); Mr. Samuel, the headman of his village; and Mr. Andrew, deacon in the church and a lovable, devoted Christian.

For a time Gabriel worked with the English Plymouth Brethren in that region, but not for long. For the sake of his Baptist convictions he wished to be independent, so he opened a tannery in Cocanada that he might support himself and family while carrying on the work which he now called the Kolair Mission. A church of 150 members was gathered out, and preachers, teachers and schools were needed. But the tannery, which was to have provided financial support, failed, and Mr. Gabriel was in deep distress. In his trouble he called upon the Lord to show him how the Mission might be carried on, for he had no foreign support or backing whatever, no missionary connection anywhere. Only in the Lord Jehovah was his strength and trust. In answer to his prayer the Lord let him out on a long journey. He thought of going to Madras to get the help of the English Baptists stationed there. So he got a cart and oxen and started out on the long trek to Madras—at least 300 miles away. His mind was set on Madras; his hope was in the Lord. And on Saturday, June seventeenth, 1871, he came to Ramapatnam on the great highroad that led from Cocanada to Madras—from Gabriel's need to God's supply. He planned to spend the Sunday there and, of course, visited the missionaries. Mr. McLaurin, in his study, was putting the finishing touches to his own first Telugu sermon that hot, bright Sunday morning in June, when he looked up and saw through the open door a "nicely dressed Indian gentleman" come up the walk. He was a stranger to him, but he greeted him and gave him a seat. Gabriel sat with the missionary and talked with him till church time, telling him of himself, his mission, his troubles and his quest.

Now, before Mr. McLaurin had left Canada, someone had said to him, "Look out for a Mission for us over there—for Canadian Baptists will never do their best until they have a Mission of their own."

Was this the Mission?

That question, and the answer occurred to both Mr. Timpany and Mr. McLaurin; but the time was not yet. Mr. Gabriel went on to Madras and offered his Mission to the English Baptists, but without success. They could not take it. So he came back to Cocanada, reopened his tannery, and tried again. But he was no business man. His financial difficulties increased. He could not make the tannery go, and was driven to appeal again for help—this time to the American Baptists. They had closed the year in debt, and had already more than they could well carry; hence they, too, could not take his Mission, and again his quest failed. Not one of these ways was God's way. WE needed that Mission, as much as it needed us, and God kept it for us. Mr. McLaurin and Mr. Timpany kept in touch with Gabriel, corresponded with him and helped him with counsel and with money from time to time. Their encouragement must have been to him an indication that help lay in that direction, for in 1873 he appealed to the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec and definitely asked them to take over his Mission. In the meantime the conviction that this was God's call to our churches had grown upon the two Canadians in the field, and letters from Mr. Timpany and Mr. McLaurin, strongly urging acceptance, accompanied Gabriel's appeal. They gave reasons why, in the nature of the case, we should favorably consider it and establish an independent Mission in Cocanada, Mr. Gabriel's headquarters. It was an important and growing town of about 20,000 people, at the outlet of the great Godavari River, on which the commerce of the Telugu River floated down to the sea. It was some 200 miles distant from the nearest American Baptist Mission station; the nucleus of a Mission had already been established by Mr. Gabriel, who had asked assistance from every Baptist Mission within reach, but without success. Surely the Lord meant Canadians to take it up. Our

contributions, which already exceeded the amount of our direct responsibility to the American Board, would justify our taking this step. We could easily undertake it "if," as the Secretary said, "we do anything like our duty." Moreover it was most desirable, for the sake of our own growth and development at home, that we have an independent Mission, thus assuming our own share of the burden and responsibility of the world-wide campaign to bring humanity to Christ. To cap all, and leave us no excuse, Mr. McLaurin offered to resign his connection with the American Board and go to Cocanada as our missionary and take charge.

The Convention met at Brantford that year, and late in the evening of the sixteenth of October, after the platform meeting was over, an adjourned meeting of the Foreign Mission Board took place in Mr. Shenstone's home, to consider the appeal and decide upon action. Mr. Wm. Craig, vice-president, was in the chair at this historic meeting. Mr. Dempsey (some of us can remember him yet!) led in prayer, and then this Macedonian cry, a real call for help, which constituted—as all such calls do—a wonderful opportunity for more extended service, was considered. It almost makes one tremble now to think what would have befallen Ontario and Quebec Baptists if they had turned a deaf ear to that call, or had failed to hear in it the challenge of their Lord and Master, "Behold I set before you an open door which no man can shut."

But the men whom the churches had made the custodians of our foreign mission interests were men who knew God's voice when they heard it. They were no timid, over-cautious souls. They were men of robust faith and clear vision. So it was decided to

TAKE UP THE MISSION!

and Dr. Fyfe was asked to go to Boston to "secure a full and fraternal understanding with the brethren of the American Baptist Board," in regard to this proposition



"THE LONG TREK"

Three hundred miles: two miles an hour



"THE BUSY BAZAAR"

An Englishman here is seen buying fruit in the market while a small boy waits with his basket to carry his purchases for a cent or two

to undertake an independent Mission. Accordingly, Dr. Fyfe went to Boston and on the 28th had an interview with them. The American Board received the proposition with such cordial magnanimity that he was able to bring a highly favorable report to the Board in Ontario, with the result that, the way being now clear, Dr. Fyfe sent a cablegram to Mr. McLaurin at Ongole, as follows: "Go to Cocanada on basis of your letter. Send resignation.—Fyfe." "And thus," at the call of God, in answer to Gabriel's appeal, at the urgent request of their own two missionaries, and under a compelling sense of the unmistakable leading of God, as Mr. Shenstone, in his "Telugu Mission Scrap Book," says, "was inaugurated the Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario and Quebec." The message left Boston at four o'clock that afternoon of October twenty-eighth, 1873, and reached Madras in nine hours and a quarter. Then it had to go by "runners" (mail-carriers) away up to Ongole, a hundred and eighty miles, before it reached Mr. McLaurin, at six o'clock on the evening of November third, to "set our hearts fearing, hoping, trembling and rejoicing," and to put a new song in Thomas Gabriel's heart.

The decision to undertake an independent Mission in India was joyfully and enthusiastically welcomed by the churches at home, and the first result of this active faith—"venturing upon God" as some one has called it—was a great wave of revival which broke over the denomination, bringing numbers into our churches. "Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down and running over."

How this message was received by our missionaries in India may best be known by an extract from a letter written by Mr. McLaurin to "Father Bates"; . . . "I am glad you all feel as you do about the Independent Mission; not because we feared it was not right, but we dreaded the want of unanimity. We feared lest you *all* would not join us with *all* your souls. The Lord has in

this heard another of our cries. We were very thankful for the very hearty manner in which the Boston Committee acted. I did not believe they would do otherwise, though the mere 'peradventure' would disturb us a little now and again. But I must say that this is only in perfect keeping with the way in which they have treated us ever since we left them. I feel happy in leaving them in this spirit. I consider their prayers, sympathy and aid a great blessing. Of course, the presence of Christ is a greater blessing—the greatest blessing, indeed. And we feel like Moses when he said, 'if thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence.' If we are in Him and He in us we shall be successful."

Although he would not be free to leave Ongole until Dr. Clough's return, Mr. McLaurin at once sent his resignation to the Board in Boston, and Dr. Murdock, the Secretary who had welcomed him to their ranks just four years before, sat down and penned the following letter, which must have brought joy and strength to the heart of one who was leaving them for a new and untried field:

"*Rev. J. McLaurin,*

"*My Dear Brother,*—Your letter of November 12th, resigning your work as a missionary of the Union, with one bearing date November 27th, came together. At the last meeting of the Executive Committee I presented these letters, and the resignation was accepted, not as our choice, but as a necessity which we recognize as a Providence.

"The committee, in taking official leave of you, desire to reciprocate, in the fullest sense, the kind expressions which you have used in reference to them. You have enjoyed from the first, and do still, their entire confidence, and the Christian affection of the committee, and they part from you with a regret which is only relieved by the consideration that you are going forth to a new field of great promise, and that the result of the

new enterprise promises to be the enlargement of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

"For myself, I close our official correspondence with unaffected sorrow. My relations with you have always been pleasant, and I have regarded your course with unalloyed satisfaction from the day you entered upon your work. I have trusted and loved you, and shall trust and love you still. And my prayer will be that the Lord may reward you abundantly for all you have done, and that He will give you much fruit in your new field.

"Always affectionately,

"Your brother,

J. N. MURDOCK, *Cor. Sec.*"

Dr. Clough returned to Ongole early in 1874, leaving Mr. McLaurin free to follow the instructions conveyed in Dr. Fyfe's cablegram to go to Cocanada. So they went, leaving the Timpanys in Ramapatnam, where the little church of thirty-five had grown to six hundred and seventy-five.

The Ongole chapter of John McLaurin's life and our foreign mission experience was closed. We take leave of the Lone Star Mission, and venture upon our own. The one who was to be its founder had won his spurs and had gained experience for the combat that was to face him on another field.

The last days in Ongole were happy ones. The erst-while rebels were long since all won over and were now united with him in the bonds of love. Another letter to "Father Bates" tells the tale. We quote: "Let me tell you a little affair that happened last week. Rungia, the Head Catechist, asked us to go down to the chapel after morning prayers. We received the invitation fearing, wondering, hardly hoping, and looking foolish I suppose! However, we went. When we stepped inside all who were there, men, women and children, stood up and made a profound salaam. We took seats prepared

for us beside a table, and looked sheepishly around. All were smiling and seemed vastly pleased. After a pause Rungia arose and read a real, good, sensible Christian address, of which you would not be ashamed had you received it from Woodstock. At the end of the reading he came and placed a little bag on the table, containing something for us. He gave the wondering children a nice blue parasol and two beautiful little vases for flowers. I tried to say something in reply (and I used to flatter myself that I could get up an impromptu address without much trouble) but an inconvenient lump would rise in my throat and stopped the flow of eloquence. Oh, we were a pleased, proud, amazed couple going back to the house that day—pleased and proud that God had given us grace to win so many people's love, for it was nothing else than a love-gift; amazed, because we could not conceive where it could have come from. Remember this is a famine year, and the people have been living on faminations, and especially the last month I had stinted them till I was sorry for them, on account of having exceeded my appropriations during the *severe* months of October and November. Nothing but hungry stomachs or something of that kind, can make it up. 'But how much was it?' you ask. Ah, we did not know then. We came up to the house, and looked at it and felt like opening it!—and still hesitated. At last Mary succeeded in loosening the strings and counted out 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60 rupees, or \$30! Oh, how we felt!—so much from such a people. What shall we do with it? 'Give it back of course.' No, we dare not do that. We must take it and determine that as we cannot give back individually we shall see that their school, or chapel, are the richer for it. But the address shall be a precious legacy."

CHAPTER VI
ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,
Because
He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor;
He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted,
To preach deliverance to the captives,
And recovering of sight to the blind,
To set at liberty them that are bruised,
To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

—ISAIAH

Then said his lordship (piously),—"Well, God mend all!"
"Nay . . . Donald, we must help Him mend it."

—CARLYLE

CHAPTER VI

ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

BY MARY BATES McLAURIN

THE HOUR had struck for the founding of the Canadian Baptist Mission. Two golden years of sowing and reaping had been passed in Ongole. We felt rich in the affectionate gratitude of that great Telugu Brotherhood who sent us away on the wings of prayer after a farewell meeting, when we were presented with a purse and a tender address of which one sentence alone is remembered—"having loved, loving, we will love you"—strikingly beautiful as expressed in the idiomatic Telugu tongue. Then away, scarcely knowing whither we went. We had seen the face of but one person from Cocanada, Thomas Gabriel; and the only thing we had heard about it from a European was that it was "too wicked a place in which to start a mission!" En route to Madras, through which we must pass on our way to Cocanada, cordial good-byes and good wishes were showered upon us by friends, white, black and brown; so was all our pathway "paved with love and canopied with prayer." In Madras the saintly Dr. Fenn, Secretary of the great Anglican (C.M.S.)—Missionary Society, congratulated the adventurers, saying, "I am glad you are going to Cocanada. It is an important place and too long neglected. May the Lord give you a sure footing in that needy city." We needed the cheer of these kind words later.

A coasting steamer took us from Madras to Cocanada (there was no railway then) in forty hours. Landing on the wharf, there was no one to meet us. While waiting, an Indian port officer took pity on us, called us to his verandah nearby, and kindly gave us shelter from the burning heat and glare of the sun, until Gabriel made his welcome appearance, and conducted us to extremely humble quarters. Now, our good Gabriel was inclined to extravagance. He had been warned against this in getting a place for us; so he went to the other extreme and engaged a native house right in a crowded, noisy, vile-smelling bazaar, the back door opening close to a tannery yard. Something of a joke, perhaps! He would usher in the missionary on a plane of economy that would suit even *his* ideas!

The swift tropical twilight was falling when we entered our "home." A lighted wick floating in a tiny earthenware cup of oil dimly lit the scantily furnished room. We were thankful when a dish of rice and curry appeared. The two little ones had been settled for the night with what scant comfort we could command, when a courtly English gentleman appeared at our door and introduced himself as Mr. Bowden, a business man of the city. He had noticed in the list of passengers arriving that day the name of a missionary, and was trying to find him out. Truly a ministering spirit from our Father he proved to be. He wanted to remove us at once from the sweltering heat, mosquitoes and bad smells, but it was late. Early in the morning, however, his carriage conveyed us to his hospitable home, and he gave himself to helping us find a suitable place of abode. This beginning of kindnesses was followed by many others in times of need, and to this day Mr. and Mrs. Bowden remain the honoured friends of all our missionaries.

Cocanada! And what did the eager missionaries find? A city of 20,000 inhabitants including 20 or 30 European government officials and business men; a lively export trade in cotton, tobacco, rice, oil-seed, and various

grains. There were three cigar factories—and every man, most women, and many children smoking. There was an Anglican church in charge of a government chaplain, whose last days before leaving on furlough were disturbed by the advent of the “Anabaptist” missionary, against whom he warned his people as being “a wolf in sheep’s clothing who had come to rend the flock.” There was no other church or religious body save the Roman Catholics, who, firmly established with a large church and school buildings, were already making a bid for the education of the Anglo-Indian youths of the country. On every hand were towering idol temples and tawdry wayside shrines, and the people, but for the little handful gathered out by Gabriel, were wholly given to idolatry. The activities of the “Anabaptists” (by which name we were constantly alluded to in the local press) were more fully than truthfully commented upon. But these remarks, as far as personalities were concerned, were allowed to fall to the ground unnoticed. Not so, however, with a strikingly unfair brochure by the missionary of another society to the north. He was located a hundred miles away, and there was no missionary between him and Cocanada, yet he accused the newcomers of “crowding in where they were neither needed nor wanted.” enlarged into a violent indictment against the Baptists in general, and closed with the prediction that the new mission would prove to be a “moral cesspool” and that only! In response to this Mr. McLaurin printed what he considered a suitable reply, and which at least effectively ended the assault from that quarter. *Sequel:* The writer of the above brochure (one kind of a really good man) was a member of the Telugu New Testament Revision Committee which, while in session on the Hills later, was entertained by a lady who was the friend of an American Baptist missionary, and herself the only Baptist in her well-known family. Remarking on this fact, the writer of the brochure asked her how it came about. Her hostess answered, “Strangely enough.

There fell into my hands a tract written against the Baptists by one J. H. It interested me, yet was so evidently an ignorant and unfair estimate of the facts, that I set myself to find out the truth about the Baptists with the result that I became one myself!" In after years the mission to which "J. H." belonged removed entirely and left the field to Canadian Baptists.

But what of the new mission? Heaps of work, many-voiced and most inviting, was awaiting us. Schools to be started, touring to be done, a place for meetings rented and a permanent home secured. So much to be done and a spirit eager to begin—when an unlooked-for hindrance befell us. Through a mistake at home (our people in Canada being new to their part) we were left without money even for daily bread. Reduced literally to the very last rupee, the missionary, with a heavy heart and shamed face—ill with fever, too, that day—set out to borrow from the European merchants. He was an utter stranger—Mr. Bowden being absent at this time—without credit or property. They begged to be excused. A native merchant, who later became a good friend, protected by a pledge of high interest, took the risk and supplied the immediate need. In the meantime the heathen about us made open mock of the missionary who had come to give to them, but who could not even feed his own family. Even the Christians grew distrustful. However, this stage passed, and with money from home came affectionate regrets and apologies. Dr. Fyfe wrote us that he could not get one moment's sleep that night after the news of our destitution reached him.

Means once in hand, the wheels began to move. August ninth of our first year found Mr. McLaurin on tour among the distant villages. At sunset of that day he baptized twelve new converts in Gunnanapudi—making his thirty-fifth a happy birthday. Immediately after this a sharp attack of fever laid him low for some days, when pastor Karre Peter tenderly cared for him and at midnight was overheard pleading in muffled tones

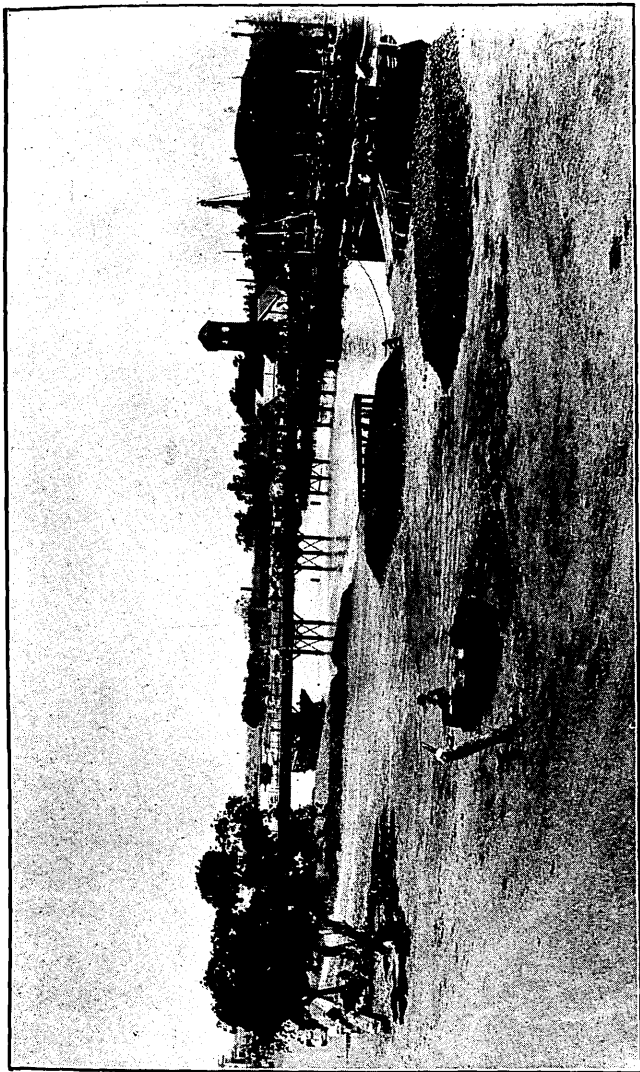
with God for his recovery. A number of promising youths were brought back from this tour and a Normal School for training them was started. A school for girls was begun on our verandah. On the hunt for pupils I threaded crooked streets and dirty lanes, asking the parents to give me their little ones to teach. The bigger girls were all married and done for, as far as education was concerned—unless as zenana pupils in their own homes. But there were objections—"It was not the custom for girls to study. The gods would be angry. What did girls want with reading, anyhow? It was their business to cut grass for the buffaloes." "Teach girls? Better go and teach the donkeys to read." "Reading? No man would marry a girl that could read. She would read his letters and find out all his affairs." This for a sample. All the same the Girls' School became a fact, with the pupils attending Sunday School, and sometimes their mothers with them. The parents were pleased and proud when they found the little girl-things could learn as well as the boys, and delighted to show them off to admiring neighbours in the home, where they repeated Bible verses they had learned, and sang, in their sweet childish voices, "Jesus loves me, this I know" or "What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus." Many a time we have known it to be the songs and prayers of these dear little ones that set the parents' hearts astir with desire for better things. Not so very long ago, Dr. Duff, that master-missionary, had said one might as well try to scale a five-hundred-foot-high wall with bare hands and feet as to gather India's girls and women into schools. Does he know now that there are thousands of educated Christian women in that land to-day?

When we left Cocanada for our first furlough the names of over eighty girls were on the roll. A boarding department for Christian young women was soon added, and not a few of these very first boarding school girls are now women of outstanding character and usefulness

in the Mission. The boys were mostly bright, good lads who appreciated the chance to study, but strenuously objected to the hour of manual labour insisted upon. The advantage of having a garden of their own, and the fact that the missionary, with a spade and hoe, worked with them at first, helped not at all. "If in Canada it was the custom for students to do this, all right," they said, "but not so in India." Here no one would "respect" them if they did hand work. When they came to realize, however, that it was a case of "no work, no school," they succumbed with what dignity they could muster, and the rule then established that brains and hands must be trained together has continued.

About this time a church was organized with Gabriel as pastor, and Mr. and Mrs. Ronchett, Eurasian friends and true yoke-fellows in the work, as the only English-speaking members. A Sunday School for English-speaking children was next in order, there never having been one before; and as, since the chaplain's departure, there was no Protestant service in English, one was begun in the Mission House. The attendance at these meetings grew in numbers, there were some conversions, and until the present day these services have never for a week been discontinued. On the return of the chaplain it was announced that the Mission House service would close; but by request it was carried on, and in 1880, with Mr. Timpany's help, a separate (English) Baptist Church was organized with Mr. Ronchett as deacon. This church now has a beautiful home of its own, erected under the pastorate of Rev. R. E. Smith.

Just as the Mission began to take root in the city and the field to respond more fully to the touch of the Gospel, Gabriel was taken away. Suddenly the call came, just as he was ready to set out on tour. He was burdened for the distant Christians. Some were waiting for baptism; some, alas, for discipline; others for relief from persecution. When patience and trust were urged, he replied, "Oh, I know it is all right, and the spirit is



THE BRIDGE AND THE CLOCK TOWER, COCANADA

The City is divided by this canal into two sections. Here the southern part, Jugganalkapuram, is visible. Messrs. Davis and Laflamme made this clock tower famous as a stand for street preaching

willing, but the flesh is so miserably weak." He died sublimely, as so many Telugus have done before and since. At the last, when his weeping wife and little son could get no recognition, Mr. McLaurin, leaning over him, asked, "Gabriel, is Jesus precious to you now?" A real smile dawned upon the wan face and he whispered back "most precious, *most precious*, MOST PRECIOUS." Thus had the departing soul found sure anchorage.

And now fresh troubles sprang up, at it were, out of the ground. Papers showing Gabriel's indebtedness to the amount of Rs. 2,000 were in the hands of the Secretary at home; but thousands more were now claimed. The impression was abroad that the missionary was responsible for all these liabilities, so now angry and suspicious creditors swarmed around him clamouring for money; angry, because they could get but part of what they claimed; suspicious, because a relative of the family, unworthy of the name, diligently circulated the story that enough money for all had come, but the missionary was keeping it for himself!

This storm over, regular work was taken up again, although in Gabriel's death we had lost, as it were, a right arm. But not many months later Josiah Burder who had first heard the truth in Vizagapatam in a school conducted by Mrs. Day, wife of the founder of the American Baptist Mission (a link in the chain), came to us and nobly filled in our hearts and in the work the place left vacant by Gabriel's death.

It was during our second year in Cocanada that a delightful event occurred. Our brother, A. V. Timpany, came from Ramapatnam to make us a visit. He was on his way to Calcutta, on Bible Revision Committee work, and had come by cart all the way from Ramapatnam to Cocanada, where he would take steamer for Calcutta. We were fairly famished for familiar and congenial companionship. There were mountains of things to be discussed, oceans of sympathetic feelings to be exchanged. At one o'clock of the first night I withdrew

and fell asleep, to the murmur of their voices on the verandah. Daylight—and the murmur continued. Not one moment could those “double brothers,” as they called themselves, spare for sleep! They had talked the night through. Eagerly our visitor was conducted over and about the town and in search of a place for permanent mission premises, as we were still in a rented house. One, but not in the market then, was noted as being exactly suitable, if only within financial reach. There were only three other possible sites—all unsuitable—to be considered. Prospects for a settled home were gloomy, when Raja Rama Rao, on solicitation, promised to give a piece of land that would be in every way suitable. After repeated interviews arrangements were perfected, the land staked out and a jubilant letter written to the Board. This was laid on the desk, however, till the deed should be actually in hand. Instead of the deed came a call from His Highness. He came in truly regal state—handsome equipage, with outriders and a courier running in front to announce the royal visitor. With regret and chagrin he begged to be allowed to withdraw his promise of land. For it joined the Brahmin street, and, enraged at the prospect of the missionary and his “pariah dogs” being their neighbors, the Brahmins had come to the Rajah in a body, declaring that they would dismantle their homes and leave the street if he carried out his intention. He “feared their curse,” he said; so with apologies and promises of help in the future he cancelled the gift. At sea again! But the Lord had better things in store. It was learned that the very compound marked out as first choice during Mr. Timpany’s visit was actually for sale. It belonged to an aged Mohammedan living in an adjoining town. Deacon Ronchett was made negotiator and the place was secured for \$3,000. An English architect who later examined the house gave it as his opinion that it alone cost \$5,000. Quite a stir arose when it became known that this desirable property had been acquired by the Mission.

One of those who had coveted possession went to the late owner, hoping to induce him to break his bargain for a larger price, but the advance sum had been accepted which made the sale final. On February ninth, 1876, we took possession of this beautiful and commodious new home, which came to us as a gift from the very hand of the dear Master himself. Here we had about fifteen acres of ground, fine trees, gardens, wells and outbuildings. Later, when the second payment on the mortgage was due and there was no money to meet it, Dr. Downie, Treasurer of the American Baptist Mission in Nellore, came to the rescue with the necessary amount and saved the situation. Three days after we entered the house Mr. and Mrs. Currie joined us, and from that time the Mission House has almost constantly accommodated two families, or one and a single lady. Under its roof our brothers Timpany and Currie "fell on sleep." Since then buildings for various new enterprises have been added, until to-day the compound fairly hums with cheerful, worth-while activities.

A memorable year was 1875. It was then we welcomed Messrs. Boggs, Churchill, Sanford and Armstrong, with their families. They had been sent out by the Foreign Missionary Society of the Maritime Provinces to the Karens of Siam, but found very few of these people there and the number growing less. In the meantime the heart of the Cocanada missionary was burdened for the Telugu country to the north, and he longed and prayed that the Gospel might be taken to that great unevangelized region. When it was known that the plan for Siam had been given up, letters were written to the stranded missionaries and to their Board, pleading the claims of that northern land, with the joyful result that they joined hands with us on the western side of the Bay of Bengal. The decision of the Maritime Provinces Board to co-operate in the evangelization of the Telugu country brought the greatest joy and satisfaction to all concerned. Mr. Timpany wrote: "Oh,

that Father Bates had lived to see it!" While Dr. Fyfe said he "would like to be an hour in Brother McLaurin's house when the good news reached him," and added that he had never been more thoroughly happy in his life, save once.

And this was the year of our bereavement! Our Father Bates, the first and up till now the only President of the F.M. Society, was called to be at home with the Lord. "We felt almost killed for a week when the news came," wrote A. V. Timpany; and many years later, Mr. McLaurin, in referring to the time, said he knew the very day Father Bates was taken that some one's prayers had ceased—he felt his "right arm grow weak." His letters had been an unfailing strength and cheer, his prayers priceless, his life an inspiration that has grown in meaning and power as the years go by. Truly his path was as the shining light which shone more and more until lost in perfect day.

In 1876 the Curries came. He was a quiet, cultured man, faithful, diligent, and persistent in effort. His knowledge of music and his rich tenor voice added attractiveness to our services, and he inaugurated a new thing—instruction along temperance lines. This resulted in the formation of a Total Abstinence Society, which has been a far-reaching blessing. It was said that till the Canadians came a white skin and a black bottle were inseparable in the minds of both Eurasians and Indians.

An entrance into some high caste homes was secured, where we found fair, attractive women leading most narrow, frivolous lives in their gilded, but unclean, cages. Bible teaching, reading and sewing went hand in hand, and we had some good friends and interested learners in the zenanas, when, in 1882, Miss Frith came to greatly enlarge the work. In India women are less enlightened and more superstitious than men, and resolutely oppose any advance Christwards. This was even more true of those early days before the Gospel had been taken to the homes. An illustration or two of this: There was the

lawyer who came for counsel and prayer. With tears he confessed his faith, but said, "my mother and wife are so bitter they will not let me move. I will come for baptism some time when they are away." There was the youth who said, "No; it would break my mother's heart if I became a Christian. I cannot do what would bow her grey head in sorrow." Madhava Rao, a fine young caste man, asked that he might teach some classes in the boys' school. He wanted no salary, but the companionship of Christians and further teaching in the Bible. After teaching for months he came before the church, was examined and accepted for membership after baptism the following morning. "I must stay with you Christians to-night," he said; "my family will hear of my intention and will not let me come to-morrow." One o'clock the next morning found our moonlit verandah crowded with his friends, who in vehement, but restrained, tones pleaded that he go with them. At one side stood Mr. McLaurin, his arm around him. "Say what you like," the people were told. "He is free to go with you if he wishes. I am here to see that you do not take him by force." They could not move him. To his father, who prostrated himself at his son's feet, imploring him to return, he replied, "My father, I cannot go back. I believe in Christ and I must obey Him." An uncle tried to slip a gold bracelet into Pastor Josiah's hand and thus secure his aid, but it was refused. Then a carriage drew up to the steps. A messenger had been despatched, as a last resort, for the young wife. Overcoming her pride and shyness, she stepped forward, her beautiful baby boy in her arms. With her head on her husband's shoulder, she sobbed out her grief—and he yielded. Placing his arm about her he said, turning to Mr. McLaurin, "I must go with my wife now and comfort her. I will come to-morrow." He never came. Pastor Josiah saw him once after that, a changed man, dishevelled and wild-eyed. His people had drugged him, with the result of at least temporarily disordering his

mind. Many an Indian convert had suffered like him. Rama Kistiah was a man of wealth, keen mind, kind heart, large influence. He set himself to bring about a law permitting child-widows to remarry. His activity along this line made him obnoxious to his caste authorities, who called him to account and warned him that he must drop the whole business or be excommunicated. He asked to be allowed to consider the matter till next day. That night he sent a cheque for Rs. 25,000 (over \$8,000) to the Secretary of the Association for the Remarriage of Widows, then put himself into the hands of his caste men, promising compliance with their ruling. This man, convinced of the truth, said: "If I had only myself to consider, I would openly confess Christ, but it would ruin my family. They would all be degraded in the sight of the people." At the end, however, he was given grace to confess to all about him his trust in the Lord Jesus and had the missionary kneel in prayer at his bedside.

Late in 1877 we had the joy of welcoming the Craigs into the dear fellowship of the missionary family. At once Mr. Craig took charge of the English work, and under his care it continued to expand and increasingly repay for the time invested in its welfare. A keen and careful student, Mr. Craig in due time acquired a conspicuously accurate and fluent use of Telugu—a matter of vital importance.

In the following year we were again bereaved by the death of Dr. Fyfe. Mr. McLaurin revered him as a the guide who had led him into the light when struggling with the doubts and questions of student days, and his love never failed. No wonder when he was gone a sense of real impoverishment remained.

This for a record of some of the early events in the history of our Mission. Thus were laid the foundations for the King's Highway which Canadian Baptists have undertaken to cast up in India, that the place of His feet may be made glorious in that great, grey old land.

CHAPTER VII
IN THE THICK OF BATTLE

Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.

—JESUS

Of all plans for ensuring success, the most certain is Christ's own—becoming a corn of wheat, falling into the ground and dying.

—RAGLAND (C.M.S. missionary to India).

Many sit at Jesus' table,
Few will fast with Him
When the sorrow-cup of anguish
Trembles to the brim—
Few watch with Him in the garden
Who have sung the hymn.

—ANON

CHAPTER VII

IN THE THICK OF BATTLE

WHEN the Timpanys reached Nellore, in 1868, Dr. Jewett, we remember, felt that their coming ushered in a "new era," in that they brought with them the co-operation of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec, newly enrolled for the overseas service of the King.

And it was true. A. V. Timpany could go nowhere without bringing new life and power to the enterprise that was dearer to him than life itself. It was so when he came home on furlough. He left India in 1876, after a term of nine years. What had he accomplished? He had opened Ramapatnam, a new station, in the midst of utter heathenism; toured the field with the result that some 700 or 800 people had been gathered and two churches organized. He had trained a staff of workers from the raw material he had found; built ten chapel-schoolhouses in as many villages, and left ten more in course of construction. He had done important work on a largely representative Inter-Mission Bible Revision Committee. He had erected the Theological Seminary, opened it, and been its principal for two years—and had found time to write a 300-page Compendium of Theology in Telugu! A prodigious worker, truly—ably seconded by his wife, who, while her husband was away on his long preaching tours, stayed at home, the only white person besides her children in all the country round, to look after her own little family and that other larger family of men, women and children who live or

together at every mission compound, insisting with a pathetic faith and dependence that the missionary is their "father and mother" and expecting attention and relief, accordingly, for every one of the many woes and ills that human flesh (and spirit too) in India is heir to.

"She is like her father," wrote her husband home—"does a great deal and says nothing about it."

Then they came home, on furlough, to rest. Rest? Mr. Timpany? He didn't know the meaning of the word. His heart was on fire with the needs of India, and soon he was out among the churches. He went like a flame through the land, speaking with a passionate zeal that everywhere kindled others into action—"One loving soul sets another on fire." Nine years before, he had given his last message from the platform in Ingersoll on that never-to-be-forgotten night. Now he had to tell the story of those years—and a soul-stirring story it was.

The Secretary's report for 1877 says: "The arrival of Rev. A. V. Timpany marked a new period of awakened interest." Truly it seemed as if everywhere he went this amazing man was destined to usher in "new eras," and his very coming home to rest was the means of arousing others to new activity. He certainly opened a new era for the women of our churches, for it was he who set them to work for their sisters in India. It was in answer to his clarion call that they organized for service. It was due to his inspiration and encouragement also that the *Missionary Link* was started as the organ of the newly-formed Women's Societies, and its first regular issue contained an article from his pen.

His brain worked ceaselessly for his beloved Telugus. Gifted with a natural aptitude for the practice of medicine, even while he lived at Ramapatnam he had been able to do much good in this way; but realizing how much more he could do if he had better knowledge, he attended lectures in the Toronto School of Medicine during his last winter at home.

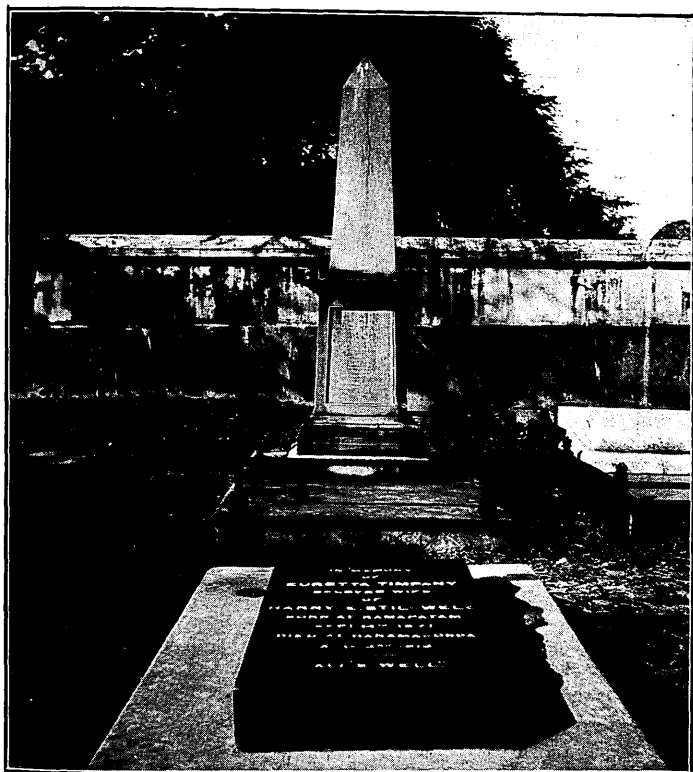
The Convention of 1877 met in Jarvis Street Church, Toronto, and three of our friends were present, taking prominent part in the exercises of the annual meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society, on October fifteenth. Dr. Fyfe, President of the Society, is in the chair. Mr. Timpany is on the platform. He is to speak, of course. But who is the third—the dark-haired young man? He spoke last year, and is under appointment to go as our fourth missionary to the Telugus. This is his designation night. What is his name? John Craig—you heard of him in the second chapter, when he was but a six-year-old laddie. All through the years since Mr. Day had seen him first in his father's home in Port Hope, God had guided him "with his eye upon him," until now here he stands, a man, upon the threshold of his life's great work. "When thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." And He never loses sight.

Mr. Timpany arose that night and gave him the welcome to the work—THE WORK! Be sure he said it in capitals! And so, with welcome and farewell, with prayer and the right hand of fellowship of all God's people in the home churches, another one of our pioneers was sent out. For Mr. Craig must be counted a pioneer. He came to the Mission only four years after it was founded, in plenty of time to share the struggles and hard work of pioneering days. He and his wife sailed for India that fall. And Mr. and Mrs. Timpany sailed the next fall; but before they went our President, Dr. Fyfe, was called away. He had, as we have seen, been greatly used of God in the formation of our Society. His sagacity, courage, faith, vision, intellectual training and deep-rooted devotion to the cause of Christ made him a wonderful leader, whose influence has not even yet passed from us. "Yea, saith the Spirit: for their works do follow them."

When Mr. Timpany returned to India, it was to Canada he went, as the missionary of our own Society.

For he had, at his own request, been released by the American Society, who regretfully parted from one in whom they recognized a worker of exceptional devotion and power. When they arrived in Cocanada in January, 1879, they were cordially welcomed by the McLaurins, who were heartily glad to see the loved fellow-workers and to be re-united in the fellowship of former days. Coming straight from home, as they did, they seemed to bring with them, as Mrs. Currie wrote, "a good gust of home air and enthusiasm to this warm clime;" and the tired, work-worn missionaries on the field feasted their eyes on their fresh, bright faces and and cheered their hearts with good news from home. Mr. and Mrs. Craig, who were studying Telugu, were living with the McLaurins at Cocanada then, while Mr. and Mrs. Currie had gone to take possession of Tuni, our second station, forty miles north-east of Cocanada, up the coast.

In those days Tuni was a real "jungle town." It lay close to the foothills of the Eastern Ghats, and the tangled jungle that covered the hills crept close upon all sides. Tigers often raided the farmers' cattle. Malaria infested the whole region. The main trunk road from Madras to Calcutta—1,000 miles long—passed their door. But there was no railway communication with the outside world. The people, high and low, were prejudiced, proud and ignorant. It was real pioneer work—hard going. "We are," wrote Mr. Currie, "surrounded by the densest heathen darkness. Not another English-speaking family resides in the place. . . . Not another Christian household within many miles. But I do not wish to say much about the disadvantages . . . they are of no account. If our Master honor us with a good measure of success in the work, we shall rejoice to be here." With such fortitude and good cheer did Mr. and Mrs. Currie take up their task, and break virgin soil. They organized a church of



"IN SURE AND CERTAIN HOPE"

The tall shaft marks the resting place of our pioneer missionary: the black marble slab that of his daughter, Euretta Timpany Stillwell, in Cocanada Cemetery



six members, and at the end of three years baptized their first convert. The work grew very slowly in those early years. But it grew steadily, and Mr. and Mrs. Currie were such wise, faithful and efficient pioneers that they laid the foundation truly and well ("none other," in fact, "than that which is laid—even Jesus Christ") for a work which in after years brought rich results.

But Mr. McLaurin was in poor health—after the two strenuous, albeit triumphant years in Ongole, the arduous task of taking over Gabriel's Mission at Cocanada, clearing it of encumbrances, setting it up on a firm, substantial basis, and making it a centre whence the living streams could flow to bless and fructify the surrounding country, had taxed his strength. And he had worked single-handed, except for the brave, resourceful, uncomplaining one who ever kept step at his side, supplementing his work by her own amongst the women and children of the city and the resident Christian community, in labours abundant a good match for himself. It was time for furlough—he was worn out, and the malaria from his long jungle-tours had him in its grip. So, early in 1879, he thankfully gave over charge to Mr. Timpany, the capable, experienced comrade, and in February left Cocanada for home.

They reached Canada in May, and after spending the summer resting—according to a surviving tradition of the elders that missionaries do, at intervals, "come home to rest," a tradition that is now weakening considerably, alas! under the assault of "modern missionary methods"—they appeared at the Convention, which met that fall in St. Catharines.

Mr. T. S. Shenstone, having been relieved of his duties in connection with the Treasury by Mr. T. D. Craig, brother of our latest missionary, was now president of the Society. The deep and intensely personal interest he had taken from the first in our Mission and its personnel had greatly endeared him to our missionaries. It

must have been a great pleasure to Mr. McLaurin to get his welcome home from such a staunch friend, even as it has often been the pleasure of succeeding missionaries to be welcomed home by his son, J. N. Shenstone, Esq., of Toronto, who in after years was for a goodly term the beloved and efficient President of the same Society.

During his furlough Mr. McLaurin was permitted, part of the time, to serve his Alma Mater in the capacity of Professor in the Theological Department. During vacations he travelled among the churches, visiting those whose ambassador he was, and at whose request he had, only a few short years ago, planted the standard in Co-canada. He had much to report. The people were eager for information and he was more than ready to impart it, and to press it upon them the responsibilities attendant upon their action in taking possession of a region containing millions of souls. They heard the story of the new Mission, and were given glimpses of the toils and heart-aches that had marked the pioneer's trail. They were stimulated by accounts of what had already been done, and stirred by forecasts of what conquests awaited them there if, like Caleb and Joshua of old, they could have in them "another spirit" than that of the fearful who doubt, and if, strong in the Lord and the power of *His* might, they would go up to fully occupy the land He had so signally given unto them.

Hearty and glad was the response. The Telugu Mission was deeply entrenched in the affections of the home churches. Many there were who remembered it daily in their prayers and sacrificed willingly that it might prosper. How could they else, when they saw how these two, Timpany and McLaurin,—the names are forever linked together—were giving their very lives, gladly, lavishly, counting everything else well lost, if only the kingdom of the Telugus might become the Kingdom of their Lord and of His Christ?

These two men did as much for their work when at home as when on the field. Not only must the Mission be carried on there—the home base must be strengthened here. And this they were enabled to do, to a remarkable degree, on account of the deep confidence and loving esteem which they inspired throughout the home constituency. While Mr. McLaurin was on furlough at home, Mr. Timpany threw himself into the work at Cocanada with that energy and zeal that characterized everything he did. He attacked the building problem—he was an old hand at that. Soon the mission compound was alive with coolies, and when the McLaurins returned in 1882 a large, substantial new chapel, sixty feet long by twenty-two feet wide, with a terraced roof, a verandah all round and a tower over the front entrance, stood to the left of the gate, close to the south wall of the compound. One of the main thoroughfares of the city runs just outside of the wall, in which an entrance was made that it might be easy for passers-by to stop and come in. The Women's Society of Ontario had sent the money for this splendid building. A few rods away was the long row of dormitories for the Girls' Boarding School, built with money sent by the Women's Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec. Classes were held in the new chapel, which served as schoolhouse as well.

The work was vigorously prosecuted, and many tours were made over the Cocanada field, which then covered territory now known as the Akidu, Ramachandrapuram and Samalkota fields. On October twenty-seventh, 1880, Mr. Timpany writes from the Mission boat *Canadian* to his sister, in Canada, "Among four I baptized last Monday (in Cocanada) was the first caste man baptized in the Mission. . . . It is painful beyond measure to pass, as I do while I write this letter, village after village where thousands of people live and to know that among them all there is not one, even *one*, lover of our Lord Jesus. . . . Some of these things are too

hard for me—why these people should be all these years, age upon age, without the Gospel that cost God the suffering of the Son of His love—it is too hard for me! How long, oh Lord, how long!”

But even while he grieved over untouched thousands, his heart was cheered with steady increase. “The work seems glorious to me,” he writes, “not only in what is done, but in what we know is coming. Never at any time was life dearer to me for my work’s sake than it is now.” Numbers were baptized, especially in the region around Gunnanapudi, where the work begun by Gabriel had developed until there were now some hundreds of Christians living in eighteen or twenty different villages. They were strong, self-reliant people, well-grounded in the Word, and the time seemed ripe for organization. So that region was constituted a separate field, with the town of Akidu as the mission station, and was presented to Mr. Craig on New Year’s Day, 1880. At that time the outlook was so promising that Mr. Craig wrote, “I should not be surprised if we have a thousand members before five years are past; in fact, it may be sooner.” It was; for by the end of 1884 members reported for Akidu were 1,118.

With every prospect for a happy, successful term of service, Mr. Craig moved to Akidu in March, 1881, bringing his wife and little babe to the new home there. But, alas! a heavy blow fell within a few days of their arrival. Mrs. Craig, who had not been well, became very ill, and on April second passed away, leaving her husband with a little daughter a few weeks old. Although Mr. Timpany could not reach that isolated station in time to be of any service, the Bowdens, who had befriended our missionaries in Cocanada and who were now doing mission work at a station in that region, came to his aid. Their presence was a comfort, and they took him and the little babe back with them to their home for a time. The sympathy of the Christians and workers, too, was

precious—"Blest be the tie that binds"—and they appreciated the devotion and courage that led him to remain at his post, desolated though it was. "Thousands are praying for me at home," he said; "I shall not be unbearably lonely." That same year Mr. Timpany had to send to Mr. McLaurin the sad news of the death of Josiah Burder, the man who had taken Gabriel's place as Telugu pastor and missionary's right-hand man in Cocanada. He was a man of great ability as a preacher, as well as a faithful, true helper in the work, and his loss only the missionary could appreciate.

When Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin returned in 1882 they found changes. The situation had wonderfully improved in the eight years since they had first landed on the Cocanada wharf in 1874. Then the field was just a vast unknown. Now they came to a Mission well developed and organized into three fields, each with its resident missionary. And here in Cocanada was a compound well equipped with buildings for church and school purposes. Surely God had led them on in a wonderful way, and vindicated the faith that had first brought them there.

For some time the missionaries had felt that, as Mr. Timpany said, "the great want of India was an earnest, devoted, divinely-called ministry," and they had urged the necessity of a school for the training of such. Indeed it was not possible to think of the development of strong and self-supporting churches, edified and built up in the most holy faith to walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing and win the surrounding millions to Christ, without the divinely-called and suitably-trained native ministry to lead them. So that, when Mr. McLaurin arrived again from furlough, it was with great joy and satisfaction that he was appointed to that work and sent to open a Theological Seminary in Samalkota, a town ten miles north of Cocanada, where the Rajah had given the Mission a present of some land, with a rather dilapi-

dated house on it, for educational purposes. The house had to be rebuilt, but when all was completed, the Theological Seminary was opened with seventeen men and two women in regular attendance. It was a very modest beginning. But it was, nevertheless, the inauguration of the advanced educational policy of our Mission.

Also, at this time, a new and important era of the work was marked by the arrival of Miss Frith, our first single lady-missionary, sent by the Women's Societies at home to work among the women and children of Cocanada. She represented their love; she was the very embodiment of their desire to share with their sisters in India the dignity, worth and loveliness that have accrued to womanhood through Jesus Christ, and she headed a long list of those who have since followed, to serve, in many capacities, with unstinted love the needs of thousands who waited for them long.

In 1884 it became necessary for Mr. Craig and the Curries to go home on furlough, and Mr. McLaurin and Mr. Timpany, between them, shouldered the whole burden; Mr. Timpany taking the Akidu field and Mr. McLaurin Tunj, in addition to their own regular work. These were heavy loads, and under the circumstances the situation became grave, for Mr. McLaurin's health again gave cause for anxiety. The malaria of the jungles could not be shaken off, and deeper than ever had sunk its talons into his system. Mr. Timpany often feared for his comrade's life and felt that any day he might be left alone. Early in 1885 Mr. McLaurin was obliged to take a sea trip for his health, and while he was away in Burma the blow fell in Cocanada. One hardly knows how to write it even now—but the devoted, energetic, enthusiastic Timpany, full of life and the joy of living, was cut off in one short day, at the zenith of his powers. On the morning of the nineteenth of February, 1885, he arose and went about his work; at eight o'clock he was not feeling well; at half-past two he was gone. Gone! It

was the dreaded Asiatic cholera, probably contracted in drinking milk hospitably offered to him by one of his Christians when out on a trip a day or two before.

It was a stunning blow—all over so soon. With this type of cholera suffering is intense and collapse swift. He spoke only once, saying, "This is cholera—the will of the Lord be done. I should like to live for the work." But it was not to be. Even his little daughter Mary, called hurriedly home from her school at the other end of the city, arrived only in time to look upon her father's face still in death. The stricken wife—but who can tell what depths she fathomed in that hour?

That night they had to bury him—their great-hearted leader, their large-hearted friend, their "shepherd of the sheep," as his people called him. They bore him through the dark streets of the town, torches held high to show them the way—the flickering light falling on the grief-stricken faces of the silent, hurrying procession—out under the stars, across the river, to the silent, shadowy graveyard. And there, with the sobs of his Telugu schoolgirls and those of the assembled Christians, teachers, preachers and members of the English Baptist Church breaking the dread silence, the last sacred words were uttered and he was laid to rest. The first one we had sent was the first one to fall!

So passed from our ranks a gallant soul, a true-hearted Knight-crusader—fearless, loyal and true.

Only forty-five when he went. "A short life?" Yes, if you count only years, but crowded so full of splendid achievement that how many of our aimlessly dallying decades would it take, think you, to measure up to that "short" life? And it is not ended. No. Only here was it ended; only here was the work over. There, where we read "they serve Him day and night in His temple," we may be sure that A. V. Timpany exults in service—only, now, "face to face."

"So fine a spirit, daring, yet serene,
He may not, surely, lapse from what has been;
Greater, not less, his wondering mind must be;
Ampler the splendid vision he must see.

.

From our small limits and withholdings free,
Somewhere he dwells and keeps high company."

It was sad news to send home—bad news to the sick one over in Burma. He had to hurry back, and with the help of Mrs. McLaurin at the Seminary and Miss Frith in Cocanada, take up the burden of the work alone, while Mrs. Timpany and Mary went home to Canada, to join the two older children who were living with their father's people in Bayham.

At home Mr. Currie, knowing full well what a strain would fall on the one remaining missionary, said good-bye to wife and children and, his furlough incomplete, hastened back to his lonely post at Tunj. His sacrifice was much appreciated by the missionary and the Christians, and when he arrived at Cocanada in July, the members of the English Baptist Church held a welcome meeting for him. "It was," he writes, "an enjoyable occasion. But alas! how clearly one sees out here the tremendous gap that has been made in our working force! Ah, that new-made grave in Cocanada! We can only fall back upon the assurance that others will be raised up and the work go on."

On October first the hearts of the rather lonely missionaries in India were cheered by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Craig, and, a few days later, of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Stillwell.

At the Seminary the attendance had grown to fifty; so the work there was progressing in an encouraging way and the prospect for a well-trained ministry was brightening every year. But another shadow was gathering. Again the Mission was to suffer sore bereavement. Mr. Currie, the gentle, faithful, patient toiler at Tunj, fell ill, and though he was taken to Cocanada and all was

done for him that skill and careful nursing night and day could do, on July thirty-first, 1886, he, too, was taken—the cause of death, according to the doctor, being failure of the heart's action, due to debility of the whole system. He had cut short his chance of recuperation at home, in order to help fill the depleted ranks in India caused by Mr. Timpany's death, and had paid the price. Writes Mr. McLaurin: "We had not anticipated this. It seemed to us as if in our weakness he could not be spared. . . . But his work was done. What patient, close, hard work it was, few know. After years of lonely toil at Tuni those desert places were beginning to be glad for him, and the solitary places to blossom." . . . "He was a gentle man, a meek man, a man full of self-repression; yielding in matters of policy, firm in matters of principle and conscience. He learned the language early and well." . . . "The people in Tuni were very poor and ignorant and debased. He suffered much from fever, and they were constantly exposed to wild beasts and venomous reptiles. The house was more than once visited by Dacoits." "Those who have gone into heathenism as dark and imbruted as that of Tuni can understand his travail of spirit. . . . He seemed to have the spirit of self-effacement. He never forgot that 'the servant is not above his Lord,' and with much sweetness and gentleness of spirit strove to obey the injunction, 'By love serve one another'—a valorous, pure soul."

Called away at the very commencement of his second term, Mr. Currie was not permitted to experience much of the reaper's joy that every missionary's heart naturally craves. But in the fruitful years that have since come to Tuni, can we not believe that he, the sower, rejoices now with those who reap, in that sower and reaper are all of one?

Early the next year, 1887, Mr. McLaurin's increasing ill-health had reached a very critical stage, and

immediate furlough was necessary. So weak was he when they sailed for home, that the missionaries left behind awaited with the greatest anxiety news of him from each port *en route*. At one stage of the journey he was not expected to see land again; but the Lord, who had, as Mr. Craig wrote, "seemed to give back his life so often," gave it back once again, and on the south coast of England he found renewed vigor to proceed with his journey. He reached home in June, 1887.

In an address presented to Mr. McLaurin at the farewell meeting, held just before their departure in the English Baptist Church, Cocanada, reference was made to the time they landed there in 1874, "strangers in a strange country"; to the "almost insurmountable obstacles with which they had to contend," and to the fact that it must be gratifying to them now to see "the handful of Christians of that day increased to nearly 2,000 baptized believers." The hope was expressed that it would be God's will to bring them back again "in perfect health and strength."

It was good to get home to Canadian fields and flowers and faces. And yet, somehow, one's heart stayed back there, in India. But though none knew it then, that farewell was Mr. McLaurin's last farewell—not to India, but to his beloved Mission.

CHAPTER VIII
THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Damsel, I say unto thee: Arise!

—JESUS

Talitha cumi! O thou Christ,
Has kept the tryst?
Laugh not, O maidens! This is He
Of Galilee,
Of Nazareth,
The Christ that conquers death—
Dost catch a breath,
O Christ? O, Life!
Talitha cumi! See
The tumult as of some sweet strife
Strained tremulous up; up—
“Give her to drink!” he saith—
Yea, Lord, behold, a cup!

—T. E. BROWN

CHAPTER VIII

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

THE Missionary: "And does your wife speak English, too?"

He: "Oh, no! She's a mere brute."

(From a conversation which took place in English between a lady and a high Brahmin official at Avanigadda, *in the year of our Lord* nineteen hundred and twenty.)

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It is the afternoon of the twenty-fourth of October, 1876, in the Sunday-school Hall of Jarvis Street Church, Toronto. A company of women sit facing a man on the platform—a man "tired and worn, his face pale and thin, but whose heart," says the recorder, "seemed on fire as he spoke with thrilling earnestness to those before him, pleading with them to rise up and take concerted action for the women and children of India, 'whose faces are in the dust and whose feet take hold on the ways of death'."

" 'What can I say,' he cried—'What can I say to the Christian women of my native land that will move them to greater interest for the salvation of their Hindu sisters, unwelcomed at their birth, enslaved as wives, accursed as widows, and unlamented when they die?

" 'Will you not organize? Can you not give one short hour each month in Circle meeting to talk about and plan for, to pray together to your Master who has made you so to differ from them, your Telugu sisters? Will you refuse to have a Circle for want of time or interest? It cannot be. Will you let your Society, when you have

one, *die* because the love and interest of some waxes cold? It *cannot* be—when millions of Telugu women await the coming of your messengers, and drown in the dark river of their heathen degradation while you wait'."

"Do you wonder, sisters," continues the unknown recorder, "that the answer to his appeal was quick and glad—that we responded, 'We will at once arise and organize'?"

Who was it?

A.V. Timpany, home on furlough, winning new recruits for the work among the Telugus.

A month before, on September twenty-seventh, the women of Eastern Ontario and Quebec had organized in response to the same fervent appeal. He rallied the women, east and west, to the standard of the Cause, and when one looks back over these forty-eight years of their organized service, and thinks of all the women whom they have sent out to India as their missionaries, and of the thousands of dollars they have given to support them and their work—when one thinks of the schools, hospitals, zenana work and other forms of missionary activity undertaken in their name out there; not to speak of the reflex benefits that have accrued to the life of the home churches through the increased exercise by the women of "diverse gifts, ministrations and workings" that followed and sustained the new movement, one can only thank God for the power released for service that day by the message of the missionary, and the whole-souled response of the women.

The women of the East organized with Mrs. T. J. Claxton, of Montreal, as president. She and her husband were, from the first, warm and loyal friends of the cause in India, and with a break of only three years, she was the beloved and devoted president of the Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec until 1909, and was then honorary president until called Home in 1912. A noble record, truly! She was privileged to see great

changes, wonderful expansion. Her daughter, Mrs. H. H. Ayer, of Westmount, who had been for some years corresponding secretary of the Board, followed her as president in 1909, and has held that office ever since, with the same devotion that characterized her mother's term of service. So that mother and daughter, with only that one break of three years, have served the Society as president ever since its inception in 1876. An unusual and altogether beautiful record.

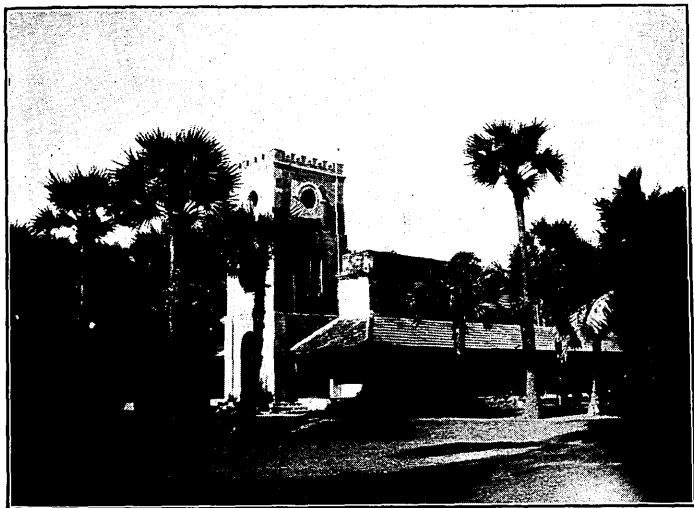
Life-long devotion seems to characterize service in the Eastern society, for the honorary president, Mrs. David Bentley, who was elected a member of the Board the day of the Society's organization in 1876, is still a member—forty-eight years without a break!

Mrs. William McMaster, afterwards foundress of Moulton College, was the Western Society's first president. Since her time God has given many gracious and noble women to lead in the work. Mrs. Freeland and her sister, Miss Jane Buchan—both names beloved by the Society's missionaries—gave years of inspiring service as president and recording secretary, respectively. They were a tower of strength. Other women—Mrs. A. V. Timpany Yule, she who was one of our very first links with India—besides giving up her husband and one daughter for the beloved service, devoted herself as long as she was able in active labours as leader of the Society, and has still a son serving at the front, though she herself has been called Home—Dr. J. Stuart Timpany; and Mrs. John Firstbrook, whose interest in the work led her to visit the field—these names, among many, will always, surely, be remembered for their service of love and devotion.

The women at once made their influence felt in India. In response to appeals from the field, the Eastern Society sent \$1,500 for dormitories for the Girls' Boarding School at Cocanada, while the women of the Western Society built the splendid chapel which is still a monument to

their enterprise, and supplied a houseboat for touring. Their help was opportune and their generous and quick response cheered Mr. Timpany.

But they were not satisfied with erecting buildings. The Sixth Annual Report of the Western Society, given at Convention in 1882, says: "We all felt that we must send a zenana worker to India." And already there was one who felt that she must go. The same year that Mr. and Mrs. Timpany left first for India, a young girl was converted during meetings at which Mr. McLaurin was assisting the pastor. Two years later she had a conversation with a cousin, discussing the missionaries that had so lately gone. They had gone in answer to a "call." "What is a 'call'?" she asked. As her cousin explained, she was deeply impressed. She took a year to think it out, with the result that in answer to what she felt was her own unmistakable call, she said "Yes" to the Lord. Some years of study and teaching and Home Mission work among the French of Ottawa and Montreal followed. But her call was to India, and soon she sent in her application to the women who had been feeling "they must send some one." At the Board meeting of January, 1882, Mary Jane Frith's application was considered, and she was appointed as the first missionary of the Women's Societies to the women of India. The women now were definitely launched upon the enterprise. Miss Frith sailed from New York in September, 1882, and reached Cocanada in November. Her first impression of Cocanada was that it was "very nice," and she was contented and happy with her friends, the Timpanys. Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin were in Samalkota, the Curries in Tuni, Mr. Craig in Akidu. She settled down to the study of the language, and said: "I long for the time when I shall be able to talk to the girls who so frequently come in to see me; and I believe there are plenty of houses I could visit at once if I were ready." Miss Frith was appointed to the zenana work in Cocanada. She was



TELUGU BAPTIST CHURCH, COCANADA

Built by Mr. Timpany with funds from the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario West



**KING'S DAUGHTERS TRAINING FOR KINDERGARTEN WORK AT
THE RAMAPATAM UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY**

The crosses mark women of the C.B.F. Mission

assisted by Miss Charlotte Gibson and Mrs. De Beaux, members of the (English) Baptist Church in the city, and by two Bible-women, one of whom, Mahalakshmi, had been trained by Mrs. Currie.

Miss Frith opened up the zenana work in Cocanada and found an abundant entrance to many homes, but her work was much interrupted by illness. At last her health gave way completely and she was obliged to leave India with the McLaurins in 1887. It seemed a sad end to her high hopes and her noble purpose to serve the women of India. And what about the call? Ah, her call was "without repentance." In after years, with health wonderfully restored, she was permitted to return to India and work as an independent missionary among the people of Assam.

Before Miss Frith had to leave India, her successor, Miss Hatch, arrived. And the next year, the women sent out three others, Misses Simpson, Baskerville and Stovel (now Mrs. MacLeod).

Now, the arrival of this group, three women at once, signified an increase of strength and expansion at the home base, and it meant exactly the same for the work in India. It was just twelve years since women at home had organized, and they had now four missionaries on the field. And these missionaries became identified with, and developed, those branches of mission work which have ever since been recognized as peculiarly women's work for women—with one exception. We had no woman doctor yet. While Miss Hatch was spending her first term teaching in the Seminary at Samalkota, Miss Simpson took charge of the zenana work Miss Frith had begun in Cocanada, Miss Baskerville that of the Girls' Boarding School begun by Mrs. McLaurin, while Miss Stovel went to the great Akidu field to be the first woman, not only in our Mission but in that part of India, to tour alone among the villages. She did a real pioneer work among the women and children of her field, visiting in their homes every caste and class, timing her visits and

adapting her methods to their various conditions. The work became absorbing, and she developed methods of approach and appeal that were found to be most effective. Her fame spread abroad, and in a few years she was requested by the Madras Missionary Conference to give them a paper on Touring for Women. Miss Stovel was unable to attend, but prepared the paper and sent it by the present writer to be read in her stead; and well the writer remembers the lively discussion that was precipitated by the paper, and what a new thing, and how daring, it was thought to be, by almost all who were present, for a woman to tour alone—alone, that is, without any men-folk of her own kind to protect her.

In 1899 Miss Stovel married Rev. A. A. McLeod, and continued with him in active service on the Anakapalle, Narsapatnam and Samalkota fields, until their return to Canada. But before she left our ranks she had inaugurated a new kind of service for women, a work which has been taken up on every field by the societies' missionaries who followed in later years. Her touring has been our pattern ever since. She showed us how; she set the pace. This form of service is now definitely and universally recognized as indispensable to the thorough evangelization of any field, as well as to the building up and training of the Christian community on it; and it has contributed greatly to the development of the strong evangelistic policy of the Mission.

Miss Simpson developed a wonderful zenana work in Cocanada. With her assistants and staff of Indian Bible-women, she visited hundreds of homes with great regularity and faithfulness, winning the confidence and love of caste women to a remarkable degree, and exerting an influence that even brought several men from these homes to the church services as inquirers and regular attendants. But her loving heart went out especially to children, and she was the first one to greatly develop Sunday-school work. She carried it out beyond the

Mission Compound down into the by-ways and out to the suburbs of the city, to wherever a group of children would meet to look at a picture or learn a hymn. She enlisted the help of the whole church membership, and in 1901 had twenty-five of these schools scattered throughout the city. These Sunday, or—as they are now called —“evangelistic” schools, have spread all over our Mission. Thousands of children—Christian, caste and out-caste—are attending them, and their yearly Rallies are an inspiring sight.

She also started the first caste girls' school, in a small building at the Compound gate. This was a work of unusual opportunity and one that was peculiarly dear to Miss Simpson's tender heart. She left on furlough in 1906, and was called Home in 1907, leaving a name dear to hundreds of caste women and children and to Christians as a bringer of light and sweetness into their lives; while her beloved Caste Girls' School is now housed in a fine building of its own, given as a memorial of her and bearing her name.

Caste girls' schools have since been opened on the Ramachandrapuram, Vuyyuru and Yellamanchili fields. The children's work, begun so many years ago in Co-canada, has proved to be a most effective method of approach and entrance into the lives and homes of otherwise rather inaccessible people, and therefore has been introduced with encouraging results everywhere the missionaries have gone, and become part of the regular “women's work.”

Miss Baskerville was the first missionary of the Women's Societies to take up boarding school work. In 1899 she was appointed principal and manager of the Co-canada Girls' Boarding School. As we have seen, the Women's Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec had furnished the money for the dormitories, the classes were held in the large chapel-schoolhouse built by the Women's Society of Western Otario, and Miss Baskerville

was their crowning contribution to this work. The building of real Christian character in the future wives, mothers and workers of a Christian community is a task second to none in importance, responsibility and opportunity. Miss Baskerville gave herself to it for twenty years, putting herself into it with all the force of her strong Christian womanhood, and by so doing made a great and lasting contribution through those whom she trained to the whole Mission, while the teaching and personal management of the school, down to the smallest detail, for such a term of years, was an achievement that has made her an authority in that special field of labour. When Miss Baskerville took charge in 1889, there were thirty-two boarders. When in 1909 she relinquished the school, there were ninety-one.

In 1883 Mr. Timpany opened an "English Free School" primarily for the children of members of the English Baptist Church in Cocanada. Miss Folsom, a missionary who had come to India under other auspices, was invited by him to take charge. Classes were held in the little old Baptist chapel of that day, but developed so rapidly that larger accommodation was necessary. Mr. Timpany was the inspiration of the project, and started a fund for the purchase of a better building, and after his death the missionaries carried out his plans as a memorial to him. A fine site and commodious building were purchased in 1886, and the school was called "The Timpany Memorial School." The building has since been enlarged, and others added, so that the present equipment is a fine one. This school had been supported altogether by the missionaries themselves, with occasional grants of money from Government, and subscriptions from the English-speaking public of Cocanada, without being a burden on the Societies at home. In 1896, however, Miss Folsom, the honored principal, became a missionary of the Women's Society of Western

Ontario, and ever since then one of their missionaries has been in charge.

Besides these two schools in Cocanada, missionaries of the Women's Societies have charge of the Central Godavari Boys' School at Samalkota and the large Girls' and Boys' boarding schools at Akidu, doing an educational work which holds great promise for the future of the Kingdom in India.

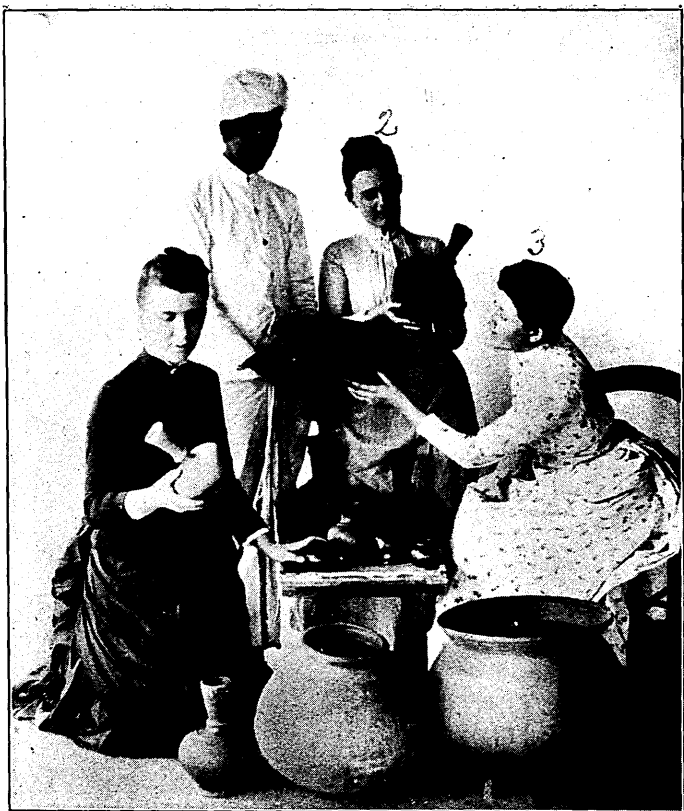
Miss Hatch, after her first furlough in 1893, returned to Ramachandrapuram. Besides the usual forms of service for women and children, the work there, under very special leading and guidance, developed in an unique direction. The story of how the Lord led Miss Hatch to open the Leper Asylum, and how prayers were answered and money given towards the purchase of land, the erection of buildings and the support of the inmates, is too long to be related in this brief history. The Ramachandrapuram Leper Asylum is a wonderfully complete and beautifully equipped colony—a standing monument to Miss Hatch's faith and ability. Technically speaking it is not part of the Society's work, in that it is not on their budget. It belongs to the Mission to Lepers in India and the East, and the services of our missionaries who manage it are "lent." But, under God, it owes its genesis to the Western Society's missionary and its continuance to the faithful services of many who have been associated with her in it. This form of service has appealed, moreover, to the finest element of Hindu society in Cocanada and Ramachandrapuram, and has brought to the Society's representative their appreciation and co-operation, thus providing a happy meeting-ground for East and West in the endeavour to lighten the sad lot of the most stricken members of our human family.

The Women's Society of Western Ontario opened the century (1900) with a doctor for India. The advent of Dr. Gertrude W. Hulet was a new departure. She

was the Society's first medical missionary. When she had finished language study, she took Miss Hatch's place in Ramachandrapuram, when that lady went on furlough in 1902. With Miss Hatch's return in 1903 Dr. Hulet was released, and the question was, which field would get her? There was considerable competition, and some excitement, but Vuyyuru got the prize! The Mission fields north of the Godavari were well served by Dr. Smith, and Akidu by Dr. Pearl Chute. Vuyyuru was distant, isolated and in need. The "last shall be first"—Vuyyuru was "first" this time!

Dr. Pearl Chute had begun medical work at Akidu. Dr. Gertrude Hulet's coming meant the inauguration of the medical service as a regular branch of the Society's work for the women of India. Dr. Jessie Allyn's coming, in 1906, greatly strengthened it. A more extended narrative of their work is given in the chapter dealing with the medical work of the Mission. With the acquisition of land and hospital buildings at Vuyyuru and Pithapuram, the Society's interests, responsibilities and opportunities have greatly increased. The medical missionary service is one that seems most peculiarly adapted for the exercise of womanly gifts. With her God-given capabilities for sympathy, motherliness and self-forgetting service, where, oh! where, could she, when once trained, better exercise them than in some foreign field, some land where her less fortunate sisters are suffering and dying by the hundreds of thousands for lack of her help? And, indeed, a woman's help is needed everywhere, in every part of the service, as we have gathered from the foregoing—and from the very first. Our pioneer missionaries landed in Cocanada *two*, that twelfth day of March, 1874. A man and woman worked together to establish the Mission, and together men and women have carried it on ever since.

Some one once said—let his name remain in kind oblivion—that an unmarried lady missionary in India was



THE TRIO OF 1888

Miss Stovel (now Mrs. A. A. McLeod), 3. Miss Baskerville. 2. Miss Simpson
buying pottery

an anomaly. It sounded dangerous enough, and we looked the word up, in Worcester's (Comprehensive) Dictionary—"Anomaly, *n.* Deviation from rule." Somewhat relieved, we pondered thus: "What rule?" "Who made it?" and finally came to the conclusion that in this case the rule in question probably was the ancient Indian one that woman should, must, *shall* marry. The unmarried missionary who goes and lives in India is a "deviation" from that "rule." But in the new day that has come to India there has been such an upsetting of many ancient rules, and this among the rest, that the native Indian "deviation" herself is by no means unknown, and, in fact, so common in the more enlightened and "reform" communities that she no longer occasions remark and has almost ceased to be a "deviation" at all. In another decade or two the process will be complete. In the meantime, however, the unmarried lady missionary has been a "deviation." She pleads guilty. But hastens to protest that she has proved herself a very wholesome, successful one, and had found so large a sphere for her ministrations that it almost seems as if, in the universal scheme of things, a "deviation" had from the first been reckoned on, and provided for! Free from family ties, she has been able to give herself unreservedly to her chosen field of service. She has "deviated" into every place where she could possibly be of any use. "Women's work for women" has taken the Society's missionary everywhere. You will find her in tents and houseboats touring the villages, in the people's homes and on their streets. You will find her in schools, hospitals and leper asylums—everywhere, anywhere, where there are

"Souls that He cared for,
Loved, lived and died for."

that she may search them out, tell the Good News and persuade them, by her loving ministrations, to trust His uplifting, saving grace; that He may raise them from the

level of the "mere brute" and make them "King's daughters, all glorious within . . . with gladness and rejoicing . . . to enter into the King's palace," and into their own peculiar privilege and heritage of gracious, womanly Service.

In 1876-77, the first year of their organization, the two Women's Societies raised \$1,024.81. In 1922, forty-six years later, their combined gifts totalled \$36,177. In the course of the forty-six years they have raised a total of \$611,692. They have sent out thirty-five missionaries, of whom twenty-five are still in active service on the field, while four are living, loving and labouring with us—"Over There."

CHAPTER IX
LEADERS FOR THE FUTURE

They shall behold the land of far horizons.

—ISAIAH

Hovers the Gleam—
Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam!

—TENNYSON

CHAPTER IX

LEADERS FOR THE FUTURE

THE CHILDREN of India have never been counted—not really. They couldn't be; they are numberless "as the sands on the sea shore." Oh, people have tried! Fleming, in his book, "Building with India," says there are 38,000,000 children of school-going age in India. No doubt he got the figures from the Census Report—but does the census man catch them all—all the little ones, even, that, like the Irishman's little pig, "run around so fast they can't be counted?" But, let us take Dr. Fleming's figures; they will do; 38,000,000 is enough. Of these eight million are at school, he says, and it is a small crumb of comfort to know that some 13,000 of them are in our own Mission Schools. Yes, 13,000 children tramping off every morning to over 400 schools in as many towns and villages—over half of them from non-Christian homes. What does it mean for the future that so many are spending the most plastic years of their lives studying "in our hand," as the Telugu teachers say? It makes one pause and think, and ask, maybe, "What do these Mission Schools do to evangelize the people?" We shall see.

When Mr. McLaurin sent home his first report of the Mission at the end of 1874, he said he found four "so-called" schools in the field. He doesn't tell us where they were, but they were out in the villages no doubt, where the Christians lived; little brave attempts

at school, probably without trained teachers or proper building; with no equipment or method; poor discipline; microscopic pay—corresponding progress; nothing much, in fact, but a new-born desire for better things and an attempt to achieve. What more could one want to begin with? When the missionary came, he put new life into things. At his Normal School in Cocanada the teachers could go and get some training and inspiration and come back to do better work. With this help and encouragement, the schools began to improve. Also, they increased in number as groups of converts came in from new villages, and fields were opened up with missionaries to take charge. First, on the oldest fields, —at Gunnanapudi, even before Akidu field was separately organized (for our oldest and best group of Christians was there); Cocanada, Akidu, Tuni, and all the others in turn—wherever the grown-ups found the way, there must be a school for their children. “We do not want our children to be as we are; give us a school,” they beg, so lately out of dense darkness and ignorance. Fathers and mothers could not read, it being unlawful for so much as the glance of an out-caste “dog” to fall upon the holy Sanskrit page. But that was not our way—not the mind of Him who “commanded light to shine out of darkness.” In the new day that had dawned with the coming of the Gospel, “Whosoever” was to have his chance. And so the little village schools were set up in even the out-caste hamlets, real beacons in the darkness. They did a great work in lifting to higher levels the life of the little new Christian communities. For along with the “Readin,’ ‘Ritin’ and ‘Rithmetic,” so eagerly sought after, there was always the Open Book—the Word of Life. Both together they worked, leavening the lump of evil, illiterate village life; emancipating degraded, ignorant souls; transforming “untouchable” life and making it a new force for God and righteousness in the nation.

And because the work as it increased called for leaders, more leaders, and always leaders—and the cry rises more insistently than ever to-day—boarding schools were opened for children of Christian families in all the mission stations as they were organized. To these schools came picked scholars from the little village schools to receive the advanced study and, under the missionary's eye, discipline and development of character, that would not only furnish them with a better mental equipment for the business of life, but above all make them serviceable citizens of the Kingdom.

The first boarding schools were in Cocanada, as told in Chapter VI, that for boys being the aforementioned "Normal," which, with the opening up of the boarding schools on the other fields, was continued as a day-school only; and that for the girls, begun by Mrs. McLaurin and continued by Mrs. Timpany, when the former went on furlough. After Mr. Timpany's death, Mrs. Timpany left on her sad journey homewards, and the school was taken by Mrs. Craig, as soon as she arrived. In 1888 she left for her own field, Akidu, and since 1889 the school has been under the care of single lady missionaries. It continues to this day as our Central Girls' Boarding School in its beautiful new home in the Davies' Memorial Compound, whither it was moved in 1897. Now it has 135 boarders, and has graduated scores of women who, as honored wives, enlightened mothers, teachers, pastors' wives and Bible-women, are serving the Lord's cause in numberless ways in the towns and villages of the country. The next was at Akidu, where, in 1883, Mr. Craig erected dormitories for a girls' school as a memorial for her who had come with him to enter upon her life's work there, but had so suddenly been called away within a few days of her arrival. The boarding school was started with ten girls, but had to be closed when Mr. Craig went on furlough in 1884, and was not re-opened until 1888, when Mr. Craig returned and took up residence there again.

Mrs. Craig took charge of the school at once, with fifteen girls in attendance, and for ten years managed it with that thoroughness and efficiency that we have come to associate with everything she undertakes. The attendance greatly increased, and a boys' boarding department was added. When the Craigs, in 1896, went on furlough, Mrs. Chute took over the school; yes, and managed it in addition to learning the language, doing an increasingly large medical work and bringing up her family! No one knows how she accomplished it all. But an English official once said missionaries were the only people he knew who could work twenty-five hours a day—and no doubt that was how! But soon it was evident that the school called for a missionary's whole time, and ever since 1905 single lady workers have been in charge.

Tuni had its girls' boarding school for a time under Mrs. Garside, and later on there were boys' boarding schools at Ramachandrapuram, Yellamanchili and Peddapuram—all under the care of missionaries' wives. In later years the boarding schools of all those fields north of the Godavari were centralized at two points, Cocanada for girls and Samalkota for boys.

But on the southern fields, where the Christian constituencies are larger, the nature of the work demands schools at each station, so that beside the schools at Akidu, there have been schools at Vuyyuru and Avani-gadda. At Vuyyuru they have usually been under the care of the missionary's wife—Mrs. Harry Stillwell, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Bensen and Mrs. Gordon. Many precious lives have gone into the building up of our splendid boarding schools. The missionary-managers have given themselves freely to the work of teaching, and with the assistance of the Indian members of their staffs, have succeeded in raising these schools, little by little, to a high grade of efficiency. But the best and most enduring work has been done in character-building. First of all, every pupil must be won definitely for Christ, and

then trained for service. Mr. Timpany sometimes took the girls out touring with him. He writes from the boat *Canadian*, July 23, 1884, to his sister at home: "I have nine school girls with me. As I write they are laughing and talking, as all school girls will. They are a nice lot of girls, all church members and very much interested in the work. . . . As a rule when the preachers or I go to a village the men hear, but the women very little. The girls turn things round. They go and get hold of the women and no matter how much opposed they may be, they will not be cross with the girls." And again, on another tour—"They had a good time, and came back to Cocanada well pleased with what they had seen and heard. They were well reminded of what Christianity had done for them, by seeing the difference between themselves and the heathen girls. They were led to desire more culture, that they might be better able to tell others about Christ."

That was it—"more culture, to be able to better tell others about Christ." It might truly be said to be the motto of all our boarding-schools. Those who read our mission reports will realize that this spirit of personal evangelism has been made the governing principle of our boarding-school life. They will know how the pupils are organized into groups for evangelistic Sunday-school work among the non-Christian children of villages adjacent to the mission station where they are studying; how keen and eager they are in this work; how faithfully they carry it on throughout the school year. They will also know what an active part our boarding scholars take in the yearly Evangelistic Campaigns of our Mission; how again, in groups, under the leadership of a teacher or a senior scholar, they go on foot after school hours every evening while the campaign lasts, to the surrounding villages, preaching the Good News and doing, in many cases, such effective personal work that they are able to bring back the names of those who have

decided to follow Christ. No wonder character formed and leaders recruited from such work as this. Who can estimate the influence that our schools have exerted upon the life of our Telugu Christian communities?

For those who had the call to give themselves definitely to the ministry, a training was provided at the Theological Seminary which, as we have seen in Chapter VII, was opened by Mr. McLaurin at Samalkota in 1882. From the very outset our pioneers had foresight. They looked down the long years to the future, when the few who then were coming would have become thousands for they had faith to expect great things of God. They knew the churches must have Indian—not foreign—leadership for the long campaign against the Kingdom of Darkness, so firmly entrenched in their land. So they set about making provision, even then, for the training of those whom God should call out to lead His people. Both Mr. McLaurin and, after him, Mr. Timpany had done what they could toward this end in their Normal School at Cocanada. But it was “much to the joy of us all,” as Mr. Timpany reported, when Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin were set apart for this special work, and went to Samalkota to open the Seminary. It was only eight years since the Mission was founded, and in those early times, there were not many candidates for the ministry who had had any but the most meagre preparation for the course. Most of them came with just an elementary knowledge of the “three R’s,” and some of the wives were innocent even of that. Indeed—to go back three years—when it was decided, in 1879, that Mr. Karré Peters should be ordained as pastor of the Gunnanapudi Church, the ordination had to be postponed because Mr. Timpany insisted that his wife should at least know how to read! So she came and attended the Girls’ School at Cocanada, and was far enough along in 1881 to allow of the ordination taking place. At that stage of our pro-

gress the material was raw: and at the Seminary it was a struggle—for teachers and taught. Mr. Craig says: "Mr. McLaurin found it hard work teaching his pupils to *think*." Quite so. In that pit from whence they had been so lately digged there hadn't been much occasion, or material, or encouragement, for thinking. But "the entrance of thy Word giveth light," and hard work, persevering love and patience helped. Mr. Indla Philip of Ongole, a graduate of the Ramapatnam Seminary, was Mr. McLaurin's assistant for two years, but Mrs. McLaurin was his "first best," teaching five English classes, taking charge of the intellectual "infants," i.e., unlettered wives, and inspiring and engineering a "Mutual Improvement Society (badly needed, no doubt). Indeed, the principal in one of his reports wrote that "her work was often in many respects no less important than my own." Proud were they all, staff and students alike of their first graduating class of four, in 1886. The Seminary had weathered rough days, for, as we know, Mr Timpany died in 1885, at a time when the principal's health was in a precarious condition and his burdens greatly increased. So the graduating class was a real triumph, only made possible by the fact that Mrs. McLaurin took almost entire charge, at the time, of the Seminary work.

When in March, 1887, Mr. McLaurin's health became so critical that he was obliged to leave on furlough, the Seminary was closed for over a year, until July, 1888, when Rev. J. R. Stillwell, who had finished the study of the language, was appointed principal. During his regime it entered upon an era of great expansion. A new Seminary building was constructed and the Literary Department strengthened. For four years, from 1889 to 1892, Miss Hatch was a member of the faculty, the only woman, apart from the wives of principals, who has ever enjoyed that distinction; and her co-operation was a source of great strength. Another valued co-worker

was Rev. N. Abraham, a man of beautiful spirit and great ability, who gave thirty years of consecrated, loyal service to the Seminary. His influence helped wonderfully in imparting and sustaining a high ideal of life and service. Steadily through the years, while Mr. Davis, Mr. Craig and Mr. H. E. Stillwell guided its course, the Seminary went from "strength to strength." In 1895 Mr. Davis introduced an Industrial Department which, after four years, was transferred to Cocanada, where it has since flourished and done splendid work in training men to use their hands along with their brains.

In 1901, while Mr. Craig was principal, a training school for teachers was added to the Seminary. Constantly its usefulness increased, its scope broadened. The attendance, and, largely through improved educational facilities supplied by our station boarding schools, the quality of the students and that of their wives—an important matter—vastly improved. The denomination at home saw to it that equipment was not lacking. The principals' wives gave themselves whole-heartedly to their part, and as "mother," teacher, "guide, philosopher and friend" did a work of transcendent importance in influencing the life and conduct of the school. Best of all *He* could work there without whom "they labour in vain who build." The Telugu churches, in whose interests it was first of all started, and to which it has ever been devoted, have reason to thank God for the men and women who have gone forth from the school to serve and lead them, with power and inspiration caught from the daily contact with the teachers and from the course of studies at Samalkota Theological Seminary.

But our educational stream was broadening—plans were under way for including Hindu boys as well in what we had to give, and in 1912 the Seminary was removed to Cocanada, to be joined with the new McLaurin High School, under the principalship of Rev. H. E. Stillwell.



SAMALKOT MISSION BUNGALOW IN THE McLAURINS' TIME



FIRST GRADUATING CLASS OF SAMALKOT SEMINARY

Upper left hand—Rev. Jagganaikulu, pastor of Cocanada church. Lower left hand—Rev. David, pastor of Akulatampara church, Parlakimedi. Upper right hand—Rev. Cornelius, afterwards pastor of Tuni church, now deceased; and another

This is a story for the pen which shall relate the history of our Mission from the date of the Union. But we can hardly leave the Seminary without taking note of one who, like her father, laid down her life for the work. The strain of carrying on the Seminary in Samalkota, while building the High School in Cocanada, with all the careful, anxious planning and oversight, and the multitudinous attendant details necessarily involved, proved too much for those in charge, with the result that Mr. Stillwell was first called upon to part with his wife, and then later to give up his work altogether. Eurette Timpany Stillwell—gentle, lovable, capable, winning, devoted to her work, and uncomplainingly spending herself for it—broke under the strain and in August, 1912, at her brother's home in Hanamakonda, passed quietly away, breathing "All is well." She sleeps at her father's feet in the quiet God's acre in Cocanada—one more of our precious links with the Better Land.

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But what, now, of him who had founded this "School of the Prophets"? We have lost sight of him since 1887, when, in broken health, he left for the homeland. Although he was not to return to the work which owed him so much, perhaps this is the time and place briefly to sketch the years that remained to him; for, in truth, though his presence was removed from the field, his help was not denied us. His spirit lives on, and what he did for us there makes him always "our" John McLaurin.

When he first came home he was very weak, but by the next year his health had so improved that he was able to take active service again, at the home end. He became Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board in 1888, and continued in this position until 1891. During that time he had the joy of seeing four single women and five families sent out to India, while the contributions from the churches increased by fifty per cent.

In 1891 he was well and longing for India again. The American Board, his old Board in Boston, was looking for some one to go out and do a work that had long wanted doing, in providing Christian literature in their own language for Telugu Baptists. It was thought that Mr. McLaurin was the man for this; and as medical opinion was opposed to his returning to the plains of India, where his old enemy, malaria, was prevalent, the American Board suggested that he might reside and carry on his literary work at some hill station. Loved ones spoke of the risk in returning to India at all. "But if I knew it meant fifteen years off my life, still I'd go." And he went. There followed two rich and busy terms. Under his auspices tracts, some written by himself, were printed by the hundreds of thousands. Spurgeon's sermons, various other books of an inspirational character, Gospel portions, Testaments, and hymn books were published in great numbers, for sale and distribution in connection with the evangelistic work of both the Canadian and American Telugu Missions. He also revised Dr. Jewett's version of the New Testament, and edited missionary and denominational periodicals (one in Telugu). He acted as Chairman or Secretary on many mission committees. His "*magnum opus*," however, was the Telugu Commentary on the New Testament, which he was permitted to only partially complete. This service was of inestimable value to the Canadian, as well as the American Mission. Both shared in the beneficent results of his last two years in India, as both shared in his affections.

During these years of literary labours he never lost personal touch with the people themselves. The cool season often found him visiting the fields of the American Mission—Nellore, Ongole, Ramapatnam, Donakonda, Markapur and other mission fields which he had known and travelled over when they were part of the original Ongole field, when these names meant only little villages

away off in the jungle, not big flourishing towns, as now, on the railway that has since come through, with their court houses, markets, mission bungalows, boarding schools and all the signs of an advancing tide of civilization and Christianity. Then he had reached them through the dark, tiger-infested jungles on horseback, escorted at night by men running before and behind with lighted torches and heavy ringed staves, the clashing of the rings one against the others, the shouts and the lights, to scare off the wild beasts. Now—the arrival by train, met by smiling crowds of white-clad men and women—“Your children in the Lord, sir, born of your travail long ago,” and meetings in crowded chapels. To the Canadian stations, too, he came, and even to Tuni, “blossoming,” now, “as the rose,” where often he toured in the old pioneering days. So few, then, to name the Name! Now, men and women who had passed through his hands in the Seminary “doing him proud” in their hearty, loyal fashion; rejoicing his heart with cheery reports of happy work and good results.

Oh, it was good—real satisfaction! With Coriolanus he could say:

“I have lived to see
Inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy.”

His rich experience, long service, knowledge of the land and people, gained first-hand and hand-to-hand in those bygone years, his balanced judgment, utter selflessness and unswerving devotion to lofty ideals, made him a wise counsellor; and his younger brethren, for whom he ever had the most courteous consideration, sought him often for advice and never in vain. As his head grew white his heart grew young, and he lost not the zest for life and work.

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But the pioneer hardships had told—the jungles, the long treks, the malaria, the heart-aches and burdens and toil had taken toll. The splendid constitution that had held out against them, that had fallen and rallied again so many times, broke at last. He was wearing out, though at first he said "Only a rest." In 1907 he retired, and came home for the fourth time. And the last time.

Five years of gradual decline followed, before the release came. At first he was not reconciled. The "master passion strong in death" held hard—he must go back. But the Lord broke it to him, very gently, that *that* work was over, *this* day done. With surrender, came peace. Sensible as he was of decay of mind and body, he said, one day, with a soft laugh:

"Strange! I was never, in some ways, happier in my life."

"How is that?" asked one, surprised, knowing the disappointment he had suffered.

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"So the pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber whose window opened toward the sun rising; . . . the name of the chamber was Peace." "Until the day break and the shadows flee away."

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John McLaurin's "List of Sacred Names"
(Found in an old note book)

Rev. R. A. Fyfe, D.D.

Duncan McLaurin—father.

Rev. John Bates—father-in-law.

Rev. James Cooper.

T. S. Shenstone, Esq.

Rev. Hoyes Lloyd.

Rev. Daniel McPhail—boyhood's pastor.

Deacon William Craig.

Deacon Stephen Tucker.

Deacon James Claxton.

Deacon David Bentley.

Deacon David Buchan.

A. A. Ayer, Esq.

Rev. J. G. Warren, D.D.

Rev. John Murdock, D.D.

CHAPTER X

GOOD SAMARITANS

Love thy neighbour.

—JESUS

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

—FOSS

CHAPTER X

GOOD SAMARITANS

EVEN Jesus of Nazareth *who went about doing good.*" It is one of the sweetest, most comforting, most comprehensive and meaningful things said about our Lord's ministry here on earth. Not always the preaching, then, or wonder-working miracles; not always the synagogue, or the crowded hillside. But sometimes sympathy going out in healing, friendly visiting, smiling at little children, taking them in the "crook of his arm" and blessing them—just "doing good," the good that humanity still cries out for, that is communicated by *personal* contact—the word, the touch, the glance—all the ways in which a loving heart overflows into other lives, "doing good."

The stream of our missionary benevolence in India has many branches—only one Source. There are so many directions in which it must flow—or overflow—in order to bring the Living Water to all. But the water in the branches is all from the Source; and let none say of any of our work that it is anything else but evangelistic. Rather it is because it is evangelistic that it has gone out in so many directions to take the Evangel to all sorts and conditions. We are trying to go *about* "doing good," and our Master set us the example. He went before; we believe we are only following Him.

We have traced the course of the branch that brings to our people an emancipated, enlightened mind wherewith to understand a little of God's world and serve Him in it. Now let us follow that branch that carries the Good News in Healing.

The story of Medical Missions always reads like a romance. The healing art, especially when under the inspiration of a loving heart, works such wonders on the Mission field! Like magic, opposition melts; long-shut doors fly open and, behold, a way where there was no way—for the Doctor! Suffering is so peremptory it

demands attention, will not be thrust aside, must have relief, and in a country like India, where plague, malaria, consumption, cholera and small-pox take their yearly toll in millions, not to mention other less notorious but more numerous every-day diseases that are constantly eating their way through the life of the people, there is plenty of suffering. It crowds you everywhere, so that even if you aren't a doctor you just must buy a box of pills and do something! Every missionary tries to—the suffering compels him.

A. V. Timpany's heart was so touched, that you remember when he was home on furlough he prepared himself as well as he could with some medical training; and like a little window opened for a moment into his busy life in Cocanada is this sentence out of a letter from his wife: "Mr. Timpany is already making good use of the instruments the Toronto ladies gave him. He has two parties coming to him every day for treatment." But we know what it must have been like on his long tours—people with loathsome sores and wasting diseases, disfigured and scarred with unsuccessful attempts on the part of well-meaning but ignorant relatives, or unmerciful cocksure quacks, to beat, burn, or otherwise browbeat out of them the devil that was causing all the trouble. He writes: "We have to do no end of work here, besides preaching. I have more cases of sick to attend to than an ordinary doctor"—and this from his boat out on tour. How glad he must have been to be able to help. Did he ever long for a real doctor? One day we would have such, but that day was not yet.

It was not until 1888, when Miss Simpson arrived, that the medical profession in Canada gave us a thought. Miss Simpson was appointed to do zenana work in Cocanada, but she was a trained nurse, and was not allowed to live there long without the suffering finding her out. During the whole of her first term, until 1897, she was busy for a part of almost every morning on the back verandah of her bungalow, where she had a cupboard for

medicines and other supplies. About one thousand people every year came to her here for treatment. She was in those days the only woman in that city, now, of nearly 50,000 inhabitants with any medical knowledge. So her opportunities for service were great. Her skill and her message went hand in hand. Where they wanted the one she took also the other, and often for her, doors opened that would otherwise have remained sealed against the entrance of the light. But while Miss Simpson was working away doing her best at a doctor's job with a nurse's training, help was near. A brother and sister, Everett and Pearl Smith, of St. Catharines, were getting ready to give themselves to the work in India. God's call had reached them, and they were coming.

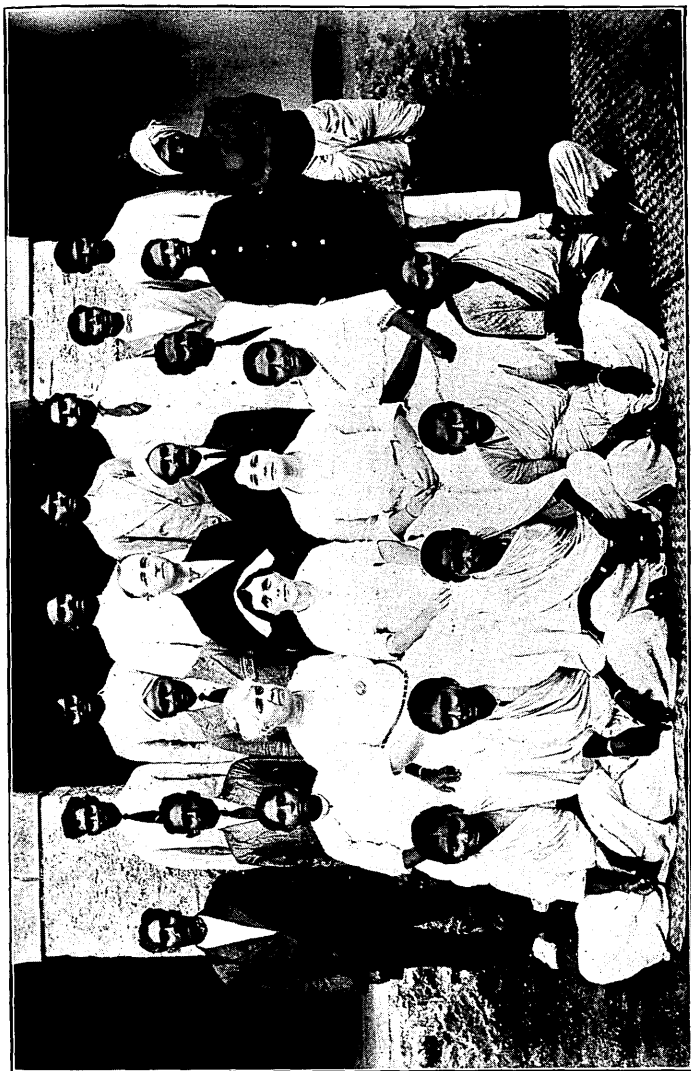
Think of it! Two young people—indeed, there were three—and as they looked out upon life so full of promise they could think of nothing better to do than to go and “bury themselves in India!” “Such a pity” (people say) “when you think of what they might have been here.” Ah, yes—but, “Verily, verily, *I* say unto you, except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it beareth much fruit.” So, for the fruit it would bear, they “buried themselves” in India.

In 1893 the brother, Dr. Everett Smith, came out as our pioneer doctor, and with him his wife, Mary Chamberlain Smith, the third one mentioned above, who had prepared herself for the work by taking a nurse's training. In 1895 his sister, Dr. Pearl Smith, had graduated, and came out to marry Rev. Jesse Chute and go off pioneering with him on the great Akidu field, of which he had been put in charge, to relieve the Craigs, who were going on furlough. Our pioneer medical missionary was a strong evangelist. To Dr. Smith the practice of medicine and the preaching of the Gospel went together. And ever since he inaugurated medical work in our Mission by preaching everywhere he went to heal, and probing with his instruments (apparently!) even unto people's souls, our medical mission work has served the eternal interests of our

patients, and considered them paramount—"that in all things He"—the Great Physician of Souls—"might have the pre-eminence." Our doctors must be lovers of souls.

In 1895 Dr. Smith was sent to Yellamanchili, our fourth field, opened by Mr. Laflamme in 1891. The Laflammes were now on furlough and Dr. and Mrs. Smith took their place. Their coming was a great boon to the people. The doctor's evangelistic tours took him far and wide, and hundreds of sufferers sought him out. Mrs. Smith's skill as a trained nurse attracted many female patients, and in Yellamanchili soon a small hospital was built. Hundreds were treated in it. In 1905 there were nearly 3,000 patients, and those who were healed broadcasted the Good News, too, for they took away tracts and Gospel portions, and even their prescriptions had a verse of Scripture on the back. He never missed the most golden opportunity man had ever—the doctor's.

But their greatest work was done at Pithapuram. The missionaries had long wanted to open a station there, but were hindered, for Pithapuram quite fancied itself a stronghold of the orthodox Hindu (Brahmin) faith, and put up a strong, organized opposition to prevent the "unholy no-caste-recognizing" Christian missionaries from getting an entrance. Two years before Dr. Smith had arrived in the country the missionaries had tried to get a site, but were foiled. There never was any land for sale. The door was shut—tight. Not for ten years did it open. And then a doctor's hand held the key! On this wise: In 1901 Dr. Smith spent several days there with Mr. Walker, on whose field (Peddapuram) Pithapuram was situated. Every day sick people came—fifty of them—to see him, with friends and relatives twice that number. They got relief for their ailments, and heard the Gospel. The doctor went away. But they didn't forget him. Sickness came again and they longed for him. Opposition broke down before the urgency of suffering, and the great, rusty, tight-closed

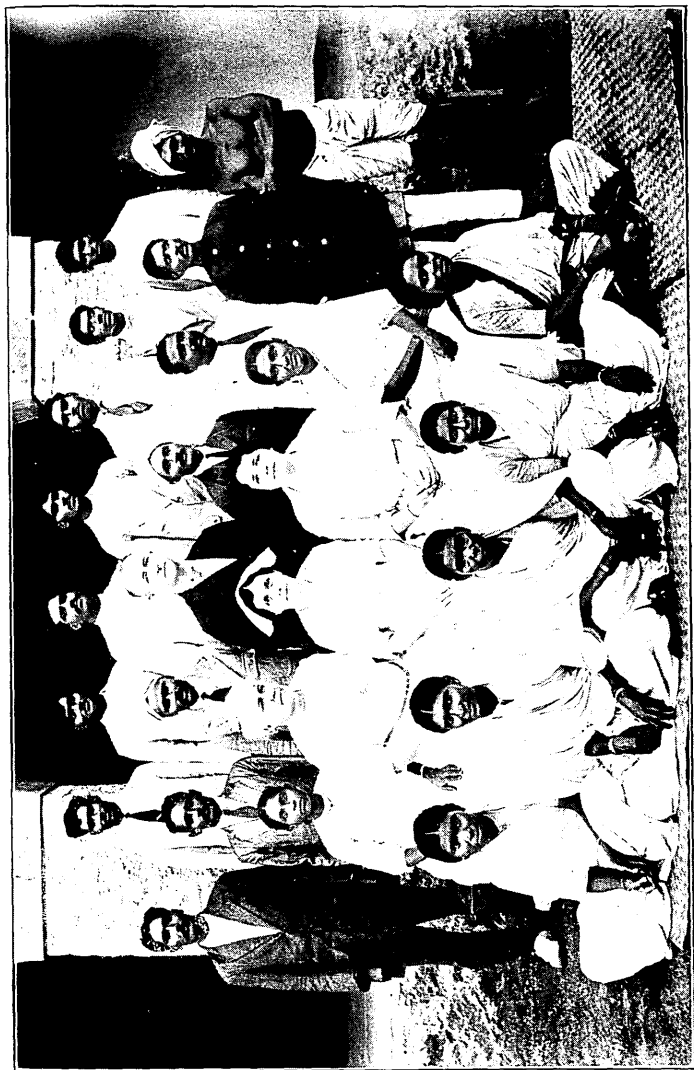


STAFF OF BETHESDA HOSPITAL, PITHAPURAM, IN 1922
 Dr. E. G. Smith in centre of third row with missionary nurses Mrs. Smith, Miss Sanford, Evelyn Smith Armstrong
 and Indian assistant nurses in second row from bottom

patients, and considered them paramount—"that in all things He"—the Great Physician of Souls—"might have the pre-eminence." Our doctors must be lovers of souls.

In 1895 Dr. Smith was sent to Yellamanchili, our fourth field, opened by Mr. Laflamme in 1891. The Laflammes were now on furlough and Dr. and Mrs. Smith took their place. Their coming was a great boon to the people. The doctor's evangelistic tours took him far and wide, and hundreds of sufferers sought him out. Mrs. Smith's skill as a trained nurse attracted many female patients, and in Yellamanchili soon a small hospital was built. Hundreds were treated in it. In 1905 there were nearly 3,000 patients, and those who were healed broadcasted the Good News, too, for they took away tracts and Gospel portions, and even their prescriptions had a verse of Scripture on the back. He never missed the most golden opportunity man had ever—the doctor's.

But their greatest work was done at Pithapuram. The missionaries had long wanted to open a station there, but were hindered, for Pithapuram quite fancied itself a stronghold of the orthodox Hindu (Brahmin) faith, and put up a strong, organized opposition to prevent the "unholy no-caste-recognizing" Christian missionaries from getting an entrance. Two years before Dr. Smith had arrived in the country the missionaries had tried to get a site, but were foiled. There never was any land for sale. The door was shut—tight. Not for ten years did it open. And then a doctor's hand held the key! On this wise: In 1901 Dr. Smith spent several days there with Mr. Walker, on whose field (Peddapuram) Pithapuram was situated. Every day sick people came—fifty of them—to see him, with friends and relatives twice that number. They got relief for their ailments, and heard the Gospel. The doctor went away. But they didn't forget him. Sickness came again and they longed for him. Opposition broke down before the urgency of suffering, and the great, rusty, tight-closed



STAFF OF BETHESDA HOSPITAL, PITHAPURAM, IN 1922
Dr. E. G. Smith in centre of third row from bottom with missionary nurses Mrs. Smith, Miss Sanford, Evelyn Smith Armstrong
and Indian assistant nurses in second row from bottom

door of caste prejudice swung open. A young man told Mr. Walker he knew a man who would sell him land!

So land was bought—but who would build them a hospital? Oh, lots of people would, gladly. Christian hearts are tender towards suffering and alert to opportunity. Two sisters at home sent money for "Bethesda Hospital," and between 1904 and 1910 Missionary Wards and separate Maternity Wards were donated; Mrs. Churchill built a Memorial Ward for her husband, whom Dr. Smith had attended in his last illness; and an Indian friend, Dewan Bahadur D. Sheshagiri Rao, of Cocanada, gave another. For "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

The tide of suffering now set towards the prospect of relief at Pithapuram. It rose high and filled the wards as quickly as they were built. In 1912 there were 392 in-patients, and 6,000 out-patients, with a total of 12,000 treatments.

Beside the treatment of the sick, another very important phase of Dr. Smith's work in Yellamanchili and Pithapuram has been the training of compounders or medical assistants. These men have gone out to carry hope and healing and the Good News to other more isolated mission fields and heathen towns, thus reproducing many times, to the best of their ability, the service of "Bethesda Hospital." The work developed rapidly. The need of special medical aid for women was felt, and in 1910 Dr. Jessie Allyn arrived to do for the women what Dr. Smith had been enabled to do for the men. Soon after she came she was called to attend the Rani, wife of the Rajah of Pithapuram, who was a friend of Dr. Smith's. A son and heir was born, and to mark this great event, and also in appreciation of Dr. Allyn's services, the Rajah and Rani presented her with over \$3,000 for a Women's Hospital and Home for Nurses. This was the beginning of greater things. Since then the Rani has again and again proven herself a most gen-

erous benefactress. Marvellously rapid increase has characterized the work and by 1924 Caste Wards and Wards for European patients were added. A Training School for nurses under Miss Laura Allyn, has 15 pupil-nurses in attendance. And a staff of European and Indian assistants contribute to the carrying on of a most effective and far-reaching medical evangelistic service.

It is good to know that the medical work which Dr. Smith began at Yellamanchili did not stop with his removal to Pithapuram. Dr. Woodburne followed him with great acceptance, and since, in 1908, he went on furlough not to return again, the work has been in charge of an Indian Christian assistant, one of Dr. Smith's own trained men.

Pithapuram is the medical centre of our Mission. But much has also been done to cope with the needs on our other and more isolated fields. Mrs. Chute, as we have seen, went to Akidu early in 1896. It was a grand field for medical pioneering, as there was no other hospital nearer than forty miles, and from the first the people living in between kept her extremely busy. She had nowhere to put a patient, but all the same that first year she treated 1,642 people. We would earnestly commend these figures to the honest consideration of many otherwise perfectly good young medical graduates—doctors in our Canadian cities who after a long and expensive training have to sit in rented offices anxiously waiting for patients to come their way. Why not come to India or some other foreign field where they are waiting for *you*? Quite frequently Mrs. Chute had to go by night to distant villages, in answer to S.O.S. calls, and was often put to it to properly care for a patient without hospital or equipment. But in 1898 that want was partly supplied. A small hospital, "The Star of Hope," was built and forthwith occupied. A trained Indian assistant—Dr. Smith's good work again—was secured, and the Gospel of healing for body and soul preached and most convincingly practised to a large constituency of needy folk.

Until 1891 what is now the Vuyyuru field was included in the Akidu field with Mr. Craig as missionary. But in that year Rev. J. G. Brown (afterwards for twenty years Secretary of our Foreign Mission Society) took possession and organized it as a separate field with his headquarters in the little town of 5,000 inhabitants from which the field takes its name. The region was a very needy one, from a medical standpoint, and the pressure was keenly felt. But there was no help; and the missionaries with their small stock of pill-boxes, Pain-killer, quinine and common sense did what they could—with frequent reference to the Family Medicine Book, and a last fervent hope that Mother Nature would do the rest. This did some good—almost as much as a drop in the ocean. So, after Dr. Smith came to Yellamanchili they sent Jangam Gnananandam, a fine young man from Gunnapudi, to him for some training. In 1899 he returned to Vuyyuru and that first year treated 1,367 patients, very successfully. It was a great relief. He was a fine Christian and his work was a real strength to our Cause.

Then, in 1904, Dr. Gertrude Hulet came. She began work in Mr. Gnananandam's little "dispensary," a tiny room with a single door and window, a few steps from her own door. In this she kept her medicine and worked outside. Patients increased, of course, with such skill and attention available, and soon she was crowded completely out and would have to move. But where to? About this time a friend in Canada fell very ill in a city far from home. When she had recovered, realizing how much she owed to Christian civilization which had placed every facility towards recovery at her command, and desiring to do what she could to extend the same benefits to others in a less-favoured land, she sent a Thank-offering to Dr. Hulet, to build better quarters for her work in Vuyyuru. Land was secured opposite the Mission Compound and a small, but good, building put up as a hospital and dispensary. This has been

added to, at various times; but no matter how much she builds, Dr. Hulet's hospital is always overflowing. In 1911 she had 6,234 patients. Hundreds flock to her for relief, and a very earnest Gospel work is carried on by the doctor and her well-trained staff of earnest and devoted assistants, that has far-reaching results even beyond the confines of the Vuyyuru field.

In Ramachandrapuram, separated from its parent-field, Cocanada, and organized in 1892, with Rev. A. A. McLeod as its first missionary, the medical work is in charge of Dr. D. L. Joshee, one of our own Telugu men, who was brought up by Miss Hatch, trained by Dr. Smith and then graduated from the Missionary Medical College at Agra. With this splendid preparation Dr. Joshee carries on a very large and successful practice, which is wholly missionary in spirit and influence. Special interest centres in the large Mission Leper Asylum at Ramachandrapuram, where Dr. Joshee, in his capacity of Medical Officer, does wonders in the way of putting heart and hope into his poor, stricken patients; besides doing a very valuable experimental work in the scientific treatment of that fell disease.

Our medical work is an extremely valuable asset to our cause in India. Besides the thousands whose sufferings are relieved, and whose lives are saved by the services of our doctors and their splendid assistants, India is learning from them much-needed lessons. The value of human life; the claim of the weak and suffering, the poor and needy, irrespective of caste, race or religion; and the power of scientific skill and knowledge inspired by the love of Christ are hourly being demonstrated in a peculiarly impressive way.

"But how can one woman do it?" cried a young medical student, hearing about the work of one of our women doctors—"how *can* one woman do it all?" Then answered and said the writer unto him: "Her meanest Hindu patient could tell you. They say, 'It is by God's love'."

CHAPTER XI
HIS INHERITANCE

The Lord hath brought you forth . . . to be unto him
a people of inheritance.

—DEUTERONOMY

I will give thee the nations for thine inheritance.

—PSALMS

And I saw the new Jerusalem . . .

—REVELATION

I shall not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till We have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

(For "England" read India.)

CHAPTER XI

HIS INHERITANCE

THE HEART of our Mission in India is out a-field in the village churches. At the Stations we have our "plant," our "equipment"—high schools, boarding schools, hospitals, bungalows; a leper asylum; and the station church. These we can show our visitors. But we cannot show them our heart—they will never really know our heart—unless they go out with us to the villages where the people are. There they will find the churches that Christ loved and gave Himself for that He might sanctify them. Here is the centre and soul of our work, the very springs of its being, for here men and women are born, one by one, into the Kingdom of his dear Son. And the daily struggle of putting off the old and putting on the new is being waged—here. The battle is on, and here the long process of transforming an idolatrous people, by the renewing of their mind, into a people redeemed and purified "for His own possession, zealous of good works," and capable of winning India to Christ is in course of development.

Here it is—the heart of the Mission—His inheritance. The "common people," who heard Him gladly—it is among them you'll find our mission churches; for "not many wise (after the flesh), not many mighty, not many noble" have as yet heard the call. But the weak things, the foolish things, the base, the despised "untouchable" things—these poor things (with a sprinkling of the wise and noble) have come in numbers, and God is working with them to bring to nought "the things that are" in

India, which have reared "hideous heads" in the path of His advancing Kingdom. His ideal for them is high, and not at once do the churches seize it, nor have they fully seized it yet. Who has? But they "follow on to know."

Let us briefly trace their growth and development these fifty years. The first organized church was in Cocanada. Mr. McLaurin found it there when he arrived in 1874 to take over the "Kolair Mission," as Mr. Gabriel called it, from the fact that the greater number of his converts lived at Gunnanapudi in the Kolair lake region. Hence the Cocanada church is the oldest in the Mission. In August of that year Mr. McLaurin made his first tour of the field, with the special object of visiting the Christians at Gunnanapudi, where a church was organized the next year (1875) and reorganized again in 1879, following some dissensions that arose after Mr. Gabriel's death. Thus Gannanapudi was our second church in point of time in the Mission. But it was the first church on what afterwards became, possibly, our most important field—Akidu,—and has been in many respects the premier church of the Mission, owing to the fact that from the first it had strong native leadership and developed a robust and mature type of Christianity which made it a power in the neighborhood and gave it a leading place in the company of mission churches. The first convert, Karré Samuel, Gabriel's brother-in-law, was headman of his village. He opened a school where many obtained enough education to make themselves useful as teachers of others. He also preached, won converts, and conducted Sunday services—all at his own initiative—in the surrounding villages. His brother, Mr. Karré Peter, who left his farming at Mr. McLaurin's request to devote himself to preaching, was pastor of the church for years and became an outstanding figure in the Mission. Something of this admirably sturdy, self-reliant and aggressive spirit has continued to characterize the

life of the church. It was our first self-supporting church. It has supplied more workers to other fields than any other in the Mission, and from the first has been a force in the religious life of the region. Years ago men were baptized in a remote village in the Kistna Delta, who had been to Gunnanapudi and had received their first impulse towards Christianity from contact with the Christians there.

A church was organized in Tuni in 1879, and the next year one at Akidu. Soon after the opening of the Theological Seminary, a church was formed at Samalkota in 1882. The fields were large in those "spacious days". Mr. Timpany and Mr. McLaurin toured regularly over territory that covered half the present Mission area but which has since been separated into five or six different fields, with as many resident missionaries. The writer knew men in Vuyyuru who had been baptized by Mr. Timpany on one of his long tours along the canal that comes to within three miles of the present mission bungalow there; and Mr. Craig's field included Vuyyuru and part of the present Avanigadda field.

The churches on the three existing fields, Cocanada, Tuni and Akidu, with the Seminary church at Samalkota, were organized as the Godavari Association in 1882. But rapid expansion followed a few years later. More missionaries were sent out and that meant new fields. In 1890, Mr. Laflamme went north and opened Yellaman-chili. The next year the north-western part of Cocanada field, including Samalkota, was set apart as the Peddapuram field, with Mr. Walker in charge and residing in the town of that name as headquarters. Later the missionary's residence was removed to Samalkota, only three miles distant, and the field is now known as the Samalkota field. That same year saw the south-western part of Mr. Craig's field reorganized as the Vuyyuru field.

A very interesting work had begun at Bordagunta, a small hamlet on the Vuyyuru field (now, but then Ak-

idu), as the result of the work of some Christians from Ongole, who had come up through that country before any Baptsits were known there, buying and selling hides and preaching as they went. A few people in Bordagunta believed and joined the nearest Mission, which was Anglican. But very few, if any, of their particular caste of out-castes (!) had joined that Church, and they felt lonely. Those who brought them the Good News from Ongole told how thousands of their tribe had joined the Baptist church there; so their hearts turned to Ongole as the Mecca of their hopes, and two of them set out and trudged the one hundred miles thither to be baptized and join the only Baptist church they had ever heard of! From that beginning the work in that region grew. Mr. Craig toured the region from Akidu, and Bordagunta was one of the two churches on the Vuyyuru field when it was separately organized. In 1892 the southern part of the Cocanada field was organized as the Ramachandrapuram field, with Rev. A. A. McLeod in charge; his station being at the town of that name. And Narsapatnam—north and west of Yellamanchili—was opened by Mr. Barrow. Thus in three years, 1890-92, five new fields were opened up. From our centre, Cocanada, we were pushing inland north and south. Eastward was the sea. The opening of all these new fields meant that the work would be prosecuted more vigorously, and soon there were so many churches that it was deemed wise to divide, and so a new Association for the churches south of the Godavari River—from which the first Association took its name—was formed, called the Kolair Association, after the region that was at that time most populous in Christians. This arrangement gave the Godavari Association ten Telugu churches with 715 members; and the Kolair Association thirteen churches with 1,874 members. Afterwards the name of the Kolair Association was changed to the Kistna Association, because the Kolair region was by that time only a small part of a very much

larger territory populated by our Christians—namely, the Kistna district. It will be seen that the greatest increase in membership has come on the two (afterwards three) fields—Akidu and Vuyyuru of the Kolair (or Kistna) Association. Perhaps this is because our first group of converts—those at Gunnanapudi—lived down there. There, too, the movement towards Christianity gathered momentum early, and so had the longer time to effect results. Besides, those regions, being well-irrigated and rich in arable lands, have attracted a larger population of the classes from which our converts have come. If, on the other hand, the churches of the Godavari Association have been more slow to increase, it is perhaps because they are in a territory part of which, at least, is more sparsely populated with the classes most accessible and easily won; so that more time and effort will be required to effect the same degree of progress. Be that as it may, the churches in both Associations are closely united in service and in a growing sense of responsibility for the salvation of their fellow-countrymen.

The corporate life of the churches of these Associations first found expression in the organization of a Home Mission Society. The purpose of the Society at first was chiefly to secure and hold property for the erection of chapel-schoolhouses in the villages. Many of the small, scattered congregations were weak in numbers and financially unable to buy a site. They were helped from the funds of the Society, towards which the churches were supposed to contribute at the rate of four cents per member, annually. Its chief object, however, was stated to be "the diffusion of Gospel Truths among the people of India in their districts." In 1890, two years after it was organized, Mr. Laflamme, who had just opened up the new Yellamanchili field, and who had no preachers to help him, attended the annual meeting of the Society at Akidu and gave a stirring address on the great needs of his new field. It was the first real missionary

appeal that had come to a people so lately out of darkness themselves, so newly banded together for service. The call met a ready response and the challenge was issued—"Who will go for us, and whom shall we send?" Mr. G. Yakob, hitherto pastor of the Samalkota church, answered: "Here am I; send me," and money for his support was given by the delegates. Since that time the evangelistic work has held the forefront in their plans, and has been carried on with increasing interest and purpose. Young men have volunteered as preachers, teachers and colporteurs, and Bible-women have been sent to the unevangelized region lying north of Yellamanchili, which they chose as their field. This has sometimes meant real foreign missionary service to our home-loving, rural Telugus, who are in a "seema dayshum" (foreign land) if they find themselves on tour thirty or forty miles from their own village well; and much real growth in Christian grace and experience has come to our churches through this independent missionary spirit.

In 1896 the New Woman arrived on the scene. Up till that time St. Paul's injunction to the effect that women should sit with covered heads and keep silence, had been taken in its most literal sense and followed with an unquestioning obedience. "Unquestioning?" Well, hardly. There had been questions. A good many of our women, trained in Mission schools and employed in mission service, or as pastors' wives interested in their husbands' work, were waking up and asking, "Why can't we have meetings at Association time and talk over those aspects of God's work that interest and affect us as women? Are we to have no voice, no special part to play?" Each one had been doing her work, but there was no organization binding the women of the churches together.

Madam New Woman soon changed all that. In 1896 she decided that she wanted organization, so a meeting of women attending the Godavari Association,

held at Ramachandrapuram that year, was called and the subject mooted. They were told of the Women's Circles in Canada, and it was suggested that some such society, adapted to the needs of the women of the Telugu churches, might be useful. The response was immediate and enthusiastic, and the next year, at Yellamanchili, the "Women's Helpmeet Society" was formed—called "S.S.S.S." for short, as the words rendered into Telugu all begin with S. It is a euphonious name that at once caught the fancy of the sisters. In two years a similar Society was formed in the other Association. At the Kistna Association, held at Gunnanapudi in January, 1898, two lady missionaries and more than 200 Christian women got together one Sunday afternoon in somebody's nice, cleanly-swept cowshed (the brethren, as is their wont, having monopolized the church) and organized for the Kolair (or Kistna) Association.

This Society has done marvels for the women of our churches. Its object is to help them to be, as the name suggests, true helpmeets in the home, the church and the community. To this end are its activities directed. A regular course of Bible lessons is followed every year, which has done untold good to the illiterate women of the village churches. The membership fee is infinitesimal, but there are few who do not at least double it, and as their interest has grown, so have their contributions increased. They have supported Bible-women of their own, and Home Mission churches, besides voting in later years considerable sums to the Home Mission Society Treasury. Leading local circles and filling offices of the Society has been an invaluable training in leadership for our educated women; while for the illiterate the knowledge of Scripture gained in the course of instruction, and the inspiring character of the organization, has had an effect nothing short of marvellous, with the result that the women are becoming a real force in the life of the churches.

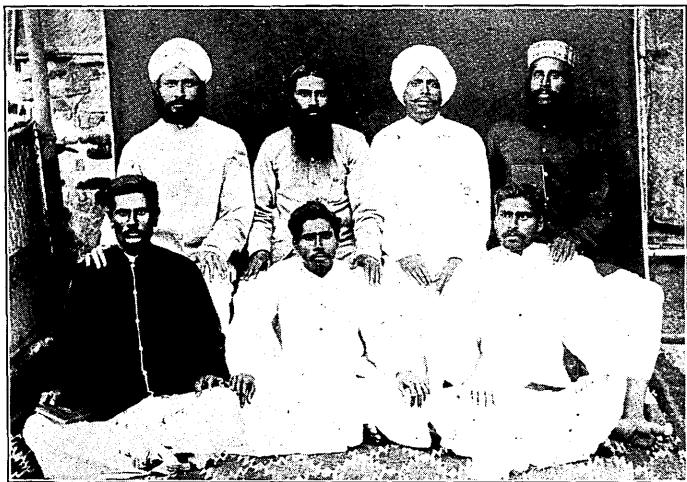
In 1906 the Mission was visited by a revival which was part of a larger, nation-wide movement; itself, in turn, directly connected with the great Welsh revival. In our Mission it affected, chiefly, the station churches and boarding schools, though sporadic outbursts took place in many out-villages. This revival was characterized not so much by conversions (though these did take place) as by a quickening and deepening of the spiritual life of those who were already Christians. A new and very searching conviction of personal sin was experienced by all who came under its power, and confession followed. New meaning was put into many a Scripture passage and promise by their experience of the horror and hatefulness of sin. Prayer found a new preciousness. A new vision of redemptive love dawned upon stricken souls. New depths and heights were revealed. God made known His power in a new way. "Behold I will shew you a new thing." He did. And The Revival, as it is still called, left a new content in the collective Christian consciousness of our people.

But in that it is more blessed to give than even to receive, perhaps more full of promise than any other single movement amongst our churches has been the Evangelistic Campaign Movement of the last few years. This yearly campaign takes place in October and November and is simultaneous throughout the Mission. During this time "personal evangelism" is the one theme of sermon, the one object of church life. Every man, woman and child is expected to take active part in the presentation, by groups or singly, of the Gospel to the unsaved of their own and neighboring villages; and to this end the illiterate members are taught "by heart" the chosen campaign hymn and scripture passage, that all may be supplied with the munitions of war. The movement is launched with the definite purpose of winning souls. The churches have, for the most part, taken it up with enthusiasm, and wherever this has been the case they



GUNNANAPUDI IN 1922

The house at the extreme left, with pillars, was the house of Rev. Karré Peter.
The white building in the middle background is the Baptist church

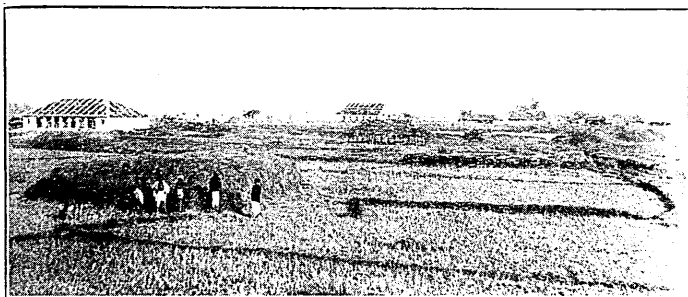


INDIAN MISSION WORKERS OF EARLY DAYS

The bareheaded man is Karré Peter, while on his right is Rev. Jonathan Burder

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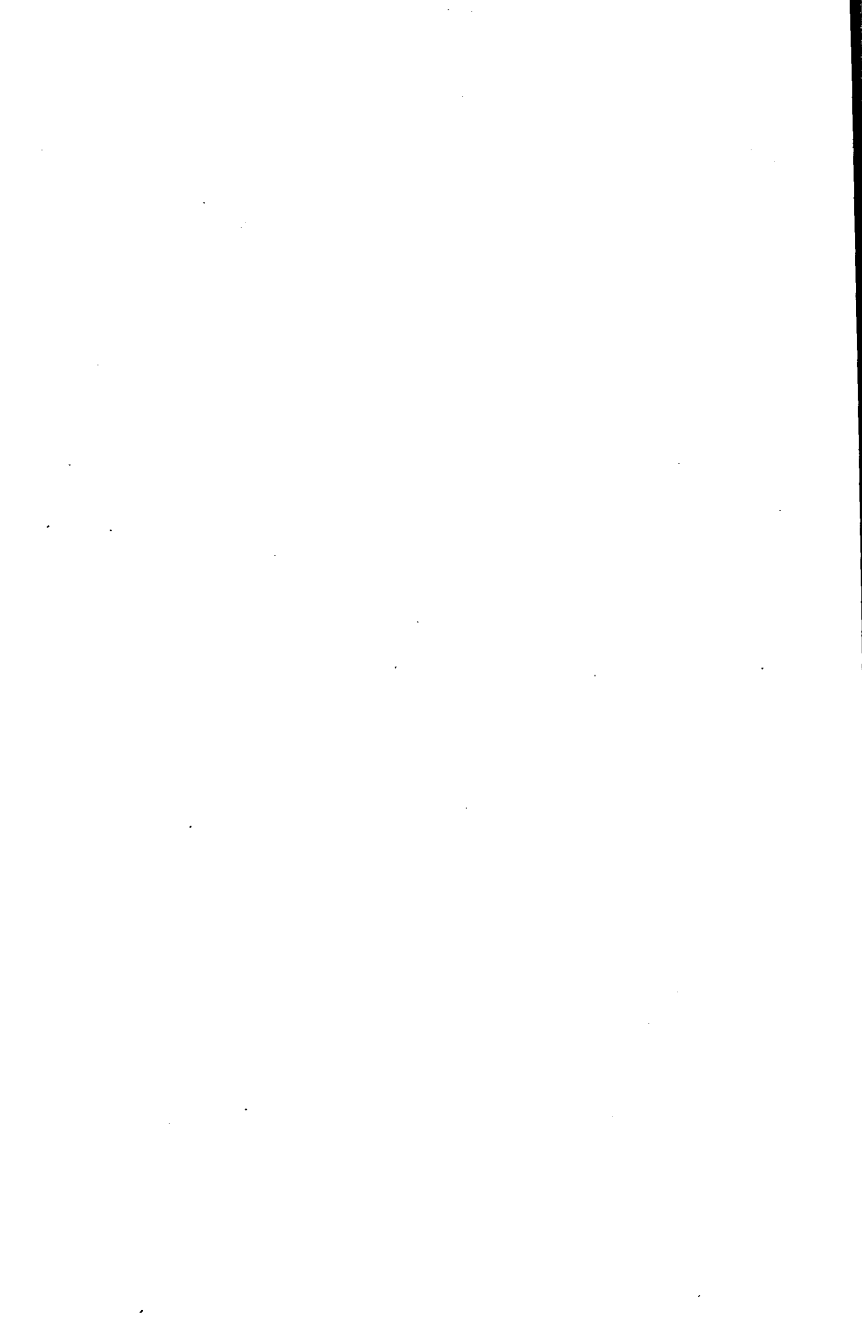
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have had remarkable success in attaining their object. For example, a group of Christians, by the sustained effort of one campaign, doubled their numbers. With the growth of this movement is bound to come a great increase of spiritual power, as well as of numbers, to our Indian churches. And it constitutes the best possible augury for the future success of His Kingdom in their own land.

Nor is "personal evangelism" confined to stated times or movements, though it has been greatly stimulated by this concerted effort and the enthusiasm of numbers. The Campaign spirit and aim have been carried over into many individual lives—while even before Campaigns were heard of we had many successful fishers of men. As it is, the Christians themselves are our best evangelists. By them, more than by any other agency, does the Gospel spread. What does the progress of our work not owe to the men and women who, though they could not for their lives sign their names or decipher a letter, have preached Christ as they knew Him in their daily vocations to friend or companion, as they walked or worked together?

The first Baptist missionaries to Avanigadda, as far as the writer knows, were two illiterate Christian women of Bordagunta, very poor, who went there peddling onions in baskets on their heads, preaching Christ and singing hymns everywhere they went, until the request came, "Send the missionary." Boodamma preached a sermon twenty-five miles long to a chance acquaintance of the road as they walked, until she had gained a promise that the other would go home and enter her name on the teacher's list as an enquirer. And many such there be—"one loving heart sets another on fire." The men of Avanigadda, newly baptized, went and brought in groups of inquirers from amongst their relatives in two villages where no missionary had ever been. This sort of work is constantly going on. Everywhere the seed is being sown.

In connection with the organization of the Vuyyuru field an interesting story is told by Mr. Craig in his book, "Forty Years Among the Telugus," of an ex-priest, Kordali Samuel, who suggested to him once in those early days that Vuyyuru should be made a separate field. The missionary discouraged the idea, saying it was not at all likely. But when, later, Vuyyuru was organized, Samuel reminded him of their conversation and said, "From that day I have been praying for a missionary for Vuyyuru and now He is going to send one." How many of our Telugu Christian men and women have cast up a highway for the Lord in just this way we can never know until "the day declares it." But on every field of our Mission there have been those—some of them workers and some of them humble laymen and women—who, by their power in prayer, persisting sometimes for many years in face of the greatest "unlikelihood," have "obtained promises" for our work that the missionaries have hardly dared to expect. How much our Mission owes to such, how much they have contributed to the progress and strength and development of our work is hidden from us, but not from Him whose eyes are like "a flame of fire," who "walketh in the midst of the golden candlesticks." Perhaps just there, in prayers like theirs, lies the secret of much of our success.

From the first our Christians have come through innumerable persecutions, "petty" we call them, because they have not often been "unto blood"; but so exasperating and so cunningly aimed to affect the condition of their very existence, that it is a marvel that defections from this cause are so few as to be negligible. In 1884 Mr. Timpany wrote home that "More than one hundred false cases have been brought against the Christians in one church within ten years." This is rather an extreme experience that would hardly be repeated. But it shows what Christianity had to bear when it first appeared on the field; and it is an indication of the good stuff the

church members were made of that they stood it for ten years and won out. Threats, boycotts, blows—these have been the daily portion of many a new convert. Those of his own household have turned against him; his employer has driven him off and made a bare living all but impossible. All in vain. Ignorant, poor, illiterate, weak babes in Christ falling often into divers temptations as the missionaries to their sorrow know, many of the Christians were (and are)—but quitters? No. All the wealth, numbers and prestige of Hinduism arrayed against them have failed to move them. “None can take them out of my father’s hand.” And how much our Mission owes to the steadfast and immovable ones who followed in His train in the olden days, yes, and who follow in His train in these—for the persecutions still continue, though in diminishing intensity—is something else we will never know. They have kept the faith. They have steadied the ranks. There they *are*, a nucleus for an ever-growing and increasing body of Christ. And He who knows that they “dwell where Satan’s seat is” knows to what extent they have been our strength.

Then there is our army of workers—the men and women who are shepherding the churches, teaching schools, trudging from village to village, with sometimes three or four preaching-stations on Sunday, holding services, visiting the sick, going after back-sliders. In the busy bazaars, at the weekly market, at the Hindu festival, at the homes of the rich, in the huts of the poor, giving tracts, singing hymns, selling Gospel portions—preaching, teaching, telling the Good News—the “good, good words” that fifty years ago were all unknown, but now, thanks to these, are becoming so blessedly familiar in many a town and little hidden hamlet. What do we not owe them? Oh, the names that come to memory of those who have been leading God’s people out there; patiently teaching the ignorant, encouraging the fearful, withstanding the despoiler, building up a fair edifice for

an habitation of the Lord! Karré Peter, of Gunnanapudi; dear old Barnala David, of Narsapatnam, a saint; manly Tuluri Cornelius, of Tuni, the "beloved pastor;" Karré Krupanandam, of Golavepilly, "faithful in all his house;" Addepally Mariama, the prophetess of her people; Pastor Peter of Muramanda, the faithful evangelist and shepherd—just to name a few of the elect who have passed on. Weaklings we have—"lest we forget;" and the inconsistent, like the poor, are ever with us—in every land. But how much does the Mission owe to these and to many, many more, whose names are entered in a far greater Roll of Honor than those which grace the walls of our earthly temples? "For *all* Thy Saints"! The history of our Mission is bound up in the lives of these—the pray-ers, the "stayers," the broadcasters, the shepherds; His witnesses; our crown, for whom we "thank God upon every remembrance of them . . . for their fellowship in the Gospel from the first day (in 1874) even until now (1924), being confident of this very thing that he which hath begun a good work in them will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. The day when the vision of the exile on Patmos shall have become a glorious reality and the kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ.

"And He shall reign for ever and ever."
Amen, and Amen.

L'ENVOI.

The story of our Enterprise is not finished, but we must leave it for the present, for not until old Father Time has gone ahead a bit with the story-making can we follow with the telling. We leave it with this chapter on the Telugu churches. It must be left there, for with them lies the future of our Mission. On the foundations that have been laid must they now build.

It was said at the beginning that the story of our Enterprise was a story of personalities. And surely, those who have had patience to read have realized it—have seen how the men and women God gave us at home and in India have, out of their unquenchable faith, devotion and courage, made it what it is, a soul-saving, Kingdom-building Enterprise. We began with a Canadian—but our last link was an Indian. We started in America, but our Story carried us over to India and leaves us there. Very fitting. For, as in Indian national politics the centre of interest has shifted from the foreign administration to the Indian people themselves, and the whole world waits to see what they will do, so, in the affairs of the Kingdom of God in India, the centre of interest must shortly—if indeed, it has not already done so—shift from the Foreign Board and its missionaries to the Indian Christians themselves. It seems safe to predict that by the time another fifty years roll by, and our Centenary arrives, the leadership out there will have passed from Canadian to Indian hands; and the historian of the future will take up the tale with India, not Canada, as his starting-point. He will, we feel sure, look at things from the Indian, not the foreign, standpoint. He will have less to say about Canadian missionaries. Indian heroes and heroines will provide his richest theme.

The men and women of this Story had fine spiritual

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The men and women of this Story had fine spiritual

perceptions, faith and courage. They could hear a Call, catch a Whisper, follow a Gleam. Can we?

"Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea."

O young Mariner! Can you still the clamor of your own persistent Self long enough to let that Call be heard?

Is your hearing fine enough and tuned to spiritual harmonies, to catch that "still, small voice"—the Whisper?

Are your eyes anointed for the Gleam?—not the glitter, but the Gleam—the Gleam!

"Oh, God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

PART THREE
THE CANADIAN BAPTIST MISSION
1912—1924

CHAPTER I

THE HEART OF THE ENTERPRISE

It is something to be a missionary. The morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy when they first saw the field which the first missionary was to fill.

—LIVINGSTONE

My great object was to be like Him, to imitate Him as far as He could be imitated.

—IDEM

Nothing earthly will make me give up my work nor despair; I encourage myself in the Lord my God and go forward.

—IDEM

CHAPTER I

THE HEART OF THE ENTERPRISE

I. GOD'S GOOD GIFT.

ONE OF God's good gifts to India is the missionary family. In "our share" twenty-two fields, two high-schools, one seminary and one industrial school—in all twenty-six kingly tasks—call persistently to Canadian Baptists for twenty-six families. What the heart is to the body, so the mission family is to "the enterprise" upon each one of these fields. Living in the town where he lives, there may be 8,000 people or there may be 48,000. Outside the town and scattered over the field, like "mushrooms on the moor," there may be one hundred or there may be four hundred villages. If you draw a circle around Tekkali town, on a radius of four miles only, you will enclose at least fifty villages. There is on an average something more than 250 villages and somewhat more than 200,000 people to a field. As fast as mission machinery and mission money will permit, the missionary must discover, develop and deliver to these villages Telugu Timothies who will be Bible distributors, teacher-evangelists, preachers and pastors. After delivery they must be established in their "goings" and homes as well as chapel-schoolhouses must be built. He is more than a Bishop; he is a prophet and an apostle and his task combines the office of both. Caste and karma, ignorance and superstition, indescribable poverty and the perversity of human nature, must be overcome. The

magnitude of the religious war is only equalled by the claims of more secular needs that throng about him. Here, if anywhere, he must

Prove his doctrine orthodox,
By Apostolic blows and knocks.

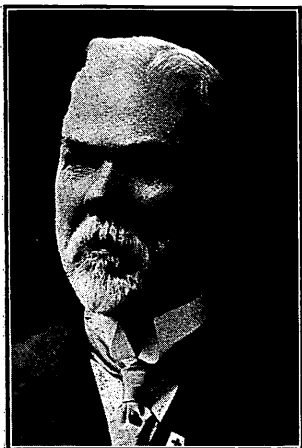
There may be ten Timothies upon his field, or there may be nearly a hundred, but they all look to the missionary for inspiration, instruction, advice, living and protection. The missionary is Canadian and all these goods must be delivered in Telugu. The Timothies differ from the missionary in every respect. Happily he realizes that he differs from them as much as they differ from him, and sets out to turn his language, his thoughts and his very imagination into Telugu. He will see through their eyes and sit where they sit and become all things to each of these men in order that Christ may be known and glorified upon his field. The Christianity which he is to establish must not be Canadian, but Indian. In a word, his task is not to represent Christianity, but to re-present Christ to India. It is Paul's job all over again, with most of Paul's problems and some which he did not have. "No quest, no conquest," says the missionary; and rich in faith, hope and love he goes to the task.

II. THE SIMPLE GOSPEL.

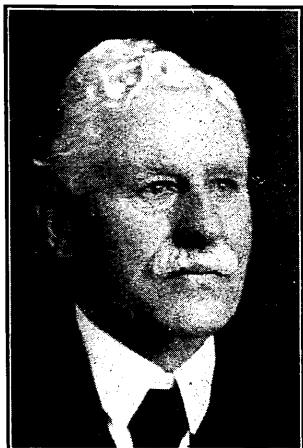
India is poor, very poor. The average income is about fifteen dollars per person per year. If, then, the poor are to have the Gospel preached to them it must be by Indian preachers, living in Indian homes, after the manner of India's people. Preachers and teacher-evangelists must be trained, inspired and kept inspired with high ideals of mutual service and the Kingdom of God; yet that training must not unfit them for living among their own folks.

M. Appalaswamy studied in the mission school in his own village. From there he went to the boarding school

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Chairman, Central Section.



REV. D. HUTCHINSON, D.D.
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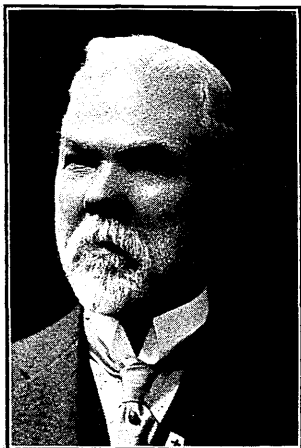
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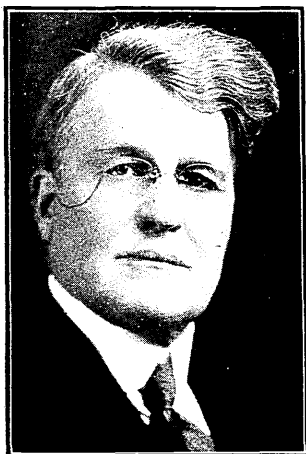
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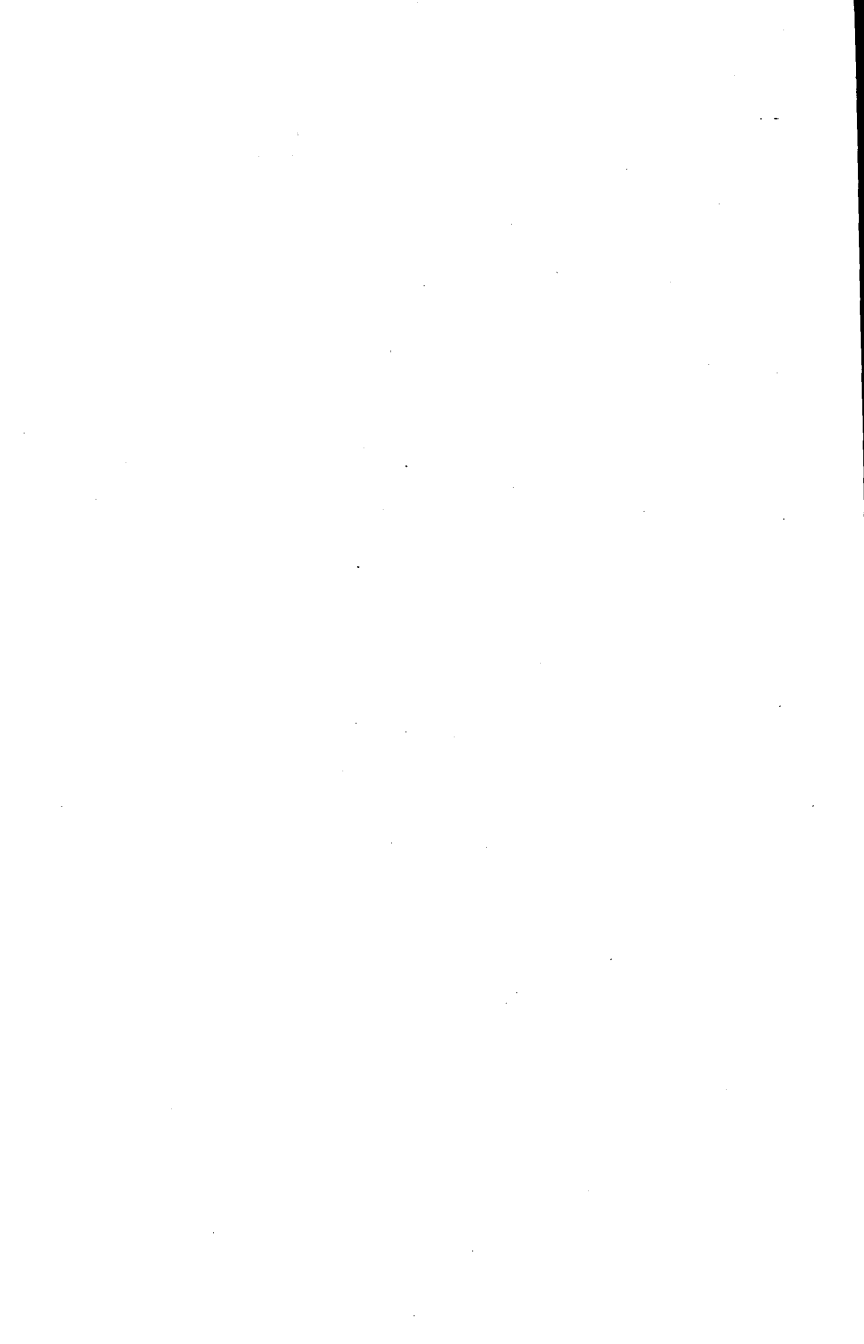
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at Bimlipatam, and later graduated from the seminary at Samalkota, in the days when our General Secretary, Rev. H. E. Stillwell, was the principal. Just as he gets back to Bobbili, Tamaru is graduating from the Girls' Boarding School. She is clever and fair and Appalaswamy looks upon her with favor. He will not tell her, however, but the missionary. The missionary tells Miss Marsh, who is in charge of the school, and she tells Tamaru. Tamaru is willing and a meeting is arranged in Miss Marsh's bungalow. Other meetings follow and the result can be guessed.

The preacher and his bride are to settle in Madapalle, where there is a Christian community. The home has a thatched roof and mud walls with a dry, smooth mud floor. There is no glass; the one window is provided with a small door. There is one room which we may appropriately call a "living room." Its furniture includes a cot made by the village carpenter, a small table, a short shelf of books, a box, a chair, a lantern and some paper pictures upon the wall. The back verandah is enclosed for a cook-room and the kitchen range is made of dried mud. Your two fists would about fill the fire box. The cooking utensils were made by the village potter and cost about three cents each. This is the house, but it is not the home. There are many houses like this all around, but the home is different. The home is made up of a thousand qualities and quantities which the preacher and his wife have learned and assimilated while in training in the Mission schools. Their home is light with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Their neighbors' house is dark with the darkness of superstition, ignorance, fatalism and idolatry. One is "home"; the other is "house"; and the difference is made by the "simple gospel."

The "simple gospel," we say! Yes, but remember there is a full fifty years of plain plodding heroism behind that sentence. When Mr. and Mrs. Churchill went to

Bobbili, fifty years ago, Appalaswamy's parents were priest-ridden, caste-cursed, karma-bound, demon-worshipping and idolatrous heathen. The truth made them free, and though they never learned to read or write, every one of their children were educated. Mr. Churchill took Appalaswamy as a raw village boy and taught him how to read and figure. At the Boarding School Mr. Gullison taught him how to run straight and play the game, and at the Seminary Mr. Stillwell taught him the treasures of the Book of Books so well that he could pass them on to others. On another field a lady missionary discovers the girl who is one day to be his wife. She pleads and prays and plans and one day she sends Tamaru to the Girls' Boarding School. Then at length, emancipated from the thralldom of generations of dense ignorance, debased morals and paralyzing superstitions, established in the truth which makes them free, these two can go forth to preach the "simple Gospel" to their own people in Madapalle.

III. THE REAL REVOLUTIONISTS.

"The Bible," says Dean Hodges, "is a dangerous and dynamic book, radical and revolutionary, essentially democratic, and puts all our conservatism in peril." Appalaswamy deals with this dangerous Book. Without going more than four miles from home in any one direction he may reach ten, fifteen or even twenty villages, and he was sent to preach in them also. Filling his pockets with portions of the "dangerous dynamic," and taking his hymn book, he goes out each morning to tell the "old old story," which in these villages is still quite new, and to sell the little Gospels which will imperil their "conservatism."

Ramamurti hears the preaching and buys a Gospel, goes to a mission school and the missionary—in this particular case Mr. Tedford of Palkonda—baptizes him. Now he is going, as a teacher-evangelist, to open a school

in one of Appalaswamy's villages. Ramamurti's people are Kurnams who form a very high and very proud caste. His relatives, therefore, forcibly put him in a cart, take him home and order him to recant. He refuses and is beaten; then his feet are chained together and insults are heaped upon him. Mr. Tedford goes to the village, but the boy's relatives say "he must remain in chains until he turns again to Hinduism." Mr. Tedford next calls the Chief Magistrate, who issues an order to have the chains removed. Now there is a great uproar—weeping and wailing by the women and shouts from the men—but the police inspector is firm, and two smiths work an hour to pry apart the heavy links which bind Ramamurti's ankles. After trying to excuse their action they ask the missionary if they can keep him in a room. "No." "Well, may we just tie up his hands?" Emphatically, "No." "What, then, shall we do?" the Kurnams ask. "He will run away; he is our only boy; his mother's heart is breaking over him." "As long as you treat him kindly and allow him to pray as he wishes," says Mr. Tedford, "I will not take him away."

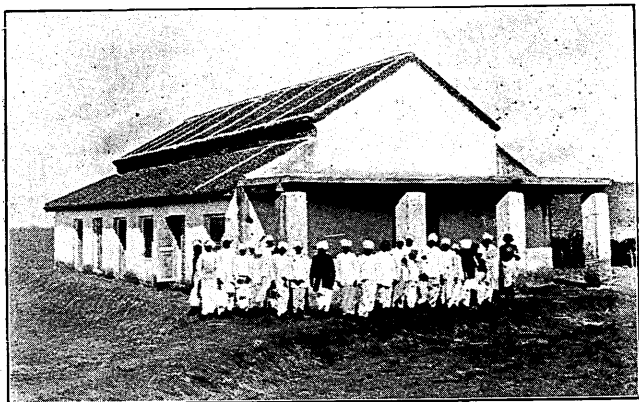
So this "dangerous dynamic" breaks the conservatism of caste and idolatry, and one of the villages in Appalaswamy's circle has a teacher-evangelist of its own. Ramamurti's school is a plain mud-walled room, and its only furniture is a chair, a table-like desk, a blackboard and a register. The building and the equipment cost thirty-five dollars, and now five dollars per year will keep it in thorough repair. There are no desks; so the pupils are seated upon the floor around three sides of the room. The time-table includes the four R's—reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic and righteousness, and righteousness receives as much time as any of the other three. Dr. Wolverton says he visited a village school in which "twenty stood in a line and recited the ten commandments, the twenty-third Psalm, the Lord's Prayer and ten or twelve texts they could also sing eighteen Telugu hymns." In th

weekly prayer-meeting you may hear some of these boys offering prayers which for Christian vision and content compare favorably with the prayers of many an older Christian at home.

The sure source of democracy is the Gospel and the safeguard of democracy is more and more Gospel. The real revolution in India is going on, not in Government circles, but in the little, bare, brown, bodies of the boys who sit with bright eyes and eager faces upon the mud floors and beneath the thatched roofs of these village mission schools. Fifty years ago we began this work, to-day we have 375 of these schools with a daily average attendance of 10,000. At night Ramamurti preaches to the parents who gather about the chapel-schoolhouse and some one enquires who this Jesus is of whom they have been hearing and singing, and what can He do for us! After a while the enquirer, by the grace of God, is a convert; and then another follows. In this way the Teacher-evangelist gathers a Christian community in his village, each member of which will belong to the church where Appalaswamy, the pastor of the circle, lives. The living Christ and the "essentially democratic" spirit of the Gospels will create little democracies like these, *i.e.*, little Baptist communities like Ramamurti's all around Madapalle. Each one will have its own teacher-evangelist, its own school, and its own services, and each will be a part of the church at Madapalle.

IV. THE HEART OF THE ENTERPRISE.

There may be one of these groups upon a field with ten or more Telugu workers, or, there may be twelve groups—as at Akidu—with more than a hundred workers. In all our mission there are now eighty churches, each with its own circle of village congregations and teacher-evangelists. The aggregate membership is about 17,000, and the number of baptisms last year was just short of



BUILDING A CHURCH—No. 2



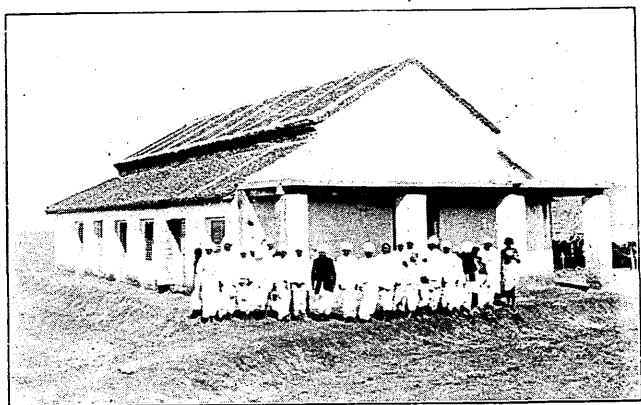
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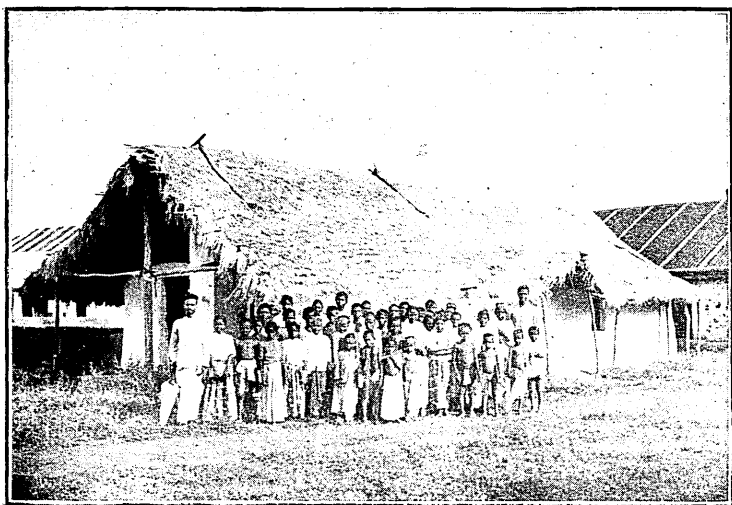
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2,000. The enabling grace of this ennobling enterprise is the impelling spirit of God, the heart and soul of the enterprise is the missionary who tours from church to church and from school to school, inspiring the preachers, encouraging the teacher-evangelists, examining the schools and uplifting the Christian communities.

Here a church has outgrown its mud chapel and wants a bigger one built with brick and tiles. The missionary is expected to be chief contributor and architect. In another village a new church is to be organized. Here there are irregularities to be inquired into, and there he must examine candidates for baptism. Here a congregation is not doing as much as it should for self-support, and there land must be acquired for a new school. Here some new Christians are suffering persecution, and there another, who is in court, needs advice. At home there is correspondence, accounts to be written up, committees to be called, workers' examinations, repairs to the bungalow, etc. Every item in his Canadian education is called upon to contribute to the general need, and the better his preparation the bigger the force he brings to his field.

Once a month, as a rule, the preachers, teacher-evangelists, and frequently the Bible-women, also, meet for conference which is generally held at the mission station, though occasionally at some other village upon the field. One of the things for which the workers come together is their "jeetum," or wage: the three or four, or even five dollars, which they receive from the Mission for their month's work. This, however, is neither all nor chief. The two or three days of the conference are filled to capacity with a number of things, chief among which is the series of inspirational meetings. These seek not alone to deepen the spiritual life of the workers themselves, but through them to uplift the Christians and evangelize the non-Christians upon the whole field. Other matters dealt with are the more serious questions of

church discipline, the allocation of workers, the extension of work in new villages and other such problems. The conference over, the workers return to their churches and schools, and the missionary follows if this season is suitable for touring and other pressing business does not prevent.

The boy is father to the man, and the missionary while on tour is looking for boys in his village schools who bear the marks of future preachers. The future well-being of our work and, above all, the extension, the permanence and the quality of Christianity in India depends, under God, upon these preachers and teacher-evangelists, and they in turn depend upon the missionary. To discern, by the Spirit of God within him, future teachers and preachers while they are still boys in the village schools, to inspire and encourage them as they go on through boarding school, to assist, in a score of ways, their passage through normal school or seminary or high school, to stand with them as they establish, at a strategic point on his field, a Christian school or church, to see himself multiplied in these men all over his great parish of three hundred villages to be the spiritual adviser and support as, under God, they seek to establish His Kingdom, to live and love, to labor and pray with the growing churches among 300,000 people, this is the task of the general missionary. A larger one or a nobler one than this is not open to-day to any man in any part of God's world. It is the finest art and the biggest business in life.

CHAPTER II

THE WORLD WAS MADE FOR WOMEN TOO

Religion, as the word is understood, has two distinct natures in the Hindu law, the masculine and the feminine. The masculine religion has its own peculiar duties, privileges and honors. The feminine religion also has its peculiarities. The sum and substance of the latter may be given in a few words: to look upon her husband as a god, to hope for salvation only through him, to be obedient to him in all things, never to court independence, never to do anything but that which is approved by law and custom.

—THE HIGH CASTE HINDU WOMAN

CHAPTER II

THE WORLD WAS MADE FOR WOMEN TOO

I. THE LAND OF LADIES LAST.

NATURALLY courteous, mentally alert, physically graceful and intensely religious, India's women are capable of great and good things, and count, one way or another, for far more in her national life than is often suspected. "They come after the men," however, and "live only for their pleasure." This is the short, but very difficult, lesson which they have learned all too well. Mentally and morally inferior to man, incapable of independence and born to subjection, they live their life beneath this heavy burden and entangled by the subtle evils of Hinduism. As a "woman-child" she comes into the world unwelcome. Her mother may pity her, but her father and brothers regard her as a misfortune and a disappointment. She can perform no religious rites in her own name and therefore unless influenced by the West, Hinduism will not provide her with an education. One Indian woman in a hundred can read and write. In infancy she is betrothed, and in childhood is carried off to be the wife of a husband whom she has scarcely seen, and the servant of his mother, who certainly is not constrained by custom, and perhaps not by nature, to be kind. At an age when our girls are playing with their dolls, she is passing through the gates of motherhood. Should the baby be a girl the pathetic story drags on. Is it a boy?

Then the mother of a son acquires social significance in the family. It is not, however, a Canadian type of family. When a young man in Canada marries, he "leaves his father and mother" to make a home of his own. A young man in India takes his wife into his father's home. A family thus consists of a father and his sons with their wives and children. It is, in our way of thinking, an aggregation of families—fathers and sons, cousins and grandsons. It is a patriarchal group and a unit in which even the inheritance is not divided. Among the women, and there may be any number of them, the aged mother is supreme. The other women rank according to their husband's relative positions. They may not eat with or before their husbands; they are unable to read and have no knowledge of any beguiling occupation. Their apartments are called the *zenana*, from a Persian word "*zen*," meaning woman. These are poorly lighted, and poorly ventilated, are practically unfurnished, and secluded. Women in such a home pass their time, as one of their own number said, "like frogs in a well, with only a glimpse of sunshine as it passes over the top." Surveying such jewelry as they may possess, simple gossip, subtle intrigue, an occasional wedding and a Hindu feast—these are their pastimes.

Fixed upon inherent inferiority, illiteracy and child marriage, and furnished from such an environment, India's womanhood can never be great. Add to this, this potent factor

No nation has ever risen beyond the level of its women.

Intensely religious, strongly superstitious, the women are the stronghold of Hinduism and the great opponents of Christianity. It is they themselves who are hindering the day of their own deliverance.

"Folks is folks" the world around; men may differ, but mankind is the same. Make due allowance for style and stage, and the drama of life as it is played in Tuni

THE FOUR WOMEN PRESIDENTS



MRS. W. G. CLARKE
President, U.B.W.M.U., Maritime Provinces.



MRS. ALBERT MATTHEWS
President, W.B.F.M.S., Ontario West.



MRS. G. H. V. BULVEA
President, Board of Women's Work of Western
Canada.



MRS. H. H. AYER
President W.B.F.M.S., Eastern Ontario
and Quebec.

Then the mother of a son acquires social significance in the family. It is not, however, a Canadian type of family. When a young man in Canada marries, he "leaves his father and mother" to make a home of his own. A young man in India takes his wife into his father's home. A family thus consists of a father and his sons with their wives and children. It is, in our way of thinking, an aggregation of families—fathers and sons, cousins and grandsons. It is a patriarchal group and a unit in which even the inheritance is not divided. Among the women, and there may be any number of them, the aged mother is supreme. The other women rank according to their husband's relative positions. They may not eat with or before their husbands; they are unable to read and have no knowledge of any beguiling occupation. Their apartments are called the *zenana*, from a Persian word "*zen*," meaning woman. These are poorly lighted, and poorly ventilated, are practically unfurnished, and secluded. Women in such a home pass their time, as one of their own number said, "like frogs in a well, with only a glimpse of sunshine as it passes over the top." Surveying such jewelry as they may possess, simple gossip, subtle intrigue, an occasional wedding and a Hindu feast—these are their pastimes.

Fixed upon inherent inferiority, illiteracy and child marriage, and furnished from such an environment, India's womanhood can never be great. Add to this, this potent factor

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resembles very much that which is played in Toronto. As in Canada, so in Cocanada, woman's influence upon man is immeasurably great. She may be an orthodox believer in her own inferiority and in her husband's divinity, yet if she is stronger in character than he, the Hindu wife manages both him and his affairs. "The widowed mother of grown up sons is queen in her own household." It is not too much to say that mothers' influence in India is, in its own way, just as great as it is in Canada. "Living for him with signal devotion," the Hindu mother will command her son's affection. "Uneducated, but religious, she will imbue him with her superstitions; and though he may graduate at Oxford, the hand of his mother's soul will be upon him till he dies."

Add all of these together and the accumulated result is the stupendous significance of the lady missionaries' work, not alone for the individual, but for the national life and character of India as well.

II. BOARDING-SCHOOL GIRLS AND HOW TO GROW THEM.

Reach a man with the gospel and you reach an individual. Reach a girl with the gospel and you reach a household, for if girls become Christians there are so many Christian mothers. At Akidu and Vuyyuru, at Cocanada and Bobbili, we have well ordered boarding schools for girls who have passed beyond the fourth standard of the village schools. Ten years ago there were 250 girls in these schools. In our Jubilee year there are 360 enrolled. "Educating a woman is like putting a knife in the hands of a monkey," says a Hindu proverb. Lady missionaries and the missionaries' wives think differently. Like fairy god-mothers, they have watched over and developed these schools from a tentative experiment to a permanent enterprise. They laugh with the girls and weep over their mistakes; they toil for them and pray with them; they give themselves unsparingly that India may have that supreme gift, an educated and

Christian motherhood and womanhood. Consider the centuries of repression which is the inheritance of these girls, and then note Miss Craig's words: "It is a pleasure to see the improvement in the girls during their course in the school; and to know that they will go out to their villages and be a real force in the uplift of their people." It is no cloistered life they live within their hostel walls. At Vuyyuru they learn sewing, mat-weaving, gardening and lace-making. Older girls mother the younger ones. "By learning to keep their rooms and grounds clean, and do their cooking, they are fitted for household duties. By learning habits of cleanliness, order, punctuality and truthfulness, characters are moulded which must resist many a downward tendency after they leave the schools."

The Christian atmosphere in which they study for three years is marked by depth and reality. Miss Lockhart says: "They like to come to the bungalow to talk and to sing. Sometimes there, in the twilight, we sit and talk together of our hopes and ideals for the future of India, and of the part that they expect to play in bringing in the Kingdom of Christ in India." Fifty-two boys and girls were baptized in Miss Hinman's school at Akidu last year. Christian Endeavour Societies are maintained. The older girls assist the Bible-women, teach in the evangelistic schools, and help in the women's Societies. The staff of each school is largely Christian; that of Vuyyuru is composed mostly of "old Vuyyuru school boys and girls."

Miss Elliott, after many trials, completes a new school building at Bobbili, and Mrs. Gordon "gives her very life" for her girls. During three years under the daily influence of the lady missionary, the transforming power of Christ in the pupil's life is graciously demonstrated. Latent possibilities are about to be realized, for some of the girls will go to Normal, some to the Bible Women's Training School at Palkonda, and some to the nurses' Training School at Pithapuram.

You must not think, however, that all our boarding school girls go this way. In India Christian girls are usually married between the ages of fifteen and twenty. It is not always convenient for the parents to arrange the marriage; so this delicate task devolves upon the missionary. Some time ago Ratnamma, the head mistress of the school at Akidu, was married to Jarvis, who is assistant surgeon to Dr. Smith. Ratnamma, when writing to Mrs. Gordon, says: "We have tried our best to make the public realize that ours is a refined marriage; that is, we have avoided all the foolish and old customs during and before the marriage, so that the women may realize that these unreasonable customs are good for nothing. It is my prayer always that God should help me in my efforts to set an example to my country sisters."

These homes and many like them are part of their recompense for they are the pioneers of much that is to be good and great in the coming India. The secret of a great nation is good homes. The secret of good homes is good mothers. In our Boarding Schools for girls we are developing good mothers, Christian teachers, efficient nurses and capable Bible-women. Miss Lockhart writes: "I often think as I sit and look at them all gathered together of the great work God has given to our hand thus to have so many future leaders of the Indian church under our influence for so many years at a time." If all the money we have sent to India during the past fifty years had done nothing more than maintain our work for women and children, it would still be one of our best investments and worthy of a great Jubilee.

III. CONCERNING CASTE GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

We have seen the Boarding Schools at work developing Christian leaders for India's women, and providing that finest product in all the world, good capable Christian wives and mothers. The caste girls' schools are day schools for those girls of higher caste homes who can

be induced to attend. We have nineteen of these schools and their total enrolment is 1,300. As these girls live in their own homes, rather than in the Boarding Departments, opportunities for developing Christian character are somewhat curtailed; nevertheless some very permanent and far-reaching results are obtained.

In far away Secunderabad, fifteen hours from Cocanada by rail, Miss Baskerville visited, in her own home, one of her former caste school girls. She is a Christian mother with a strong influence over her husband and children.

Miss Eaton's school at Palkonda is one of the newest in this group. The first anniversary was well attended by the leading men in the town, who were delighted at the progress their girls are making. This is indicative of a change coming over caste. Boys who go to high school and college demand some education for their wives. In order to make them eligible for marriage, parents are willing to send their girls to our schools. Hindu schools for girls and societies for women are increasing all over India. This land of child marriage, of enforced widowhood, of the purdah and of the temple girls, is witnessing a wide awakening of womanhood. The great danger is that the leadership in this movement may fall largely into the hands of those who have modern, but not Christian, motives and standards; that this new freedom may be uninfluenced by the Christian ideal of womanhood. The true social and moral progress of the country would thus be thrown back indefinitely and the latter state of women would become all but worse than the former.

Through the women's work the Christian ideal of womanhood may come to be a real power in the land. Through their Caste Girls' Schools and Boarding Schools lives may be moulded for unselfish service and Christian leadership. Herein lies the power and the worth of the work of our lady missionaries in India.

The Government doctor's wife at Ramachandrapuram was formerly a pupil in our girls' school at Bob-

bili. To-day she is a leader in the Health and Welfare Association as well as a true friend to the missionaries. The Bible is taught regularly to the 1,300 girls in these schools, and great numbers whose parents will not allow them to confess Christ are secret and faithful believers. Each girl taught means a welcome into some future home for the lady missionary and her Bible-women, and a point of contact already established.

Chittama learned to love her Bible and prayer in the school at Tuni. When she went to her husband's home he had no sympathy with these things. Now, however, she can take Miss Priest to a little room for talk and prayer together, while her husband invites the pastor to come for Christian conversation. A little leaven leavens the whole lump.

Owing to the opposition of the parents, all of whom are caste people, baptisms are all but impossible but conversions must be many. In the Hope Hall School at Vizagapatam, Miss Blackadar holds a prayer-meeting for the older girls at the Bible half-hour on Friday morning. It is voluntary, but many children come, and as many as sixteen will pray in the half hour—such simple, direct prayers full of simple trust for the lepers on the street, the sick children in school, for help in study, for protection in their play, for the teachers and (most pathetic of all) that they may never fall into idolatry after knowing of Jesus, and that their parents may learn of Him.

If you are going to do anything for a nation's men you must do it long before they become men. You must begin at least a generation before they are born. Through their work for girls the lady missionaries are selecting and training the mothers of India's future leaders. "Yes, my little girl prays every day," says a Vuyyuru woman. "Look at these pictures. She has brought them all home from School. She tells us that there is only one God, and that we must not worship idols. She is always

singing the hymns that teacher, Mary, has taught her." This is the witness of a woman in Vuyyuru. The Kingdom of heaven has its own standards of value and success, and cases such as we have noticed above must belong to the class where two mites, which make one farthing, may outweigh much silver and gold.

IV. SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

Dwelling to-day, in the 7,000 towns and villages which make up our share of India, there are enough boys and girls under fifteen years of age to make up four entire cities the size of Toronto, and the language which they speak has no word for home. We may allow ourselves to dally while adults die, but dare we delay in carrying the Gospel to these children! If they stood together holding hands they would stretch in one unbroken line just a little farther than from Winnipeg to Toronto. When Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me" he spoke of these children in the East. This is the generation which we must reach with the Gospel message before it is too late.

Evangelistic schools are held among the non-Christian children. They are recognized as strategic centres and are a part of the organized work upon each field. They are held any day in the week, at any time and in any place. Upon a friendly verandah, in the shade of a carpenter's shed, or beneath a spreading mango tree, are really good places to meet. Many of these groups are among caste children, and so they become a promising agent in our work for the caste people. Will they not forget what they learn during just one hour in the week? Some will; but others will cherish the truth in their heart until they come fully into that light which lighteth all who come into the world. Speaking of the progress on the Tuni field, Mr. Gunn says: "The Evangelistic Schools started and encouraged by the late Mrs. Scott have had a very marked effect on the character of this



MISS BASKERVILLE AND BIBLE WOMEN AT WORK
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result." Mrs. Cross reports not less than forty such schools on the Avanigadda field, with a total enrolment of one thousand.

In 588 Sunday and Evangelistic Schools we have an enrolment of more than 14,000 scholars. The regular Sunday schools enroll the boys and girls of our village schools, boarding schools, high schools and churches. As the Bible is taught daily in the day schools also, these 14,000 boys and girls are really well acquainted with the life of Christ and other portions of the Bible. During a recent nine months, Miss Selman examined eighty-one Sunday schools. In one school, two little tots in the first class recited thirtystories and answered every question asked on the life of Christ.

An evangelistic school was allowed to lapse for a few months, but Miss Eaton tells us that when she resumed the work next year one little fellow could give the gist of all the lessons he had learned.

To help a child is to help humanity with an immediacy and a permanency unequalled by any other opportunity. Last year there were 179 baptisms from the Sunday schools. Our supreme aim in India is to establish there self-supporting and self-propagating churches. These 700 teachers and more than 14,000 scholars must be a mighty factor in the process.

V. THE EVENING-UP GOSPEL.

"What poison is that which appears like nectar? Woman. What is cruel? The heart of a viper. What is more cruel? The heart of a woman!"

So run some of the Hindu proverbs. The greatest burden of Hinduism falls upon the women. It is the Christian religion alone which gives woman her rightful place by the side of man and evens up their burdens. It is the lady missionaries and their Bible-women who carry this evening-up gospel to the women in their homes.

Miss Baskerville and her Bible-women seek admission to one of these caste homes. A haughty Brahman meets them at the door and imperiously refuses admittance. At the next door they are admitted courteously and conducted into the courtyard, around which the household rooms are constructed. The cooking pots are turned upside down in the sun and the visitors must be careful not to touch them even with their skirts, for then the owners must break them up, as defiled and unfit for use. Then, probably, they would invite the missionary to pay. A minute later a dog runs close up to these same pots. "What would happen if the dog touched them?" Miss Baskerville asks. "Oh, that wouldn't matter," is the simple reply. The dog was not born in caste, but it just does not count, while the missionaries do.

Miss Brothers is visiting the zenana of a large house. "There are so many fine women and they seem so anxious to hear." She begins to sing and there is a noisy coughing upstairs. The women whisper, "Oh, the men are home to-day; don't sing." She talks quietly to them, but they are nervous and when the "cough" comes downstairs the women "fade away into the various corners," and Miss Brothers thinks it is time to leave.

It is Sunday afternoon and Miss Patton is holding a meeting in a small village. The Scriptures are read and explained, hymns are sung and questions are answered. Now she asks: "Does any here wish to follow Jesus?" A young man and his wife leave the meeting, and after a few minutes return to say, "We have decided to follow Him." This is an unusual response, but "the wind bloweth where it listeth." After the meeting they walk back to the tent, a mile away. As they follow the little path separating the ripening rice fields, similar, perhaps, to the paths Jesus trod so many Sundays since, they say to themselves, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few . . ."

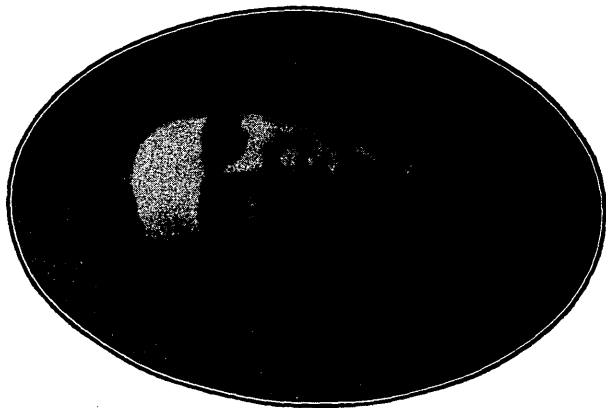
A round of the clock with Miss Priest at home will show another side of this many-sided service. "One evening, a message came to me that an old Brahman friend was coming in on the morning train to see me. He is a school supervisor, and has taken a kindly interest in our schools in his district. He came, and was in no hurry. As we talked, Jesus became the theme; and a Scripture calendar helped much to give a definite message. That afternoon a caste woman and her son came—opportunity number two; and after they left, some Brahman boys came; and later, some Mohomedan boys."

You cannot set down the results of such a day in statistics, but through such efforts the workers live long and live much in the life of the land. Their service is not measured by temporal standards, for it is merged in the infinite and in the eternal, and He whose name is Love keeps the records.

The goal of India is a Christianized and self-governing unit in the British Commonwealth of nations. She can never reach this goal until her womanhood has been enlightened and emancipated. When the crowning consummation has been realized it will be everywhere admitted that the lady missionaries played a large part in the onward march of her multitudinous millions towards the glad goal.



DR. GERTRUDE W. HULET,
First lady doctor sent by Women's Board.



DR. PEARL SMITH CHUTE
First lady doctor in the Mission

CHAPTER III

HALLS OF DIVINE HEALING



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CHAPTER III

HALLS OF DIVINE HEALING

I am a missionary, heart and soul. God had an only Son, and He was a missionary and a physician. In this service I hope to live; in it I wish to die.

—LIVINGSTONE

At sunset all who had any people ill with any sort of disease brought them to him: he laid his hands on every one and healed them.

—LUKE

CHAPTER III

HALLS OF DIVINE HEALING

I. FAITH AND WORKS.

YOU CAN discriminate between the heat and light of a candle, but, as Dan Crawford says, "put out the candle and good-bye both." Now, faith is to works as light is to heat, and in our Jubilee year we have in India eight medical missionaries who bear the light of faith and works upon the candlestick of selfless service.

These devotees of the Great Physician have no hobby except service. They have no private interests, but are interested in any one whom they can heal or help. They respect no kind of religion and treat all kinds of disease. They win the hearts of the people and thus help the evangelists to win their convictions and their allegiance to Jesus Christ. Their distinguishing feature is their power to spend themselves utterly for their patients. They go about their work with an ardour, the romance and the all-overness of a first love. The sacred flame of their zeal reveals itself in gracious deeds, and Hinduism turns aside to see why the bush burns with fire and is not consumed.

Perhaps no doctor exhibits in her work a finer unity of the two than Dr. Hulet, of Vuyyuru, whose building of seven rooms, completed in 1912, accommodates yearly 700 in-patients. In addition Dr. Hulet treats about 5,000 out-patients annually. With money from the John Knott memorial and from a friend of Dr. Hulet's, a new site has been purchased for a better equipment, which is much needed.

II. THE FIGHT AGAINST FATE.

Transmigration is a doctrine of Hinduism which teaches that each soul is an emanation of the divine Spirit, and may be born again and again, any number of times up to 8,400,000 times.

Karma teaches that each item of the present life—every pleasure and pain, every joy and sorrow—is the exact reward or the just requital of the deeds done in a previous life. Each day, then, of any previous existence is unchangeably fixed by the deeds of a previous life. Is there an abscess upon the arm? Does leprosy claim a near relative? Is a baby born with club-feet? Does a loved one die from the superstitious practice of a quack doctor? The Hindu quietly turns away saying: "It is written, it is my Karma, why struggle against fate?"

One day, however, Dr. Allyn operates upon three babies all with club-feet. That is a real blow against "fate" which had ordained them cripples for life. Here is the best possible evidence that these children did not sin in a previous life, but that God's glory and goodness is being manifested through His missionaries.

On an adjoining compound Dr. Smith cures, within a few days, three eye cases which would have resulted in blindness. When along with this he removes cancers and cures influenza, Hinduism, with its cruel fate, is receiving a severe set back and Christianity with its loving Father is widely proclaimed.

Labouring side by side in their splendid hospitals in Pithapuram, Dr. Smith and Dr. Allyn last year treated about 1,600 in-patients and more than 12,000 out-patients. To these they gave more than 20,000 treatments, including three hundred major and twelve hundred minor operations. Through such stupendous service fatalism gives place to fatherhood, helplessness to hopefulness, Karma to Christ, and death to life—even life eternal.

III. A HOSPITAL IN THE HILLS.

The religion of the Savaras is demon worship. Their ills are due to demon possession. Sickness means the displeasure of the gods, and a sacrifice is necessary to appease them. If the ailment is a trivial one a chicken may suffice; but a serious illness may require an ox or the utmost that the patient can afford. The Gospel story makes a strong appeal, but they say, if we give up our worship of the gods what will we do when we get sick! This is a pertinent question. One can readily understand why the Conference, as early as 1910, recorded the urgent need of a medical missionary for this field. Miss Gaunce, being a trained nurse, gave them much assistance, and Mr. Glendinning always carried simple remedies with him, but the appeal for a doctor continued.

Early in 1919 Dr. and Mrs. J. Hinson West arrived in Parlakimedi and settled at once to studying the Oriya language. While he acquired the language a dispensary was built upon a corner which many Savaras pass as they go to market. This is just at present the nucleus of his work, but Dr. West frequently packs his outfit, and, leaving the dispensary in charge of an Indian assistant, spends two weeks at a time among the Savara hills. The people find it hard to understand so much kindness and are somewhat suspicious, but are beginning to look forward to these visits. Dr. West is now building a mosquito-proof bungalow in these hills, and will have a hospital there too. The hills would not come to the doctor, so the doctor will go to the hills. Nurse Munro, who went to India in 1920, is associated with Dr. West, and Miss Bessie Turnbull, who went out in 1922, will be associated with Mr. Glendinning in the more directly evangelistic work.

IV. A GIFT GREATER THAN GOLD.

A Union Medical Missionary School was opened by Dr. Ida Scudder at Vellore in 1918 to train Indian Chris-

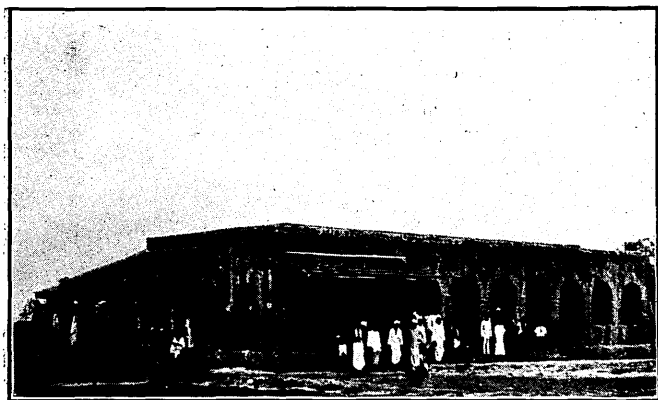
tian women to act as doctors to their own people. It is supported by several Women's Boards and the Maritime Women are providing a scholarship of \$1,000 per year. Greater than gold is the gift of Dr. Jessie and Dr. Bessie Findlay, who graduated from Manitoba University in 1920. This is one of the noblest services which it is possible to render to India's women and in these two ways Canadian Baptist women are assisting vitally. During Dr. Scudder's recent furlough in America, Dr. Jessie Allyn was in charge at Vellore; and during Dr. Hulet's furlough in Canada, Dr. Bessie Findlay took her place in the very busy hospital at Vuyyuru.

"The Kaiser-i-Hind medal was instituted in May, 1900, with the object of honouring those persons, irrespective of race, sex, position, or occupation, who have done good service in India, by personal devotion, by large minded charity or by ameliorating the sufferings and improving the conditions of their fellow creatures."

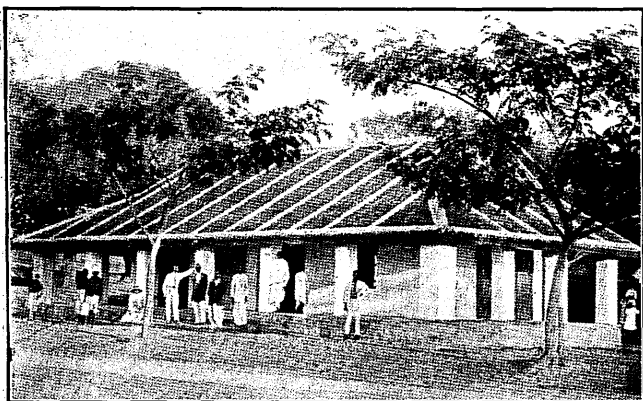
This medal, in silver, was awarded to Miss Hatch, of Ramachandrapuram, in 1910, and again, in gold, in 1918. The gift on both occasions was in recognition of her long and conspicuous service for the lepers. It has also been awarded, in silver, to our veteran medical missionary, Dr. E. G. Smith, of Pithapuram. That this gift should be bestowed three times within our Telugu Mission, is a distinction and honor to the recipients themselves, but it is also more; it is a recognition, by the Imperial Government itself, of the worth and efficacy of our medical missionary service.

V. SO MANY BEDS IN THE WARD.

Human life is cheap and suffering is common in India. There are "so many beds in the ward;" can God care for each case! Amid the masses does he care for a mere man? Among the millions does He know of this mother—a poor, untouchable, worn-out woman? She comes to the hospital at Akidu, and Dr. Wolverton, who is in charge,



THE NEW HOSPITAL, AKIDU



THE SAVARA DISPENSARY, PARLAKIMEDI

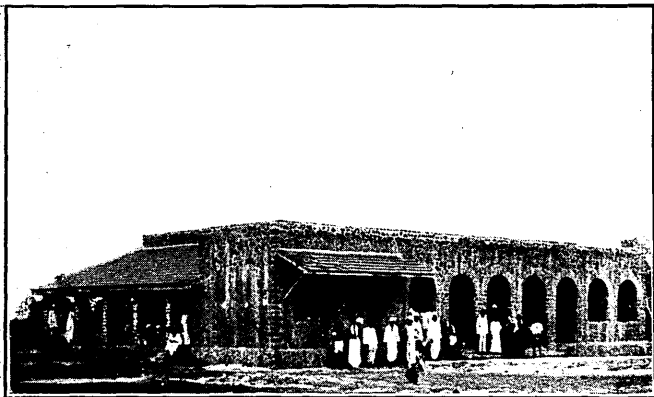
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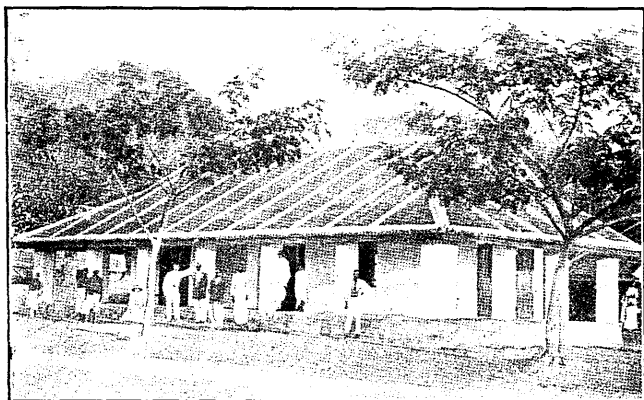
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does care. Why does he work for hours over this out-caste woman who will die at any rate? Later they see her well and her baby too. Then they understand what India so much needs to know: Christ's care for the individual and his love for the poorest of His people—even for the despised out-caste.

Dr. Pearl Chute reached Akidu on a Saturday evening, 1896, and treated her first patient Sunday morning before day-break. A verandah room first served as dispensary, hospital and reception room. Then came the "Star of Hope," costing fifty dollars, then other gifts from Mr. Chute's family and, chiefest of all, Mrs. Chute's life service.

"The Harris Memorial" was opened in 1920 and cost about \$7,000. The Harris family gave the first \$5,000. Many smaller gifts totalling about \$2,000 were given in honour of the silver anniversary of Mrs. Chute's medical work, 1896-1921. During "the Chutes'" last furlough Dr. Wolverton and Dr. Eaton successively carried on both the hospital and the field work at Akidu. About 3,000 patients receive 6,000 treatments in a year in the hospital and each treatment proves to India that God is love and loves even each individual.

VI. "THY FAITH HATH MADE THEE WHOLE."

This little bit of history from Dr. Clark's work at Sompetta will show how intimately the medical and the evangelistic work are related and inter-related: "Last July a young boy, Appanna, was brought to my dispensary dying. His mother had just died of the same disease and he was near the end. I admitted him because he was a relative of Mr. Patro, who was ready for baptism. This lad had worshipped every idol he knew and had given up all faith. For days he was too weak to read or even listen, but as he improved, at his request we began to read the Bible together. Very soon his faith went beyond mine and he was sure he would get well.

His faith saved him, not only from this disease, but from sin, and now he is one of our boys and a happy Christian, although still under his father's authority."

One evening Dr. Eaton is called from Sompetta to visit "a young man who is very ill," in a village three miles away. The three miles become five and in the dim light of the little room the "young man" becomes a "young woman." "Why did you tell us that the patient was a man?" "Had we told you that the patient was a woman, you would not have come," is their ready answer. In this land where "the sin of killing three women is equal to the sin of killing one cow," such reasoning is reasonable enough. What can change it? What indeed except it be the living interpretation of the spirit of the Christ as it is exhibited in the hospital and dispensaries of Sompetta field.

VII. IN MEMORIAM.

Dr. Marjorie Cameron went to India in 1915, and resided while studying the language at Pithapuram. Early in 1919 she went to Chicacole, and Nurse H. E. Day, though studying the language, went with her to assist with operations. Dr. Cameron reorganized the work and opened "out-dispensaries as feeders for the hospital." One of these, at the railroad station, was particularly popular. These out-dispensaries, long distance calls, and the rapidly growing work at the hospital, filled her life exceedingly full, but hard hearts were softened and race hatred was dissolved as they saw this doctor in selfless service giving herself unreservedly for all sorts and conditions of her fellow-men, and she did incalculable service in linking up East and West.

With crowded hours of glorious service she filled two years at Chicacole, then went for a rest to Kodaikanal. Enjoying the atmosphere of this hill-station and making plans for larger work, she was taken suddenly ill while on a walk. Drs. Smith and Wolverton were close at

hand and rendered every possible assistance, but within a few minutes this devoted servant of the Lord passed into His presence. Her death occurred on Saturday evening, June eleventh, 1921, "and the next morning, in the beautiful burial ground in Kodaikanal, that bodily form which had been so active and untiring in service for others was reverently laid to rest."

VIII. THE BEST BENEVOLENCE IN THE WORLD.

A leper among your servants, especially if he carries the water and washes the dishes, is not pleasant to contemplate, but it could happen in India where there are 110,000 lepers, only a small percentage of whom are segregated, and did at Ramachandrapuram.

The Ramachandrapuram Home had its origin in the heart of the late Rev. J. E. Davis and of Miss S. I. Hatch. The first site of two acres was secured in 1899, and twenty-five lepers were admitted to dormitories the following year. Since then many generous gifts have been received and a "model" institution, costing upwards of \$15,000, has been built.

The Vizianagram Leper Home was founded by Miss Flora Clarke. The site of one hundred acres was a gift from the late Rajah of Vizianagram, and is situated three miles from the city. Nine years ago this "home" consisted of a few mud huts and nine lepers, with a compounder in charge. Now there are five large stone buildings, two good houses for helpers, and four cook houses. Instead of nine, there are now sixty inmates, and others "in a dreadful physical condition" wait until there is more accommodation.

The field of service covered by these "homes" is very large and surprisingly effective. To begin with, there are 175 inmates who are being cared for daily. Above 1,000 have passed through the Ramachandrapuram institutions, and 400 have accepted Christ. At Vizianagram last year seven were baptized. Eight from the un-

tainted home at Ramachandrapuram have become mission workers, while three others have gone out apparently well and strong.

Among those who have been saved are several high caste people, and their relatives who come to see them carry back the word to villages hitherto unreached by the Gospel. This frequently results in a friendliness to the Gospel on the part of these higher caste people, which Miss Hatch describes as "simply marvellous." Thus in all these ways, directly or indirectly, the Word of God has full course in India and is glorified.

IX. EVALUATING THE INVALUABLE.

If in an unguarded moment you ask just what are the statistical results of this work, we might answer: During the last year more than 3,000 in-patients were cared for in our hospitals, and about 50,000 out-patients received treatment. Altogether about 95,000 treatments were given to 52,000 folks. In addition to all this, more than 4,000 operations were performed. Jesus must be well pleased and very much at home with our missionaries as, moved by His love, they treat the thousand sick and suffering Telugus every week.

Great as these figures seem to be, there are other results which are far greater. They are found in its power to dispel superstitions which fetter the souls of people, to break down prejudice and preach the brotherhood of man, to teach the Fatherhood of God, and the worth of man, to make open doors where there have been many adversaries, to interpret the mind of the Master and the Spirit of His Kingdom to dull ears and clouded intellects, to soften hard hearts, to open blind eyes, to make the lame to walk and finally, in all these ways, directly and indirectly to lead men to Christ and hasten the coming of His Kingdom. Such as these are the real results which no man can evaluate.

CHAPTER IV

BETWEEN THE SOWER AND THE REAPER

Hear, O Israel: Jehovah our God is one Jehovah: and thou shalt love Jehovah thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be upon thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children.

—DEUTERONOMY

He who helps a child helps humanity with an immediateness not possible at any other stage of life.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS

Every administrator in India must acknowledge that the educational system of India was created and developed by missionaries, that many of the reform movements brought about in society and government were brought about by missionaries, that the human contacts of one race and color with another race and color, which are creating a new India, were the direct result of the preaching and practising of the brotherhood of man by the missionaries.

—LORD READING,
Viceroy of India

CHAPTER IV

BETWEEN THE SOWER AND THE REAPER

I. STANDS THE HUSBANDMAN.

ABOVE the window designed to commemorate the life of Mary Slessor there is this inscription: "Between the Sower and the Reaper Stands the Husbandman." This is our plea for education in the mission fields. One sows and another reaps, but God gives the increase, and in India, He gives it very largely through those husbandmen who have been trained in our Mission schools. We have various kinds of schools, but the aim of each is one and the same—the presentation of a Telugu personality, in all its manifold life, to Christ for His service. When the first Canadian Baptist foreign missionary, Rev. R. E. Burpee, sailed for Burma, there were in all the mission schools, of all the Mission Societies in all mission lands, about 10,000 pupils. In our Jubilee year we have about 400 village schools with a daily average attendance exceeding ten thousand, we have nineteen caste-girl schools with 1,300 pupils, we have ten boarding schools with nearly 1,000 boarders, we have two high schools with about 1,500 boys, one Anglo-Indian school, one industrial school, one normal school, one Bible-women's school and one seminary.

These schools are not only training the minds, but they are changing the hearts and therefore the habits and characters of these boys and girls who are to be the true nation-builders in the days of India's supreme need.

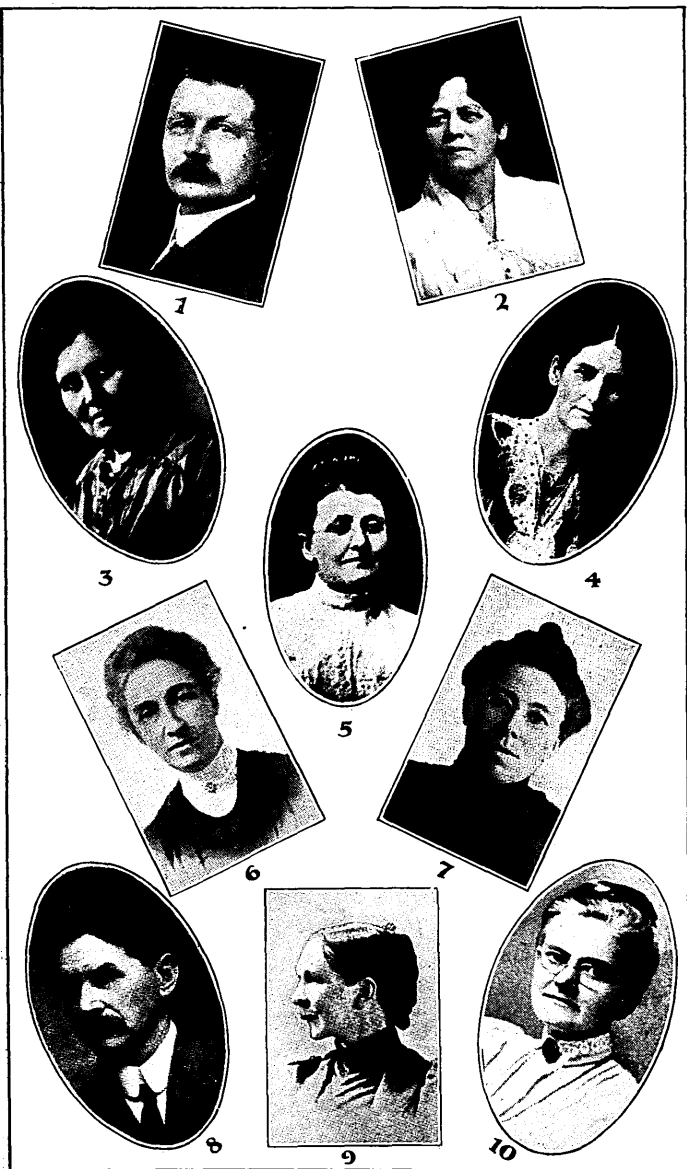
II. BOARDING SCHOOLS.

Boarding schools exist for the benefit of those boys and girls in the Christian community who wish to pass beyond the village schools. The Avanagadda school for boys is the youngest of this group, with about forty boarders. "There is no work more important than our school work," says Mr. Cross. "From it we must obtain qualified workers, and by it, in time, must the standard of our churches be raised both in intellect and character."

At Akidu there are about 100 boys and 60 girls in the boarding departments. They come from all over this great field, with its twelve churches and 3,000 Christians. Miss Susie Hinman has been in charge of this work since 1913. Fifty-two boys and girls were baptized in this school last year—fifty-two souls of vision and of venture who will be Christian leaders in India. Such schools do pay. Fees and board for one year cost twenty-five dollars.

The Vuyyuru school enrolls about a hundred boarding boys and girls. During Mrs. Gordon's furlough Miss Lockhart was the capable manager of this school. Mr. Gordon, whom the teachers call "the man of plans," has instituted an agricultural and industrial department. Upon an acre and a half of land the boys and girls, by group and individual effort, raised vegetables and spices for which they received one-third value, the teachers in charge one-third, and the school one-third. For the industrial work a full time graduate of the Cocanada Industrial School was employed last year. The school provided the instruments and wood and the boys constructed blackboards, benches, stools, etc., for village school use. Other forms of industrial work, more or less similar to this, are carried on at the other boarding centres.

The fields lying between Vuyyuru and Vizagapatam have each a smaller number of Christians than the three which we have been considering, and therefore the board-



PIONEERS NOT APPEARING ELSEWHERE WHO HAVE SERVED
THIRTY YEARS OR MORE.

1. Dr. J. R. Stillwell, 2. Mrs. Stillwell, 3. Miss M. Clark, 4. Miss S. I. Hatch,
5. Miss A. E. Baskerville, 6. Miss A. C. Murray, 7. Miss E. Priest, 8. Rev. J. E.
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ing schools from these fields are gathered in one school at Cocanada. This school last year had an enrolment of 154 girls, and during Miss Pratt's extended furlough has been in charge of Miss Laura Craig. Evidences of its far-reaching influence are found in scores of homes where its graduates are Christian wives and mothers. The boys' school for this section is known as the Central Boys' Boarding School, and is located at Samalkota. After the removal of the Seminary to Cocanada, Miss Edna Corning was in charge of this school until her lamented death in 1915. Since then Miss Janet Robinson has managed its affairs with marked ability.

The boys' boarding school for Vizagapatam and all fields northward is at Bimlipatam. After a considerable effort Mr. Gullison, who is in charge of the school, secured Government recognition in 1902 and the attendance rose from 57 to 174. In 1912 a fine new property, consisting of three acres of land and two good buildings, was secured at a very reasonable price and paid for by funds raised in India. Dr. Sanford contributed to this work on his old field a thousand rupees. Besides day pupils the school now enrolls about sixty-five boarders. The girls' school for these northern fields is at Bobbili. During Miss Elliott's recent furlough, Miss Knowles has been in charge. Some eighty girls are in the boarding department. During Miss Elliott's last term a fine new school building was erected near the dormitories.

In these boarding schools the various elements of Christian manhood and womanhood—self-discipline, sound health, Christian zeal and knowledge, industry, soul culture and evangelistic fervour—are blended and balanced into loyal followers of Jesus Christ. Out of these groups will come the future preachers, teachers, Bible-women and other workers for our Mission. From these schools will come the leaders of our Christian community, leaders who, out of all proportion to their numbers, will influence and mould the character of the new India which is to be.

III. HIGH SCHOOLS.

Quite the finest building in our mission is the home of the "McLaurin High School," at Cocanada, which is named after the illustrious founder of the Ontario and Quebec Mission. It was built by our General Secretary, Rev. H. E. Stillwell, at a cost of \$25,000, and completed in 1912. Mr. Stillwell, who had been in charge of higher education since 1905, was now seriously broken in health and had to return to Canada, where he has since served the Mission with conspicuous success, first as Treasurer and now as General Secretary. He was succeeded at Cocanada by Rev. A. S. Woodburne, 1912, Rev. H. B. Cross 1913-17, Rev. H. Dixon Smith, 1917-20 and by Rev. R. C. Bensen, who is now in charge.

Accredited Christian boys from any field in the Mission, after passing through the lower schools, may seek entrance to the boarding department of this school. Daily Bible study is a part of the school curriculum, and non-Christian students frequently take much interest in this part of the course. There are about 300 boys enrolled, one-third of whom are Christian. Just thirty-five dollars will pay the fees and board of a Christian boy in this school for one year, but no money will represent his worth as a future Christian leader in our Mission and in India.

One of our legacies from the London Mission was the Vizagapatam High School, which enrolls about 900 boys and is the oldest in the Madras Presidency. The late Principal, Mr. D. Lazarus, who was for forty years the leader of the school, made for it a very large and influential place in the life of the city. After his lamented death, February thirteenth, 1918, Rev. H. Y. Corey, of Vizianagram, took up the heavy task, in addition to his own field. In 1920 Mr. John Davis, son of the late Rev. J. E. Davis, went to India as Principal of this school, but being unable to stand the climate, returned in 1922, leaving it still in charge of Dr. Corey. The main building now occupied by the school was purchased at a cost of \$4,000,

by Mrs. Croaker, of Middleton, N.S., as a memorial to her late husband and son. With nearly 1,000 students enrolled, many of whom in later years will occupy positions of trust and influence, with the continuous and consistent contact with higher Hinduism which the school affords, it is easy to see what a large and strategic opportunity this school offers for permeating the life of India with the principles and practices of the Prince of Peace. The Bible is taught every day, and examinations are taken in this as in other subjects.

IV. THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

The true story of education is not told in statistics, but is found in the new spirit that has come to pervade the people, the aspirations aroused and the forward look acquired by the students and graduates who are coming to be a large factor in the New India. Perhaps the most strategic group of men in this leavening and lifting process is the teacher-evangelists, most of whom are trained at the Normal School, which is situated at Cocanada, and is managed by Mr. Bensen in connection with the High School. The average number of teachers in training is about seventy-five. In a recent report Mr. Bensen said: "The training school is to my mind the best educational asset of our mission."

V. THE BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL.

In order that each prospective mission worker may become, first of all, mature in character and thoroughly grounded in Bible knowledge, a compulsory Bible study course has been inserted between the third form or the eighth standard on the one hand and the high school course on the other. In addition, then, to the regular Bible instruction received in each of the lower standards, every prospective mission worker and each high school student must take this one year course entirely devoted to

"Bible Subjects and Personal, Aggressive Christian Work." A recent Bible training class consisted of forty boys, thirty of whom had completed the eighth standard work. At the annual examination fifty per cent. of them were successful. Mr. Bensen, who is also in charge of this work, says: "From my personal contact with these students, I believe that upon many of them God has truly laid His hand, separating them for His service."

A new departure in the way of education is the Bible women's training school which was opened in 1923. At present it is under the direction of Miss Winnifred Eaton, and is located at Palkonda.

VI. "THE TIMPANY MEMORIAL."

In 1883 the late Rev. A. V. Timpany opened a free school for European and Anglo-Indian children. In 1886 a commodious building, with a compound of four acres, was secured in Cocanada and named the "Timpany Memorial Hall." In 1913 further accommodation was provided by a gift of fifteen hundred dollars from Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar Hudson, of Winnipeg. The new building is called "Hudson Hall," in memory of Mrs. Amanda Folsom Hudson, of Ottawa. In 1916 Miss Jessie Findlay, who had served as principal since 1909, went on furlough and was succeeded by Miss McGill, who is now in charge. Since the Anglicans have closed their school at Vizagapatam, this is the only Protestant school for Anglo-Indians between Madras and Calcutta.

VII. "THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY."

In 1872 Mr. Timpany, while working in the American Baptist Telugu Mission, opened a Seminary at Ramapatam. In 1882 Rev. and Mrs. John McLaurin opened one at Samalkot, for the Ontario and Quebec Mission. The school was moved to Cocanada in 1912, when the High School was opened there.

A Union of the Canadian Baptist and American Baptist Seminaries was effected in July, 1920. The new institution is called "The Union Theological Seminary." At present it is located at Ramapatam. As soon, however, as the arrangements are completed and the buildings can be erected, it is proposed to establish the new Union School at Bezwada. This town is in the centre of the Telugu country, and immediately between the Canadian and American territories. It is one of the growing Telugu cities, and our boys here will receive their training in the midst of their people's thought and life. Our representative on the staff is Rev. J. B. McLaurin. The Indian teacher from our Mission is Mr. Chetti Bhanamurti, a graduate of Serampore College. Two missionaries and two Telugu teachers are provided by the American Mission. By this Union, then, we receive the advantage of a thoroughly good seminary, with three missionaries and their wives upon the staff, at one-third of the cost in men and money. Best of all, India will receive a body of Christian leaders with such character and devotion as will enable them to assume the increased leadership and responsibility which the growing Telugu churches imperatively demand.

We will close our account of the Union Theological Seminary with the following paragraph from Mr. McLaurin: "We have at present in the school a total of thirty-six Canadian Baptist students, twenty-one men and fifteen wives of students. The Union has begun under the happiest auspices and the students all work together in the best spirit without any hint of sectionalism. So we have made a good beginning, and got really started at this mighty work. Its results no man can number, and the widening of its influence none can foresee. But we shall see even here sufficient of it, and that not many years hence, as will bring us to our knees in gratitude to God for the riches of His inheritance in the Indian people; and one day we shall fully understand, when we

too behold the great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and peoples, and kindreds, and tongues, standing before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands, saying, 'Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.' God speed the day, and may we all, in prayer and gift and work, have our part in the great consummation."

VIII. STANDS THE HUSBANDMAN.

After many detours and wasted journeys, we have learned in the home field that education is not fulfilled till it rises to the mind of Christ. Our missionaries have believed this from the start, and in every one of our schools they seek to enable the Telugu Christians to handle the Written Word for themselves. They have seen great progress in our educational work which includes: 400 village schools with 10,000 pupils.

19 caste girls' schools with 1,300 girls.

10 boarding schools with 850 boarders.

1 industrial school with twenty boys.

2 high schools with 1,300 students.

1 normal school with sixty-five student-teachers.

1 seminary with thirty ministerial students.

1 Bible training school and one Bible-woman's school.

This work of education covers all that patient, varied, tender, watchful service of the husbandman who stands between the sower and the reaper, and year by year they themselves enter, by God's grace, into the joy of the reaper. But whether they reap, or train Telugu Timothies who are to lead others into the glorious liberty of Christ, they do not labour in vain. He that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together and with them stands the husbandman.

CHAPTER V

INDUSTRIAL EVANGELISM

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

—MATTHEW.

CHAPTER V

INDUSTRIAL EVANGELISM

I. THE SUBMERGED SIXTH.

INDIA has half of Canada's territory; but she contains forty times our population. Fully eighty per cent. of these manifold millions live in some 720,000 rural villages. Practically every one of these villages has its out-caste population—people who belong to the lowest, *i.e.*, to the first five of the 2,300 caste divisions of India. They are sometimes referred to as the Panchammas or five-caste people; but are generally called Untouchable or Out-castes. Mr. Holland refers to them as the "Submerged Sixth," and they number something more than fifty millions.

Our churches, from Vizapagapatam northward, contain a moderate proportion of higher caste converts; but it is quite safe to say that fully ninety per cent. of the entire church membership has come from the out-caste community.

Contrary to popular opinion, India is exceedingly poor. The average income cannot be more than fifteen dollars per person, per year. A family of five would have an income of something less than a dollar and a half per week. The out-caste home is quite below this average and cannot exceed ten dollars per person per year. The men have little land, and less ability to keep it clear. Working chiefly for the landlord, great numbers get hopelessly in debt to them and are virtually their slaves for life.

The Telugu tongue has no word for home and among the out-castes the lack is dreadfully accentuated. Their home is a mud-walled, one-roomed, mud-floored, thatched roof hut. Poorly clad, under-nourished, wretchedly housed, untouchable and illiterate, their home is a hut for the body and a hut for the soul, with no thought of higher things. Amid economic conditions and problems of poverty such as these, industrial evangelism is quite necessary to develop self-supporting Christians, to raise the ethical and moral standards and to assure the permanency of Christianity.

II. CO-OPERATION.

Co-operation with the Government in a persistent effort to lift the out-castes, has always been a part of our missionary enterprise. Much has been done to help them secure land. On the Akidu field Dr. Wolverton assisted the Christians in obtaining over 300 acres on deed, and much more upon a three-year lease which may become permanent. On the Vuyyuru field many acres were secured through the Co-operative Society. These folks, who never could have bought land, have thus come into possession of an acre or an acre and a half, worth from \$100 to \$200 per acre. On the Avana-gadda field the Christians received last year about 175 acres. Mr. Cross says: "We hope the possession of this land will be a great help to the Christians, both economically and socially, and that it will enable them to assume greater financial responsibility on behalf of their churches."

One of Mr. Gordon's "Plans" is the Co-operative Society of Vuyyuru Christians, organized in 1920. The shares cost five rupees and no person is allowed to hold more than twenty shares. It now has more than 2,500 rupees in the bank, which will be held for agricultural purposes only. The Society is registered by Government and can hold lands in its own name. Mr. Gordon says:

"My whole object in the establishment of the Society and in securing land was to assist our Christian community—who are hopelessly in debt to the farmers for whom they do coolie work—to reach some degree of independence."

We can now see how each one of our village school teachers and preachers are able to do some community service of the very highest type. Here is a man who must borrow fifteen rupees for seed rice. He can neither read nor write and the money lender writes down twenty-five rupees and perhaps seventy-five per cent. interest. To sign it means to lose his small holding of land. Before he puts his thumb-mark to it, therefore, he brings it to the mission school teacher and has it read. He who drove the money-changers from the Temple must rejoice when He sees them driven from the lives of His Telugu children. The village schools themselves are a very direct social gift; for the 10,000 boys who are in daily attendance will know how to read their own contracts, and can never be made to put their name to those which call for seventy-five per cent. interest on more money than they receive, and so render themselves and their families virtual slaves to the money lender.

III. POLEPILLY JEWELRY.

When the converts from the goldsmith caste in Polepilly were baptized, they were not only ostracized from their Hindu friends, but effectually cut off from all native custom for their work. Mrs. Morse therefore began to solicit orders from English people for Somalingam. He did his work carefully and honestly and was able to support himself and family in this way. His hands ministered unto his own necessities, and his mouth spoke of the salvation of Jehovah. The number of converts grew and the trade grew too, for each man put Christian character into his work.

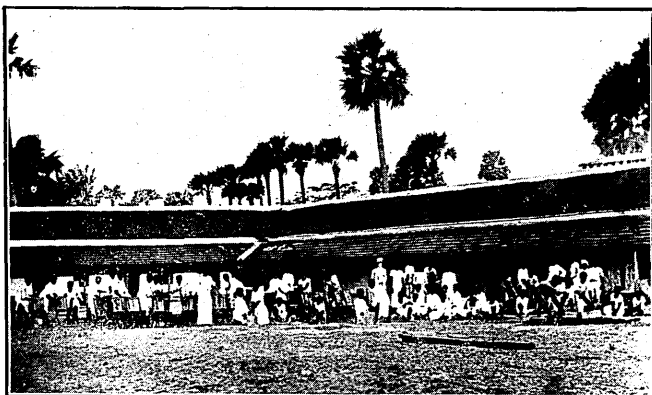
Mrs. I. Newcombe Gullison has been for some years in charge of the work, which she has conducted most efficiently, but at the expense of all her leisure time. Without slackening in her directly evangelistic efforts, she carried on a great amount of correspondence and attends to numerous details connected with this constantly growing enterprise. In former years each twelve months had its "slack time," but this has been absorbed by the growing trade, and at the time of writing Mrs. Gullison has orders for more than six months ahead. "During the past few years, while many of the anvils in the neighbouring goldsmith houses have been silent, those in the Christian homes have been ringing from morn till eve, and have sounded forth the faithfulness of our God." Each year these men leave their work, which means direct loss of income, and engage with preachers and leaders in the special evangelistic campaign. "In their hearts Christ, not income, is put first." Speaking from the Hindu's standpoint, dishonesty is the underlying principle of the goldsmith trade. Speaking of the Christian's, Mrs. Gullison says: "I have yet to detect the first bit of dishonesty in the work the men have given me. Somalingam, the goldsmith, and his companions, do much good for the Kingdom, and set us a good example."

IV. THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

Physical and intellectual upbuilding go hand in hand with spiritual growth on the mission field. In the Industrial School of Cocanada many boys have been trained to greater efficiency in their work and to larger usefulness in their church. Some of the graduates have become independent contractors, and many have gone out to be a real help to the community, not only in a financial, but in an evangelistic way as well. Mr. Scott tells us of one boy who, after finishing his training, settled in a vil-



THE KNITTING INDUSTRY, VIZIANAGRAM



THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, COCANADA

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THE KNITTING INDUSTRY, VIZIANAGRAM



THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, COCANADA

lage on the Tuni field in which there were no Christians at all. In a short time he was used of God to win a score of men in that village to Christ.

During his last furlough, Rev. H. Dixon Smith took special training for this work, and has gone back to India with plans and funds to greatly extend the industrial scheme at Cocanada. Mr. Smith is in every way fitted for this work, which must take an increasingly large place in our missionary programme.

A carpentry school is planned for twenty boys, with a regular curriculum and time table. Young men are being trained as teachers for this department. It will require one large room, twenty carpentry benches, with tool kits for each, and an outfit of special tools for general use of all. The course will cover five years, of which three years will be spent in instructional work, with only a little commercial work. The last two years will be employed in the factory on commercial work, with only a very little instruction.

In India carpentry and blacksmithing go together. Mr. Smith plans ten forges of various kinds from the native skins to the modern blower forge, so that while using what is already there, he will be adding something more advanced. This department requires one room, a trained teacher, and forge equipment. The class will be arranged for twenty boys, with a simple but wide curriculum of work and a regular time table.

A wood-working factory will be established to complete instructional work in carpentry by employing the boys for two years on commercial work. In the school they will learn how to do the work, in the factory they will develop speed and efficiency, and after a little while they will get only the money they earn; they are thus much more likely to make a success when they leave the institution. Second, an attempt will be made to demonstrate modern methods of production. All logs and lumber in the district are sawn by hand now. A small portable sawmill has been obtained, with the simpler

wood-working machinery, which, while not up-to-date for this country, is as far in advance of methods in India as it is safe to have at the commencement. There will be a small dry-kiln for seasoning wood by modern methods, and an attempt will be made to develop a market for rough and finished lumber, building timber, furniture, etc.

V. LACE MAKERS.

Lace-making is one of the methods through which the women of India are being lifted out of despair and helplessness to a place of self-reliance and self-respect. Sitting upon the mud floors and beneath their thatched roofs, in small rooms with poor light, or else in the too bright sunshine upon the little verandah, those women toil with patient persistence, and with marked aptitude for their task. The number of lace-makers among the Christians is growing steadily, and their place in the industrial life of the community is increasingly significant. The number of Christian women engaged in this industry is already several hundred.

The sales are conducted through the lady missionaries and the missionaries' wives, who, with a great deal of care and time, forward lace to good women at home who also give much time and care in the selling of it. Every dollar realized from the sales goes back into the development of the women's work there and into the hands of the makers.

Boarding-school girls, widows, orphans, and cripples find this a means not alone to support themselves but their church as well. Miss Elliott, speaking of her boarding girls at Bobbili, says: "It is gratifying to note the awakening consciousness that they need not be forever dependent on others, but can earn for themselves. This engenders self-reliance and self-respect." Wives of our preachers and teachers are among the busy makers, and supplement the salaries which are too small for the needs of a growing family.

The lace-makers are taught the Gospel stories, Christian hymns, texts, etc., and they in turn are expected to teach others; so this, like all our other work, becomes a direct evangelistic agency. Miss Jones says: "In Kalem, one Saturday evening, twelve brought the six or twelve whom they had taught. One caste girl brought her mother, sister, aunts and neighbours, who recited two, ten, or even thirty verses." Although the lace industry on the Ramachandrapuram field was begun by Mrs. Gunn just ten years ago, there are now more than one hundred women employed in it, on this field alone.

VI. THE KNITTING FACTORY.

Not all the Christians can be employed as preachers and teachers, but what else will they do in this land, which has few industries and multitudes of people? With the sole object of providing work for some of the Christians, Miss Flora Clarke purchased, in 1917, a knitting machine and had a man taught to run it. Soon a second man was engaged, and a second machine was purchased and more work turned out. The price of cotton, wool and needles was steadily rising, and it was no easy matter to provide raw material for this new enterprise. The workmen broke needles, dropped stitches, made one leg of a stocking an inch or so longer than the other, and ill-mated them in other ways. In a country where ninety-eight people in a hundred go bare-footed it is not easy to sell hosiery, but Miss Clarke loves a hard job and found sale for golf stockings and socks, as well as for some ladies' and children's stockings.

With peace days the price of raw materials went down, fewer needles were broken, less oil was wasted, better goods were produced at a lower cost, and the business increased. In 1921 Miss Clarke took an "Auto Knitter" from Canada and sent a man to Madras for a special course in operating it.

During the first two years, this infant industry was nursed upon the verandah and in the study of the ladies' bungalow at Vizianagram. In 1919, with funds received from the lace business, together with her own donations, Miss Clarke was able to build a room which now serves as tent room and knitting factory. With one window and three doors it is large, bright and airy. Its chief glory is, not that it provides a living for nearly a score of people, but that it is teaching India that Christianity consists not in ritualism and ceremony, but in doing all things for the honour and glory of God. At present two families are supported entirely and two others receive help from this new enterprise. When well established Miss Clarke hopes to hand it over to the Indian Christians to manage for themselves. Thus she seeks through patient prayer and persistent effort to establish a self-supporting and self-propagating church which shall preach the Gospel of Him whom every missionary seeks to serve.

VII. IDEALS AND AIMS.

Christianity is in itself a great cure for poor economic conditions. Carlyle was clearly right when he said that "the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul." That Christianity has done much more for the economic improvement of the race is well attested by two facts: first, the wealth of the world is gathered chiefly in those lands that know Christ best; secondly, and more significantly, this wealth is most evenly distributed in those lands where the churches of Christ are built at the cross-roads and upon the street corners. Rev. J. E. Chute, whose long experience upon the Akidu field enables him to speak with authority, says: "Whatever economic prosperity the Christian community possesses, has been acquired mostly subsequent to their conversion." Every church established in India, then, and every convert to Christianity in the land, is a sure sign of a better day coming.

Supplementary to this, however, amid problems of poverty such as we have in India, industrial evangelism is quite necessary to place the growing indigenous churches upon a new basis of permanence, self-support and usefulness, to redeem labour from the reproach of materialism and set it firmly upon a spiritual basis, and lastly, to bring about that sympathetic and human contact of one race colour with another, which is so difficult to accomplish, and which is yet so necessary to create the new India.

To say that Jesus is well pleased with such activities must be too weak a statement. Where goldsmiths are converted at the anvil and women at their lace making He is "at home" in the spirit. Work is the warp and worship is the woof of each department, while Christian character is the pattern itself. We cannot just show it to you; but year by year it is working itself out in new and happy lives which will make an increasingly large and vital contribution to the central stream of our missionary enterprise. For the rest—the Carpenter of Nazareth is in their midst and they follow Him.

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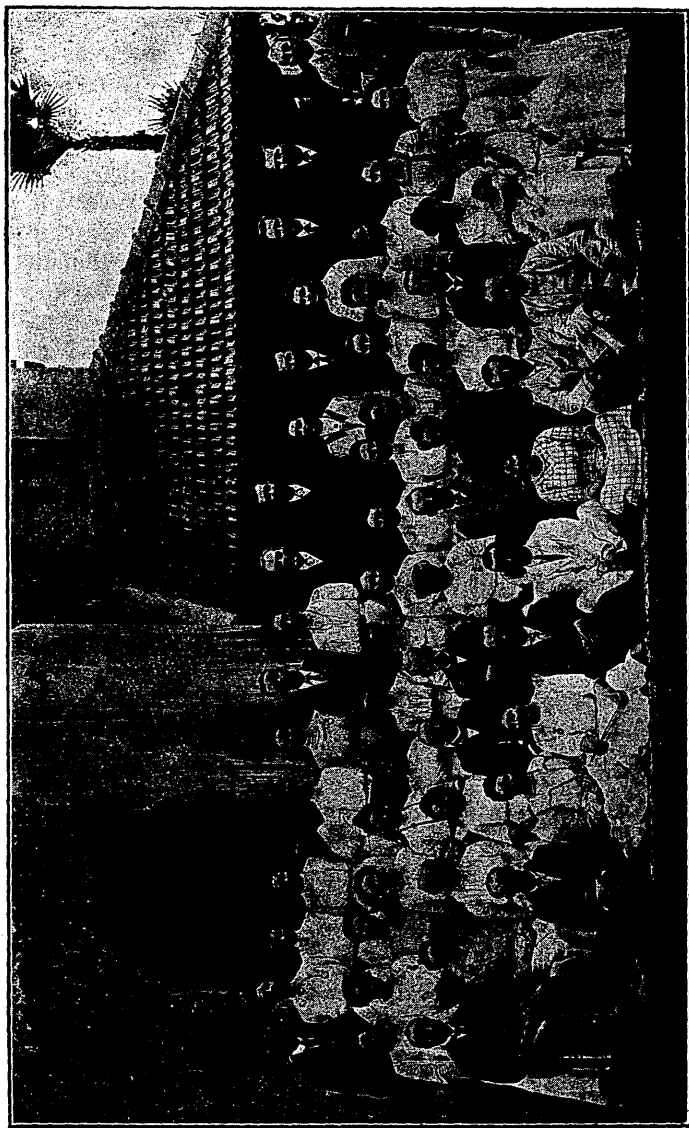
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FIRST UNION CONFERENCE, COCANADA, JULY, 1912

CHAPTER VI

PIONEERS OF THE GOSPEL

Seeing, then, that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame.

—HEBREWS

For the sake of the heathen, and especially the people of India, let me cling all my days to the missionary cause.

—ALEXANDER DUFF

CHAPTER VI

PIONEERS OF THE GOSPEL

I. KNIGHTS OF SERVICE.

INDIA may not be seeking Christianity, but she is sincerely seeking Christ; and it is plain that in modern India, no fact is of greater and more permanent importance than the influence of Jesus and His teaching upon the minds of her three hundred and twenty millions. Many influences have contributed to this great result, but all of them have centred in the person and work of the missionaries. To be a pioneer of the Gospel and to preach Christ where He had not been known, is, as Dr. Horton points out in his autobiography, "the greatest thing that a man can do upon earth."

Canadian Baptists sent forth their first "Pioneers of the Gospel" as early as 1845, when Rev. and Mrs. R. E. Burpee sailed to Burma. Like all missionary pioneers, they went forth as "guests of God, enjoying the hospitality of heaven," and found a sphere of labour among the Karens, under the direction of the American Baptist Missionary Union. Since then Canadian Baptists have sent to India one hundred and sixty-seven "pioneers of the Gospel." A noble band of godly men and holy women, they ascended to the top of their high mountain and saw many material advantages which they could gain, then turned away to devote their lives to the stern service of their selfless Saviour and to His high fellow-

ship, which alone saves life from sordid problems and from being a mere struggle to survive.

Although the American Baptists entered the Telugu country ahead of us, their pioneer missionary to these people was Rev. Samuel S. Day, who was born and bred in Ontario. In 1867 Rev. and Mrs. A. V. Timpany were "solemnly set apart" at Ingersoll. Two years later Rev. and Mrs. John McLaurin, who were to be the founders of "the Enterprise" among the Telugus, sailed to the land of "Bharata." It is a matter of pride and joy to all Canadian Baptists to know that Mrs. McLaurin, still well and strong, sailed to India with her daughter, Miss Kate McLaurin, in November, 1923, almost fifty-five years after her first departure for that land. "I sometimes think," says Dr. Hutton, "that we are on the point of making the discovery that our Christianity is true." In the long run of fifty years our missionaries have proven the all-sufficiency of Christ, and the success of their multifarious labours is due to their simple, but consuming devotion to Him.

In 1874, when Dr. and Mrs. McLaurin moved up to Cocanada, there was no church and no chapel, and even to secure a bungalow in which to live was not easy. To-day in Cocanada there are four mission compounds, comprising some thirty acres of land, and five bungalows occupied by our missionaries. There are eight distinct types of mission schools upon these compounds, with an aggregate of about six hundred and fifty pupils. Among them two hundred and fifty are boarders who will one day go out to be preachers and teachers, self-supporting and self-propagating members of Baptist churches among the Telugus. In 1874 there was one station, with its two missionaries and one Telugu helper, Thomas Gabriel. The next year came Messrs. Churchill, Sanford, Boggs, and Armstrong, with their wives. To-day the Board's records include twenty-two stations, with one hundred missionaries, eighty churches, with 17,000

members, and a total complement of over one thousand Telugu workers.

Our missionaries have discovered "the master project of the mind of God," and seek first and last and all the time to make Him known among the 7,000 towns and villages which constitute our share of India. After the name of each one of them we may write, "By profession a missionary, by life and labours the true and constant friend of India."

II. THE APOSTOLATE OF WOMAN.

The most marked feature in the modern Acts of the Apostles is the "Apostolate of Woman." Laws, of Livingstonia, when on furlough once added to his autograph: "The regions beyond, I'll try." His wife then added to hers: "The regions beyond, I'll help." Not only have women been heroic helpers, but not infrequently, without a precedent to guide and allure them, they have played the proud part of pioneers and appear once and again "on the page of missionary history as illuminated initial letters."

As the first missionary to the English people advanced along the Roman road to Canterbury, bearing in his arms a silver cross, he would pass the little chapel where Queen Bertha was already worshipping the true God and preparing the way of her Lord. On the second of June, 597, the King was baptized, and soon gave up his palace to Augustine as the beginning of a cathedral. Some of the bricks of Bertha's chapel are still preserved in the Canterbury Cathedral of to-day, and some of Bertha's missionary zeal still prevails in our life to-day, for this tiny seed of early English Christianity, germinating within the Old Place, where she was the first disciple, has grown and greatened until it shelters not only the English-speaking world of America, and the British commonwealth of nations, but ten thousand times ten

thousand missionary converts in Asia, Africa and the Islands of the Sea.

Among the little group who initiated the modern missionary movement in America, Anna Hasseltine and Harriet Newell are certainly not the least. Among Canadian Baptists, from the days of Mrs. Burpee onwards the lady missionaries have taken a noble part. In 1867 Miss Minnie De Wolfe sailed on the *John Bunyan* as the pioneer among single lady missionaries, not only from Canada but from any Baptist Convention. In 1870 Miss Norris, as we have noted, organized the first "Women's Missionary Aid Society for Heathen Lands," and sailed to Burma that year. In 1882 the Ontario and Quebec Board sent out their first single lady missionary, Miss M. J. Frith. Since Miss De Wolfe's venture, Canadian Baptists have been represented by sixty-seven single lady missionaries. Of the number forty-three are still engaged in presenting the principles and practices of Christ among the Telugus. Just before leaving America for her station in Nellore, Miss Frances Tencate, after twenty-four years of service, said: "I would rather be myself, a missionary returning to India to-day, than anyone else in the world. And if I could not be myself, I would rather be a new missionary just going out to India. If I could be neither an old missionary nor a new missionary, I would rather be you, who are sending missionaries to India." Every one of our missionaries, from the oldest to the youngest, will say the same. If we must belong to the third class, let us be sure that we do our part as well as they are doing theirs.

III. UNKNOWN SOLDIERS.

"The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in



THE PIONEERS

Top Row—G. F. Currie, R. Sanford, G. Churchill, J. Craig, Middle Row—Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. McLaurin, I. C. Archibald, Mrs. Timpany, Mrs. Churchill and J. R. Hutchinson. Lower Row—Miss Frith, J. McLaurin, Mrs. Archibald, A. V. Timpany, and Mrs. Hutchinson

unvisited tombs." All the finer forces of the world are firmly fixed upon the lives of those righteous but "Unknown soldiers," some of whom are to be found in every community. They live faithfully and die humbly. After a few brief visits by those who held them dear their tombs, too, are forgotten; but their influence remains as a part of the permanent goodness which alone exalteth a nation.

Among the Apostolic company are Peter and Paul, but in addition there are the seventy whom Jesus sent forth as unknown warriors. Among the women who ministered unto Him were Martha and Mary, but in addition there were "many others" who gave their substance, their sympathy and their service to the Son of Man. Among the missionaries are William Carey and Adoniram Judson, but in addition there are one hundred Canadian Baptist missionaries who, in India, are carrying on what Dr. Mott called "one of the best managed missions in existence." Among India's great Christians is Sadhu Sundar Singh, whose name shines like a sky-sign amid the night of Hinduism; but in addition there is that countless host of men and women—preachers, teacher-evangelists, Bible-women, nurses, and Christian laymen whose names are undisclosed but whose faithful ministries are the high hope of India's salvation.

Three years ago Pentayya was a Hindu and not a very good one at that. To-day he teaches the village school and his true, clear voice leads the little band of Christians in singing and worship. Mr. Barss writes: "I spent the week-end at Kasibugga. It is such a joy to go there and see thirty Christians in a place where we had none before. One evening I spent over in front of Pentayya's house with all the family and friends gathered around. The clean yards and street, the enlightened faces, the changed interest and conduct, and the purified conversation, all indicate the great change that has come over this people since Christ came into their hearts. I

had dinner in their home, all of us sitting on the floor, eating with our hands from a big leaf plate. He and his wife have been such a help to the new Christians. They have taught them the Christian virtues by the beautiful example of their own lives. Pentayya has a small income of his own and receives from the mission just forty dollars a year.

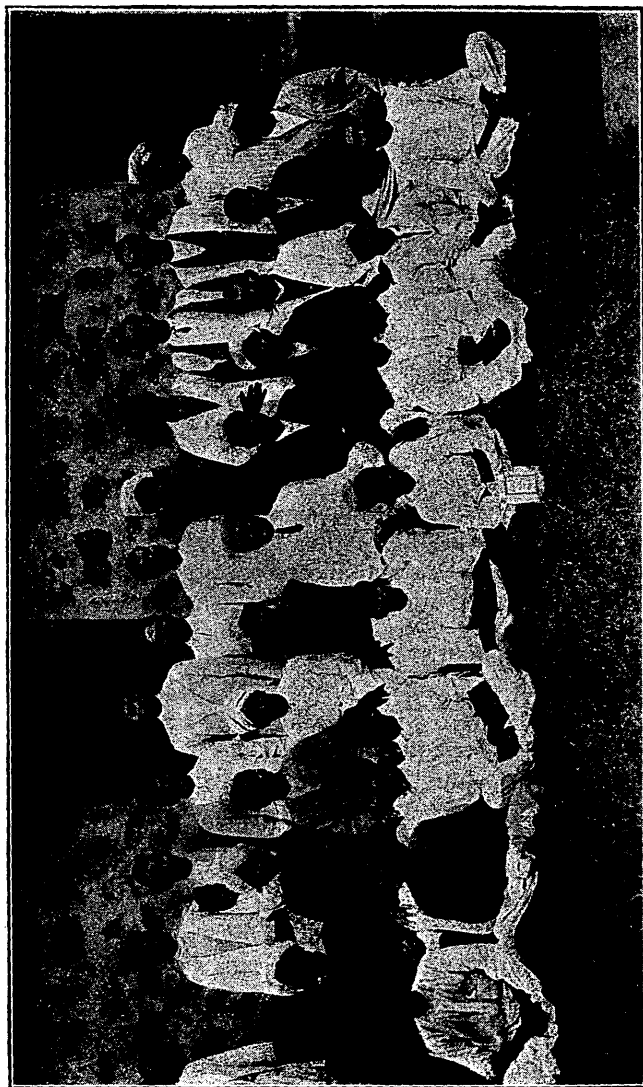
In an outlying village, some thirty miles from the mission station at Akidu, live two aged widows. Their earnings in the fields—when there was work—was four cents a day. One Saturday before the monthly meeting they walked into the station to attend the meeting on Sunday. When the collection was being taken at the call of the register, one of these widows walked up and laid down two and a half rupees, about eighty-two cents; the other one followed with one and a half rupees, about fifty cents. Mr. Chute, who relates the above incident, says: "We felt very much as though if Jesus had been present he would once more have commended these widows, because they gave such a large proportion of their living."

Five miles from Vuyyuru, in a heathen village, lives Padmakshamma and another faithful teacher who carry on a caste girls' school. "Their house is broken into and made filthy at every vacation time." During a recent Christmas holiday everything was stolen from them. Padmakshamma has to buy earthen cooking pots very frequently to replace the stolen and broken ones. Miss Lockhart urges that she should pay for them, saying: "It is not fair that you have to suffer from these thieves." Her cheerful answer is: "Oh! I will pay for them myself, please. As if you have nothing to do but to think about earthen pots! Should I not suffer something for the sake of Christ?"

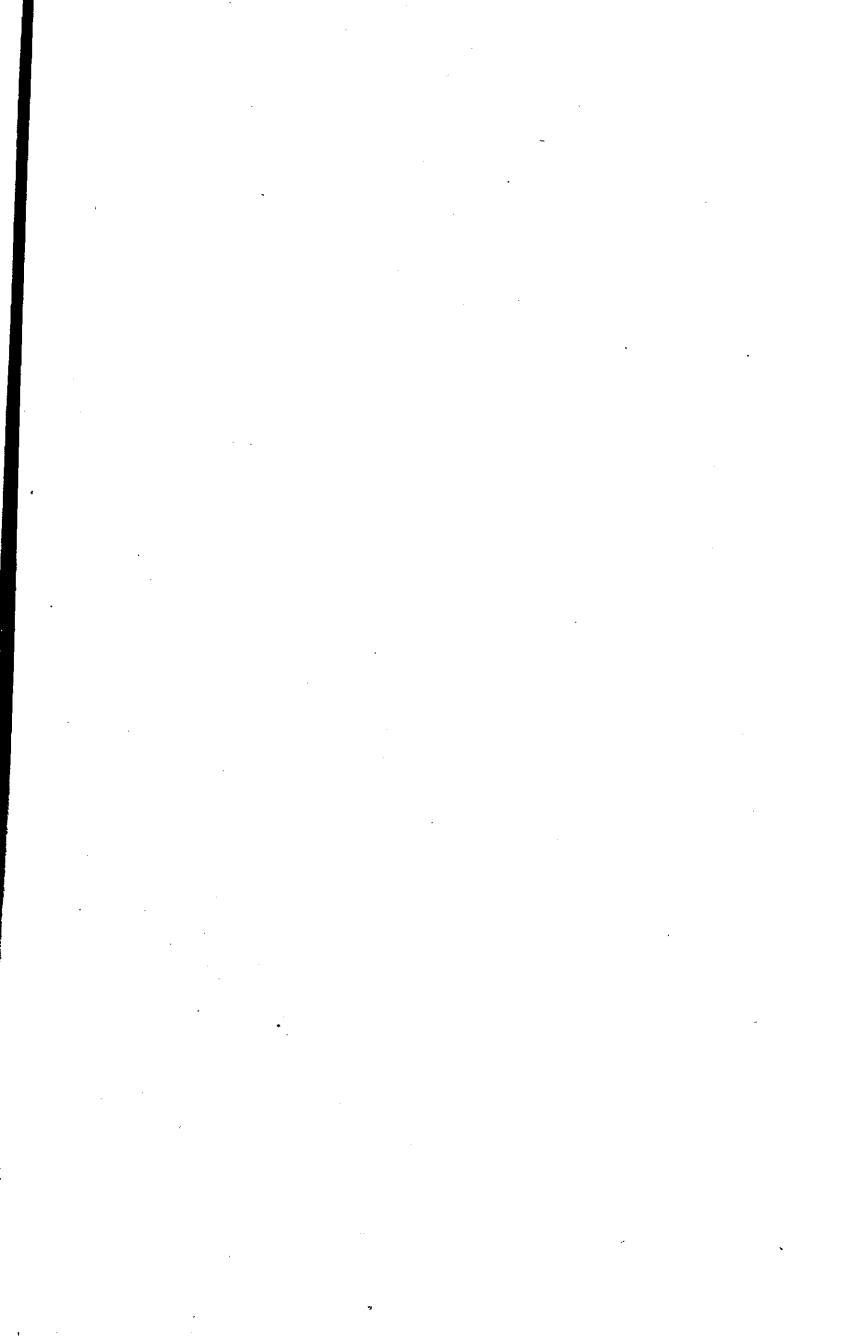
Bassavana's father was well acquainted with Hinduism, and Bassavana, too, knows the details of this exasperatingly complex religion better than most Hindus

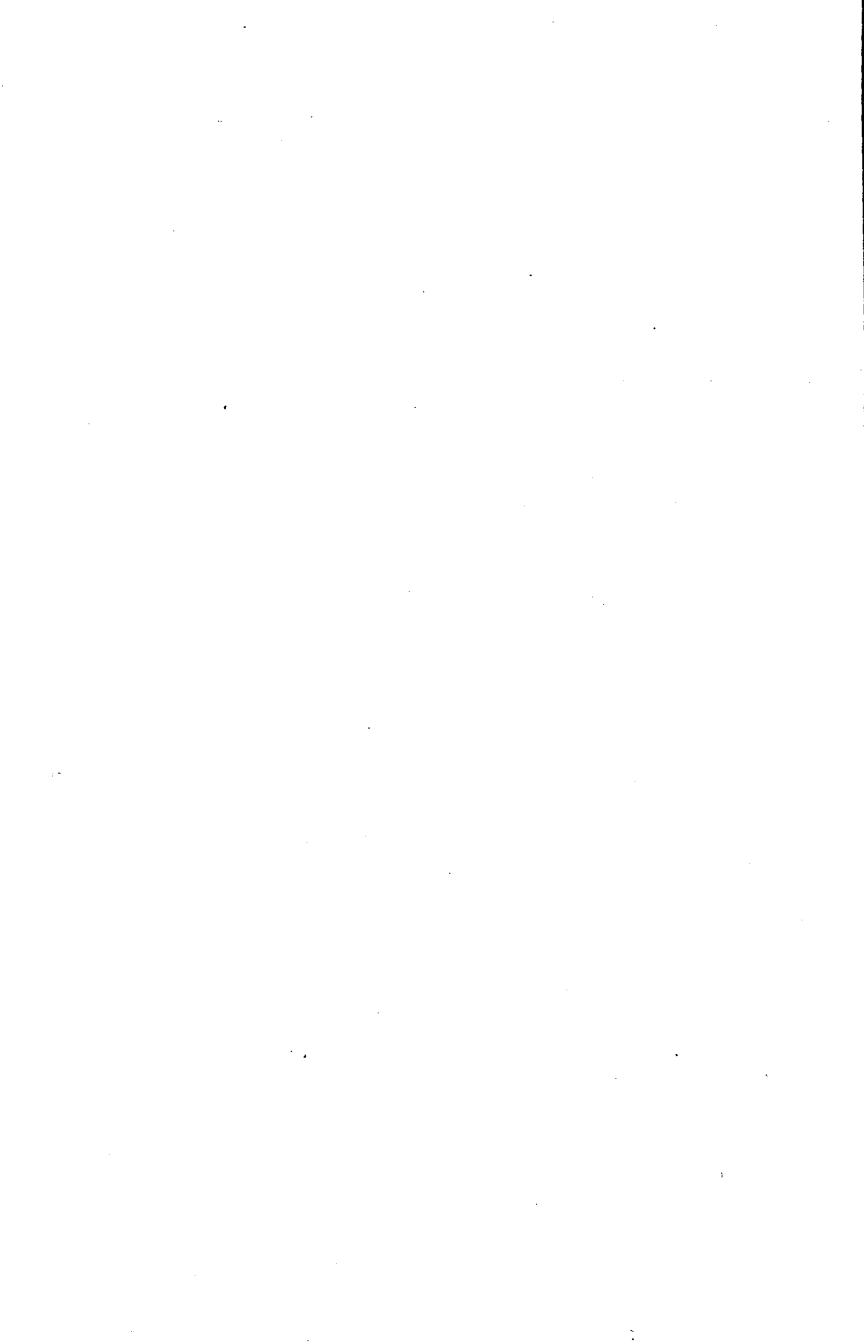
themselves. He bears in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, for he was stoned out of a village where he was preaching the gospel, before his baptism. Bassavana has other marks too, for he is a preacher of unusual eloquence and power. We have seen him stand for an hour before an audience of high-caste Hindus and hold them in rapt attention as he gave them the life of Christ in outline. No finer testimony is needed to the power of these men to preach the Gospel, than to see such an audience as they listen spellbound while Bassavana tells them of the death of Christ.

These are but illustrations, and in addition to them there is a noble staff of a thousand Telugu workers and a great body of some seventeen thousand Christians, most of whom belong to the far-flung fellowship of Unknown Soldiers who daily preach Christ and Him crucified in our share of India. By the commonplace heroism of these unhistoric folks the battle against caste and karma, superstition and idolatry, illiteracy and sin, is carried on, and their unrecorded heroism is a large part of our history among the Telugus during the last fifty years. Their wage is small, but their service is large. Their names are not written on any earthly roll of honour, but they are written high in the Lamb's Book of Life. Their deeds are little heralded and their fame is unsung in earthly courts, but they are well known in the City of our God. They follow, not without danger to themselves, their Saviour who fought with and overcame him that had the power of death—therefore we love them the more.



SOME OF THE ONE THOUSAND TELUGU WORKERS.





CHAPTER VII
FACING THE FUTURE

The Lord our God has been with us and blessed us in all the work of our hands.

—OLD TESTAMENT

Nothing is done while anything remains to be done.

—JULIUS CÆSAR

For their sakes I sanctify myself.

—NEW TESTAMENT

CHAPTER VII

FACING THE FUTURE

I. THE GOAL.

THE MISSION of our missionaries, as they conceive it, is to establish among the Telugus permanent, that is, self-propagating, self-supporting and self-governing Baptist churches and, through them, to make real and visual to all the people the suffering, serving and saving Christ. Already the Indian Christian churches are looking forward with a rapidly increasing self-consciousness and sense of power to the day when they can do without the foreign missionary entirely and carry on their own business for the King. Missionary effort and enthusiasm, men and money and much prayer will be needed in increasing volume for years to come, but sooner or later that great day must also arrive when the Indian churches, not dependent but independent, self-propagating and self-supporting, will take their place with us in the noble task of making the kingdoms of the world the Kingdom of our God and of His Christ.

II. SELF-PROPAGATION.

Evangelical churches must be evangelistic or perish.—not evangelistic in a general sense, but emphatically, aggressively and contagiously so. No group of churches anywhere is more thoroughly evangelistic than those in our Mission among the Telugus. Evangelism is the dominant note and the supreme aim of all our work in

India. We will keep our hospitals open, we will maintain our village schools, boarding schools and high schools; we will operate our industrial school; we will care for the leper asylums; we will print the Ravi and open our book-rooms; we will do our utmost for normal school, Bible school and seminary; we will neither forget nor minimize the evangelistic and social service which these splendid institutions render; we will declare unhesitatingly that these alone are well worth all the effort and all the money of our entire missionary work; then, notwithstanding all this, we must add that the supreme business of the foreign missionary enterprise is to "make disciples of all nations," to "baptize them in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit," and to "teach them to obey all the commands" which He has laid upon us.

The missionaries from the beginning have paid considerable attention to child evangelism. No other feature more definitely distinguishes the Christian religion from the great non-Christian religions than just this attention which they have always given to children. Regular Sunday schools enroll the boys and girls of our village schools, boarding schools, high schools and churches. As we have already mentioned, the Bible is taught in the day schools; so we need not be surprised to find the boys and girls here really well acquainted with the life of Christ and other portions of the Bible. The insistence is upon a regular course, and splendid work is accomplished.

Evangelistic schools are held any day in the week, at any time and in any place, according to the convenience of the particular group. A friendly verandah or beneath a spreading mango tree is a really good place to meet. In some stations a regular worker is set aside for these schools, and several are organized under his or her supervision. The older boys and girls in the boarding schools do a considerable amount of this work and some very effective service is rendered in this way. Scripture texts,

hymns and stories from the life of Christ, are taught, and these will take the place, in their growing minds, of the hideous stories and songs of their heathen gods.

About twenty colporteurs are now engaged in the entire Mission. As they offer their Bibles they tell the old, old story, and so become a part of the direct evangelizing agency. The number of Bibles and Bible portions sold last year was about 22,000. Not only colporteurs, but preachers, teachers, Bible-women and missionaries all give some attention to this part of our work. After a preacher has preached in a village he offers Gospels for sale at a half cent each. Books are scarce in these villages, and one at half a cent is scarcer still; so he seldom fails to leave some in the hands of those who can read. It is not uncommon on some fields to sell more than 1,000 Bibles and Bible portions in a year.

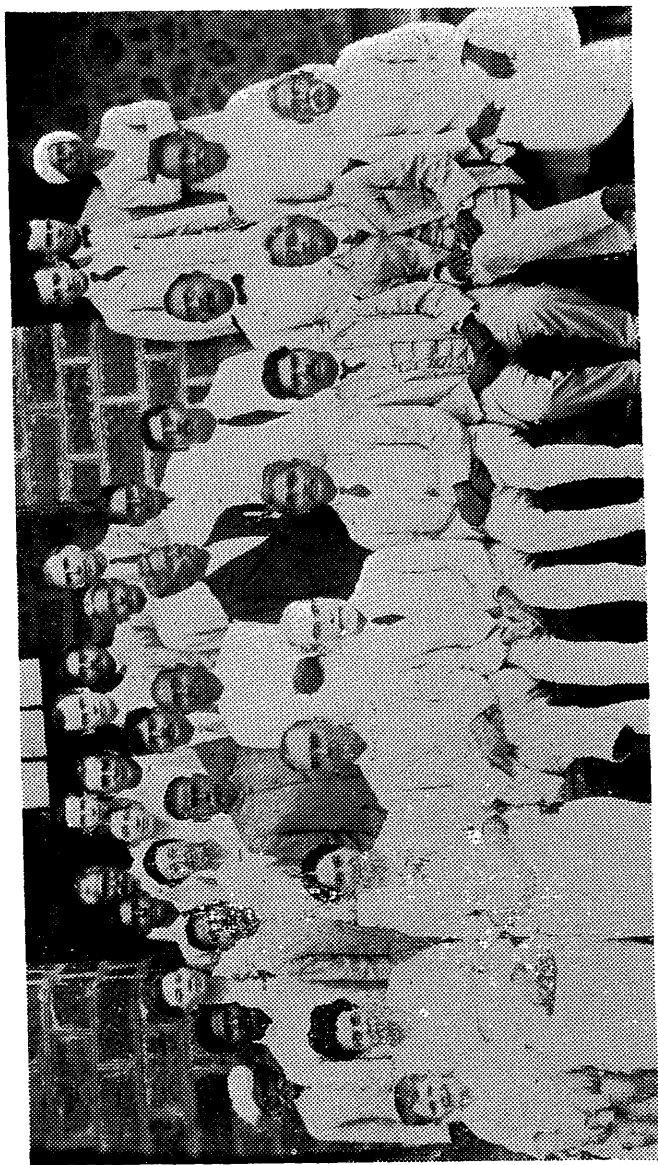
Book rooms and reading-rooms are maintained at Cocanada, Pithapuram, Vizagapatam and Chicacole. The one at Cocanada is a sort of supply depot for the missionaries, and was never more largely used than in our Jubilee year. Orders are received from as far away as Burma.

All over the Telugu field there is held, each year, an every-member evangelistic campaign. Each Christian attempts to win another for Christ. This special campaign was originally planned for a special week in the autumn, but the people enjoy it so well that in many sections it extends over two or three months. Many churches organize hot season campaigns, when the almost absolute leisure among the people offsets the disadvantage of the very oppressive heat. Thus this spirit becomes a persistent and permeating force throughout the year and throughout the Mission. In our Telugu churches there are thus as many evangelists as there are members. Each disciple is a discipler, each Baptist is a home missionary and each Christian is a winner of souls. This is as it should be, and this explains the large and steady growth of our churches among the Telugus.

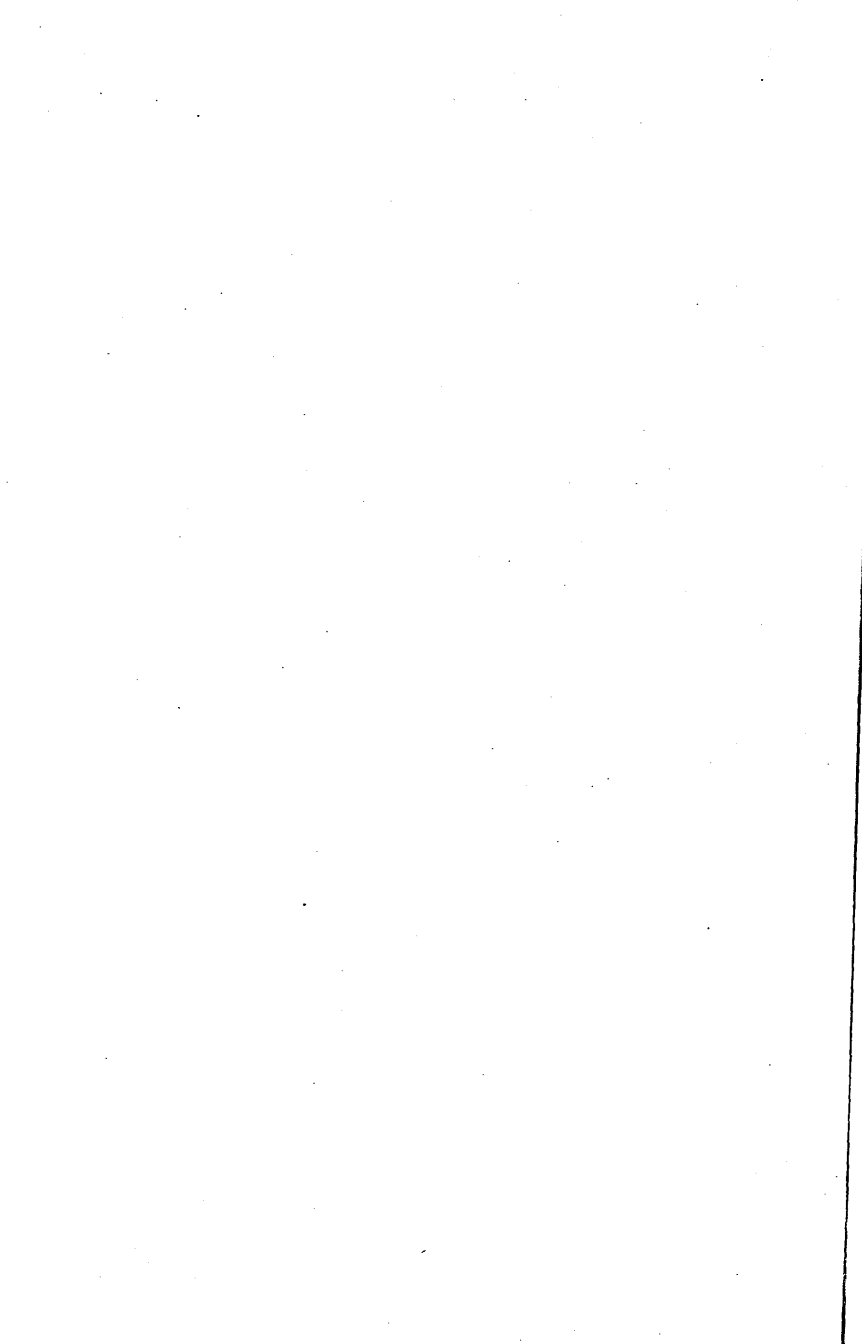
On Dr. J. R. Stillwell's field of Ramachandrapuram is the town of Kotipalle, where pilgrims who wash in its sacred waters may be cleansed of 10,000,000 sins. So many people resort to its yearly festival that it has been called the "Southern Benares." In times past, Christians were not allowed to walk the main streets. One day Dr. Joshee, an able Indian Christian doctor, associated with Miss Hatch in her famous work for lepers at Ramachandrapuram, was called to this village and an opening for the Gospel was obtained through the good doctor's successful work. Later a dispensary was built and now Dr. Massey Clement with his talented wife is doing a noble medical and Christian work here, which is entirely self-supporting.

For several years, Mr. S. Ham, supported by the lace industry, has worked here as Sunday-school evangelist, and the leper church for some time has had "Kotipalli" as a special subject of prayer. Miss Hatch says, "We had thought, if there were even fifteen members only, a church might be formed." On March fourth, 1922, a self-supporting church was organized with forty-five members. Without any appropriation from the Home Board at any time, an aggressive medical, educational and evangelistic work has been carried on in this centre of Hinduism. The church now has nearly a hundred members and is typical of a great Christian community which is to be the most essential factor in the evangelization of India.

Four years ago there were about 850 baptisms in a year in our Mission. The next year this number rose to 1,200 and the following year to 1,664. In our fiftieth year the number of baptisms has been about 2,000. Through preacher and teacher, through doctor and nurse, through colporteur and Indian worker, the missionaries seek to become all things to all Telugus, that by all means they may win some. So this highest of all efforts has steadily grown until the aggregate result of



"FACING THE FUTURE."
Committee on Transfer of Responsibility from Missionary to Indian Worker



our fiftieth year's work is 150 per cent. greater than it was only four years ago.

III. SELF-SUPPORT.

The missionary in every land constantly teaches "Sva Poshana," and looks forward to an entirely self-supporting native church. The methods used and the results attained are not and cannot be the same in every land. The Karens of Burma and the Koreans seemed to be ready to assume this responsibility almost from the beginning. To reach this very desirable part of the missionary goal in India is probably harder than in any other land and for the following reason:

"The Christians all over the field," as one of the missionaries writes, "are the poorest of the poor and their neck to neck race with starvation during these hard times is something pitiful." The annual average income in India is about \$15.00 per person. A family of five would have about \$1.50 a week to live on. To pass a collection plate among these and to look to them for the support of their pastors and teachers seems almost cruel. In addition to this general poverty it must be remembered that ninety per cent. of the Christians thus far in India have come from the out-caste section of the population and these people are poor even below the average. Every cent, then, which such people give is literally comparable in its sacrificial worth to the widow's mite.

As soon, however, as the out-caste has lived even for a little while in the fellowship of Christ he begins to go about the village with a new freedom and a new sense of his own individual value. Every branch, too, of our industrial work engenders self-reliance and self-support, and awakens the consciousness that they need not be for ever dependent upon others, but can support their own work. Mr. Chute, speaking for the largest field in the mission says: "We are convinced of the generous devotion of the Indian Christians to their churches up

to, and even beyond, their financial ability." Salaried men, as a rule, give a tenth of their income. Mr. Craig tells of a Telugu young man in a church at Cocanada, who having obtained a position as a ticket-inspector on a railway, gave his first month's pay, forty rupees, half to his own church and half to another church. G. Simon, of Parlakimedi, gave his first month's salary to the church and since that time has given his tithe regularly. These are not isolated cases, but a fair example of the Telugu Christian's devotion to his church when he has anything out of which to give.

The annual thank-offering of the Harvest Festival is quite the largest offering to the church for the year and helps the treasurer to make good the deficiency of those leaner months of the hot season. Individual thank-offerings for some special deliverance or blessing, in private or family affairs, often amount to a rupee or more, and bring in an appreciable amount to the church treasury. Gifts in kind are quite common, both at monthly and yearly meetings. Such gifts as fruit, vegetables, eggs, live chickens, an occasional sheep or goat, and now and then a cow or a buffalo, are made. These, of course, require an auction sale at the close, and some spirited bidding is often done. Various kinds of grain, also, in small quantities, is a common form of contribution. Mrs. Janet M. Clement, writing of the first harvest festival of "Kotipalli," says: "The pastor delivered a short sermon on 'Giving'." As the church secretary called out the roll, the members came and offered their gifts. We felt so glad to see their happy faces and willing hands. The deacons received the gifts. Among the members a poor woman came from Dungaru. When she fell ill some months back, she promised God that she would bring Him an offering. Accordingly she brought a big bunch of plantains and some mittayee (sweetmeats) on that occasion. The cost of it was little, but came to 2.4 rupees (seventy-five cents) when put to auction. The total offering amounted to thirty rupees."

A recent regulation of the Foreign Mission Board now makes the total amount which may be given to the Telugu workers upon any field dependent, within reasonable and fixed limits, upon the amount raised by the churches upon that field. This has helped both the missionaries and Telugu preachers to stimulate the grace of giving among the people. Each one of the eighty churches assumes some share of its own support. Eight are entirely independent in this respect and others are largely so. The total amount now given is about 15,000 rupees or \$5,000 per year, which is a very substantial increase over the amount given three years ago.

There is a long day yet to travel before we reach the goal of entirely self-supporting churches among the Telugus; but at the outset the people are being initiated into the idea and its practice. To develop pastors and teacher-evangelists who will be leaders of real ability in the Christian community, to educate and prepare them for the ever-increasing responsibility which the growing independence of the Indian churches places upon them, yet not raise them so far beyond their constituency that self-support is unduly retarded—this is the very difficult task which confronts our missionaries. Let us pray that they may greatly succeed in the future as they have in the past, and the law of Christ will assert itself in India as in Canada. These humble believers, animated by the indwelling spirit of God, will show their desire to obey their Saviour and to support His church in their own land—a church independent and self-supporting and based upon the rock Christ Jesus, against which neither poverty nor caste, nor any other power, shall prevail.

IV. SELF-GOVERNMENT.

One reaction of the Nationalist movement in India is seen in the growing desire of our Telugu churches for self-direction and self-control. Our missionaries realize that it is the Indian Christian leadership which is indis-

pensable in reaching the millions of India, and are gradually transferring authority to the churches. Progress along this line has thus far been regular, and is described by Dr. J. R. Stillwell under the four following heads:

1. As soon as there are converts they are organized into churches. These Telugu churches, now numbering eighty, are organized with their own pastors and deacons. The men in charge of the churches are frequently immature and many of them are not ordained; but they have local authority in regard to the leading and developing of the churches over which they are placed. The churches receive candidates for baptism, exclude the unworthy, attend to the general discipline, contribute to their own upkeep, maintain a Christian propaganda, appoint delegates to the Association and to the Convention, and generally function as do similar churches in Canada. In matters of finance, however, all but the self-supporting churches are subject to the Foreign Mission Board, through its missionaries. In matters of administration, too, all the churches are still guided by the missionary in charge of the field where they are situated. It is on these two points that future development in self-government will be most marked.

2. These eighty churches have been formed into three Associations, after the manner of the churches of Canada. Each church appoints its own delegates to the Association on a membership basis. Each Association has its own Executive, appoints its own moderator, secretary and treasurer, receives reports from the individual churches, carries on discussions relevant to their material and spiritual progress, and other kindred matters. Missionaries attending may speak, but have no vote. To all intents and purposes, therefore, these Associations are self-determining.

3. The three Associations have been formed into a Convention, over which capable Indian Christian brethren

preside. All the other offices are filled with Indian Christians, and the Convention functions much the same as do the Canadian Baptist Conventions. The missionary conference appoints delegates to this Convention, but the missionary status is the same as in the Association, for the Convention is the Convention of the Telugu Baptist Churches, and, like the Associations, is very largely self-determining.

4. The Convention carries on home mission work, and to operate this a Home Mission Board has been formed. According to the rules there are missionary representatives on this Board, but they are quite in the minority; so this, too, is developing along the line of self-determination. The Home Mission Field is Chodavaram. It is the policy of the Foreign Mission Board to leave his field without a resident missionary and entirely to the Convention of the Telugu Baptist Churches, assisting them financially and lending moral support through its missionary representatives upon the Board.

Slowly, but surely, the day begins to dawn upon the Indian churches when, sanely independent, splendidly evangelistic and securely self-supporting, they will take their places as the brightest gems in the diadem of Christ. Already these churches are revealing something of their spiritual power and insight, and this is only a promise of a far richer contribution, when India, no longer conquered, but conquering, shall overcome the world through her power to follow her Lord in thought and deed.

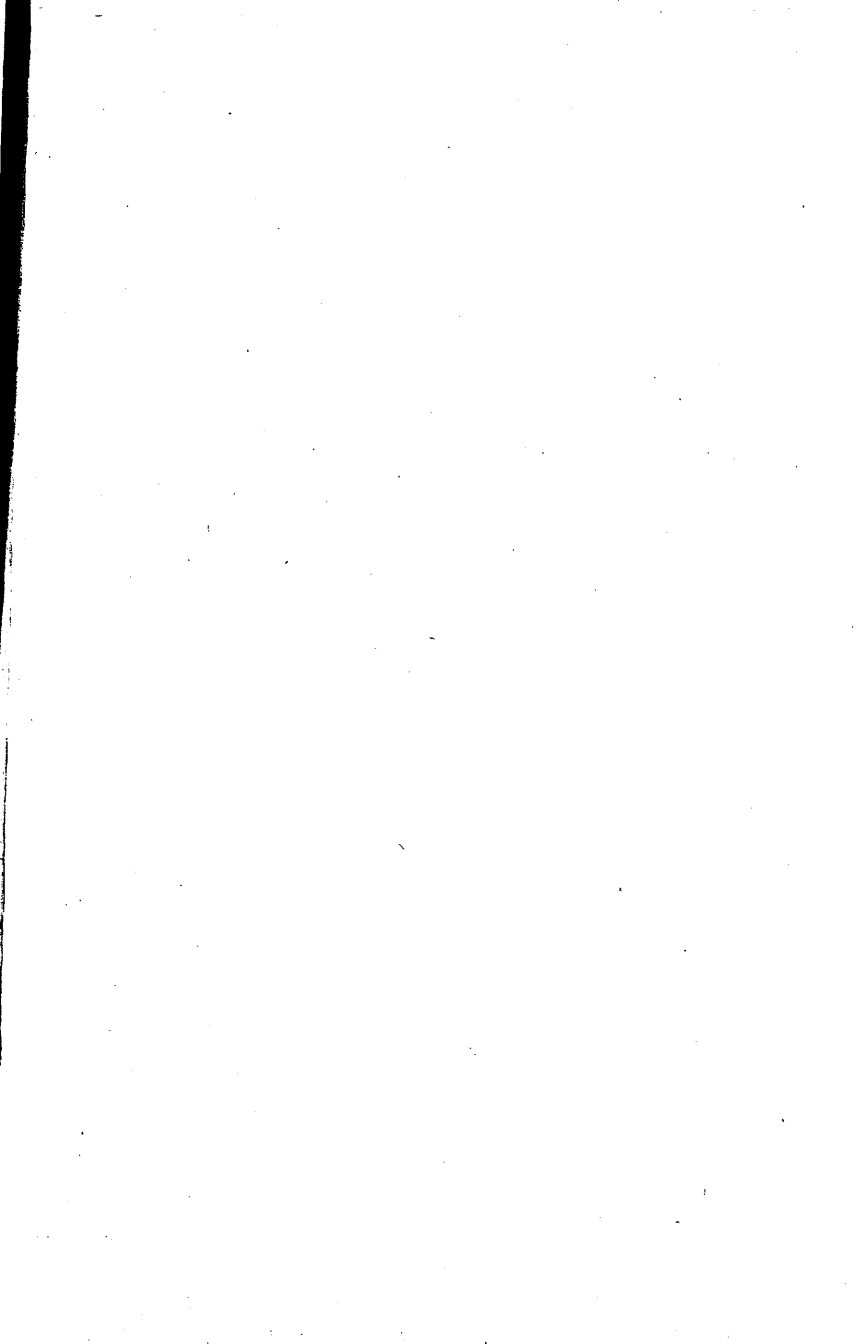
V. THE ENTERPRISE.

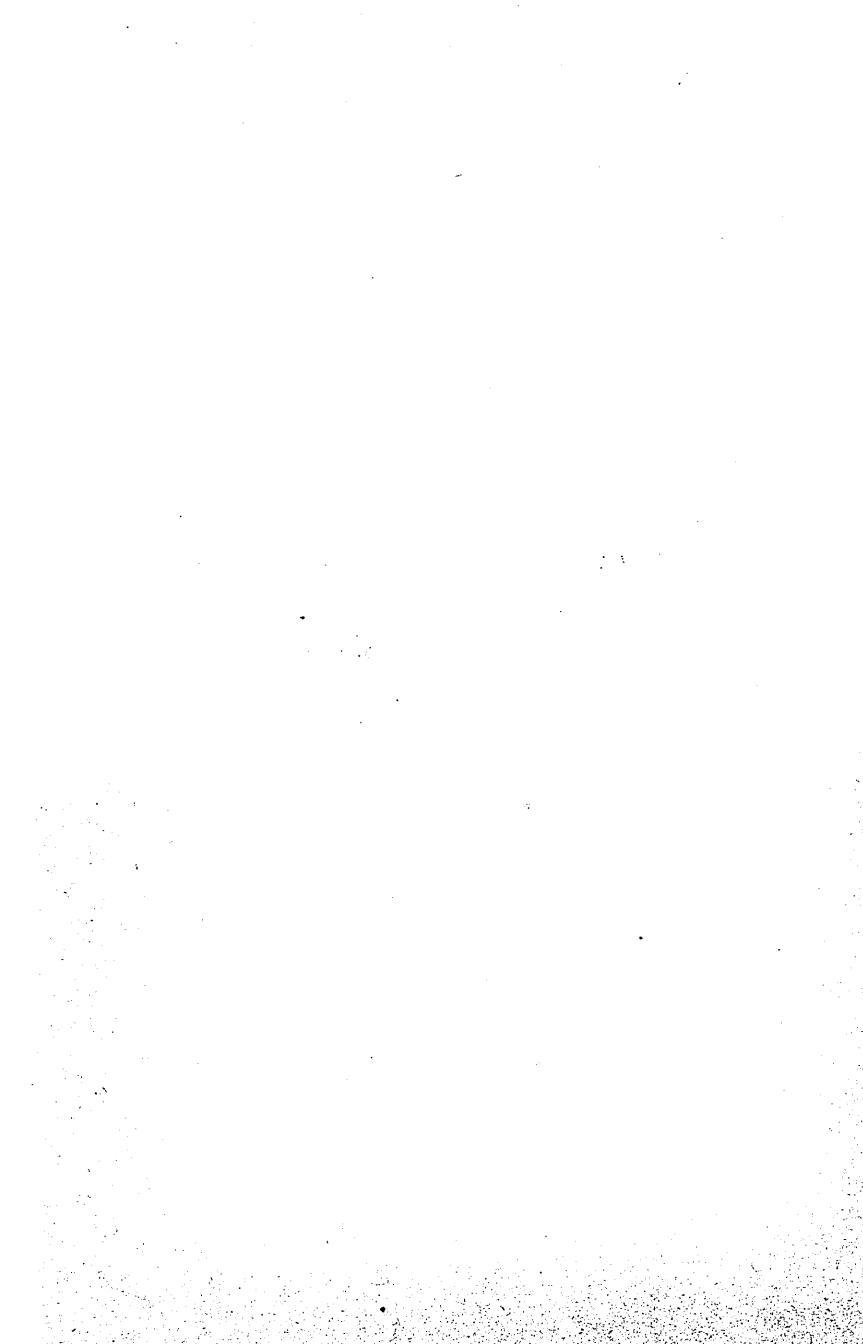
Twelve years ago our Canadian Baptist Telugu Missions became united in "the Enterprise," which we have here described. During these twelve years there has been growing in India a Christian Church with leaders who seek to bring into its treasures all that India has to give after the travail of its centuries. "No one who

forgets India is qualified to speak of the present position of Christendom." No one who remembers India and compares things as they are with things as they were, can readily yield to despair.

Twelve years ago there were sixty-four churches, with less than 10,000 members; now there are eighty churches, with about 17,000 members. During this period the number of baptisms has been about 13,000, or almost twice the actual gain in membership. Then there were 213 village schools, with a daily average attendance of 5,000; now there are about 400, with an average attendance of 10,000. Twelve years ago our General Secretary, Rev. H. E. Stillwell, was building a home for the first high school, which was still in the future; now there are two high schools, with a total enrolment of 1,300. In 1912 we had 484 Telugu workers; in the Jubilee year we have about 1,000. Twelve years ago there were eighteen students studying for the ministry; to-day we are full partners in the Ramapatam Seminary, and have thirty-six students in attendance.

Equally striking gains have been made in every department of our work during this period, not only in India but also in the home field. The first fifty years closes with many proofs of the faithfulness of our God. Without debts and with enough to be free from utterly hampering restrictions, yet poor enough to be kept dependent and watchful that each new venture shall be of His leading, the missionaries in India, the Board at home, and the Baptist constituency throughout Canada, turn to face the next fifty years, with great gratitude to the Giver of all our gifts.





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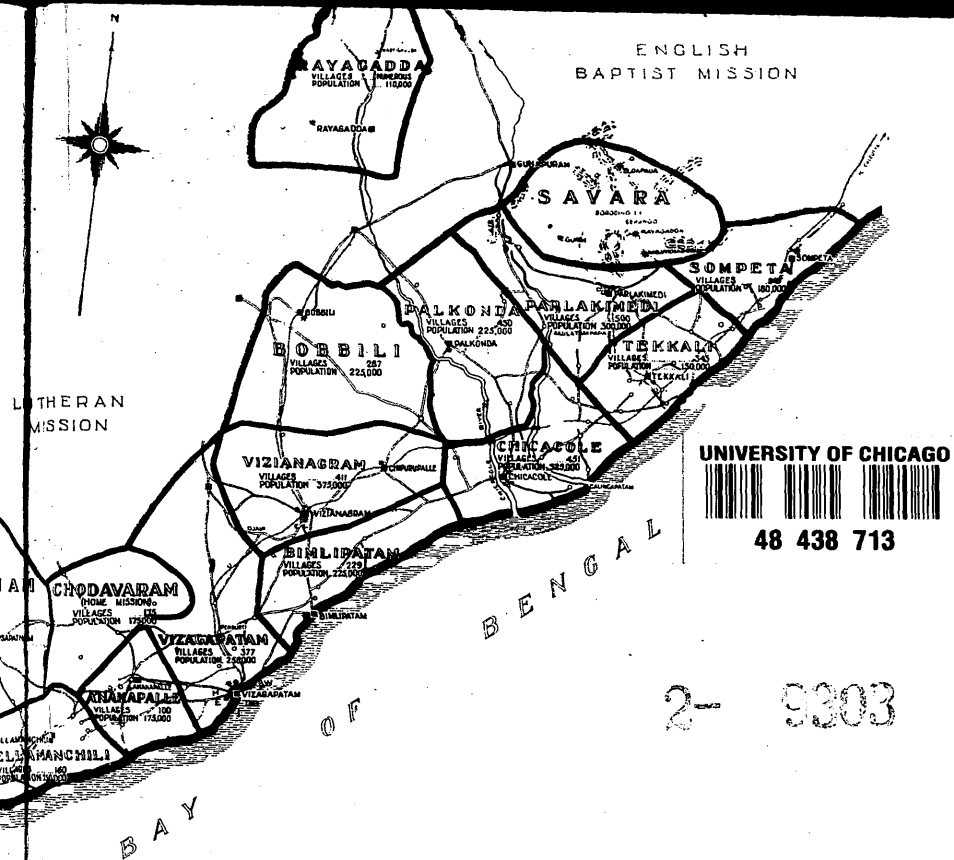
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